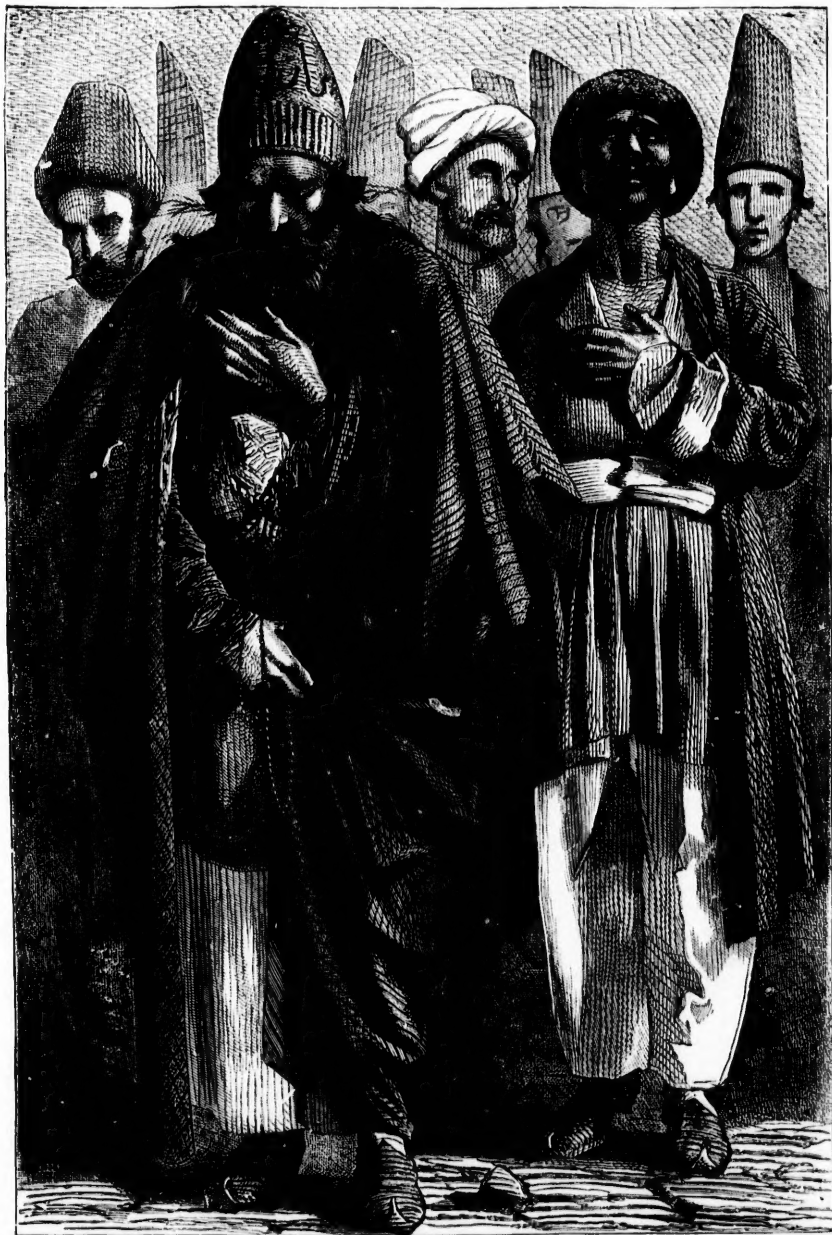




DERVISH AND PENITENT, RUSSIAN GEORGIA.

ILLUSTRATED TRAVELS:

A RECORD OF

Discovery, Geography, and Adventure.

EDITED BY

H. W. BATES,

ASSISTANT-SECRETARY OF THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

WITH

ENGRAVINGS FROM ORIGINAL DRAWINGS

BY CELEBRATED ARTISTS.



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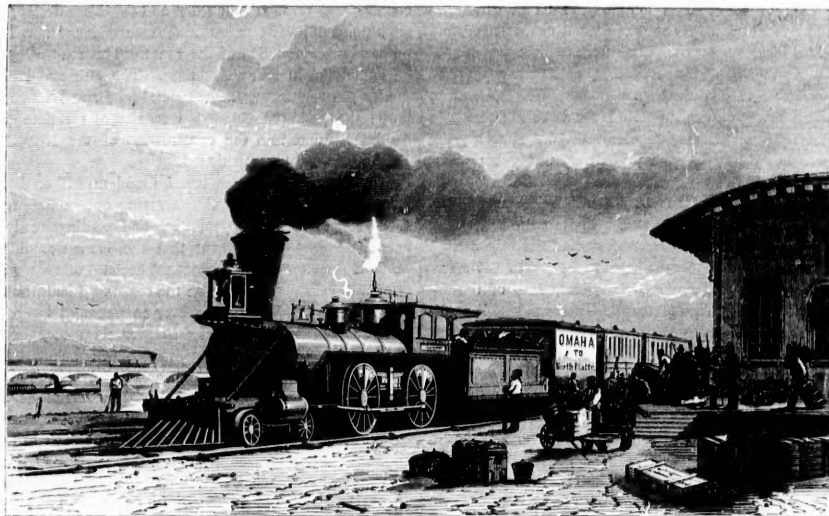
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ILLUSTRATED TRAVELS.

A RECORD OF

DISCOVERY, GEOGRAPHY, AND ADVENTURE.



THE RAILWAY STATION AT OMAHA

From Ocean to Ocean—The Pacific Railroad.—I.

BY FREDERICK WHYMPER.

ONE of the greatest enterprises ever attempted—one which will mark the age in which we live—has just been brought to a successful termination. The Pacific Railroad, across the continent of North America, is now an accomplished fact. One can take a "through ticket" in New York or Boston, and in seven days land in one of the most promising and rising cities of the world—San Francisco. It has been done in even less time. A prominent merchant of the latter city came across in six days, seventeen hours, and *twenty-three minutes*. It almost seems an absurdity to count minutes in a journey of 3,300 miles, but that was the actual time employed. "Time," said a California paper, "from San Francisco to Washington, seven and a half days: *office-seekers do it in six!*"

Few, even in the United States, expected the consummation of this inter-oceanic railway before 1870, yet it was virtually open on the 10th of May, 1869, the date when the "last rail" was laid, the "last spike" driven, with appropriate ceremonies,

at the junction of the two lines (the Union Pacific and the Central Pacific Railroads), which together form the Pacific Railroad proper. I think no excuse is needed for the appearance of the present account of this great highway. Ordinarily, of course, these pages do not profess to chronicle the progress of railway construction. But this road, apart from its great length, will open up so many new territories to the adventurous settler, will render California and the "Pacific Slope," hitherto inaccessible and isolated, countries most easily reached, and, besides, passes through so many new and picturesque regions, that it has geographical interest in a high degree. Having just completed a journey by it myself, I propose to lay before the reader of the "ILLUSTRATED TRAVELS" a brief account of my tour across the New World by this great route, confident that it cannot fail to furnish some points of general interest.

The Pacific Railroad, though virtually not commenced at any point before 1863 (the Union Railroad Company building

westward from the Missouri river, had only forty miles out of the 1,100 which now forms their line, ready in January, 1866, was no hastily conceived idea. It is, indeed, difficult to say who originated this bold conception of a railroad across boundless plains, deserts, and difficult mountain regions. There are half a hundred claimants for the credit in the field, among them that impudent impostor, George Francis Train, who, in a lecture recently delivered in the city (San Francisco) in which these lines are penned, distinctly claimed the honour. The fact is, of course, that the idea naturally suggested itself with the progress of the country, and struck the minds of many far-seeing men at or about the same period. One of the earliest agitators in its favour, John Plumb, an Americanised Welshman, commenced in 1836, and continued till his death—some years after the discovery of gold in California—to advocate the project, and endeavoured to interest Congress in its adoption. Carver, Wilkes, Benton, Whitney, and many others, supported the same idea, both in and out of the national assembly, but without success; the country was not yet ready—the times were not yet ripe for its consummation. But we must do the United States Government the justice to admit that they awoke quite early to the importance of such an undertaking. Those who look upon the Pacific Railroad as a hasty project, indifferently carried out, may well be referred to the thirteen vast quarto volumes,* which together form the reports, narratives, &c., of the innumerable preliminary surveys made by the United States Government. Those volumes added not a little to our knowledge of the geography, ethnology, natural history, and botany of the central portions of North America, and were copiously illustrated with plates and maps. McClellan (the "young Napoleon"), Warren, Emory, Humphreys, and many other United States topographical engineers, had all more or less to do in planning the routes, or in afterwards working out the data obtained. Besides many minor explorations, five great leading routes were examined. The survey of the route, following closely the 47th to 49th parallels of north latitude, was entrusted to Governor Stevens, of Washington Territory. In general terms, the line drawn was to cross the mountain at the sources of the Mississippi and Columbia rivers, and to follow as far as practicable the valleys of those rivers. It was to leave the Missouri River at St. Paul's, cross the Rocky Mountains by either Cadotte's or Clark's Pass, and terminate on either the lower Columbia or Puget Sound, Washington Territory. This road may some day be constructed; the probabilities are, however, that branch lines from California will be of more service to Oregon, Washington Territory, and other districts of the far North West.

The second great exploration followed closely the 41st and 42nd parallels of north latitude, and was undertaken by Colonel Fremont (the "Pathfinder") and Captain Stansbury. This route was virtually from the Missouri to the Sacramento River, California, and in general terms more closely approximates to that now chosen for the Pacific Railroad than any other. A third exploration, commenced by Captain Gunnison (who, with others, died in the discharge of his duties), and finished by Lieutenant Beckwith, followed with

reasonable closeness a direct route from St. Louis to San Francisco.

The fourth survey, that following the 35th parallel, was again of some importance. It was made under the direction of Lieutenant Whipple, and was from the Mississippi to Southern California. A second inter-oceanic railroad, to be known as the Southern Pacific road, has been commenced, which follows the general line of this exploration. One-third of the whole line from St. Louis, a part in California, a portion in Missouri and Kansas, is now open, and in working order, and many believe that it will be, when completed, the favourite highway across the New World. It passes through a vast tract of rich country, and through much dry and worthless desert; but the great point in its favour is the absence of snow at all seasons on nearly every portion of the route. This road will probably be completed in four years' time. The fifth and last survey (under Captain Pope, Lieutenants Parke and Williamson) followed the 32nd parallel, and a portion of the data obtained has been utilised in the construction of the New Southern Pacific Railroad just mentioned.

On the 24th of March last I found myself on board the Inman steamship, *City of London*, lying out in the Mersey, at Liverpool, full steam up, snorting and panting, ready for an immediate start the moment that the agent should give the word. I do not propose to inflict any account of our wonderfully calm and uneventful voyage on the reader. I had not believed hitherto that the Atlantic was ever to be found in so quiet a condition as it was for the whole eleven days occupied by our trip. Of course there were passengers who believed that the seas were running mountains high, and that every capful of wind was a gale. They, at any rate, behaved as though they thought so; and as Sam, the black cook, remarked, "As if that wasn't enough, the captain gave orders for the ship to heave to!" One passenger, who had evidently been reading a recent article in *All the Year Round*, was constantly suggesting that a few barrels of oil should be poured on the waves,* and offered to stand the expense thereof! But the captain was obdurate, not believing that any amount of oil would make any difference on the present occasion; and, sooth to say, our passengers soon presented a healthy appearance, and crowded in to the dinner-table with a regularity refreshing to behold. The roominess, comfort, nay, even luxury of the vessels of the Inman line are so agreeable to the traveller, that the trip across the Atlantic may be made one of pleasure to all but the feeble or invalid.

But at the best, the sea is no place for the landsman; and I, for one, was not grieved to go ashore, and renew my acquaintance with New York. What can be said of the capital of the United States that has not been remarked over and over again? The New York hotels are, to my mind—after pretty extensive wanderings—the best in the world. Indeed, it takes some talent to "run" a New York hotel. It has become a trite saying in the United States, "So-and-so is a smart man, but he can't keep an hotel." I have heard objections urged against them, and know pretty well what those objections amount to. A "transient" customer—especially if he is a bachelor—may be put up *au cinquième*; even then has he not the "lift" (a small room on pulleys) to raise him to that eleva-

* "Reports, Explorations, and Surveys, to ascertain the most practicable and economical route for a Railroad from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Ocean, made under the direction of the Secretary of War (Hon. Jefferson Davis), in 1853-4." "Narrative and Final Report, &c., 1855."

* This has been done in rough weather with some degree of success; a mere film of oil has a wonderful quieting effect on the waves. It may be remembered that a boat-load of the survivors from the *Hibernia* wreck tried it with marked effect.

tion? The table in all large New York hotels is luxurious. San Francisco alone excepted, I do not know where it is possible to obtain so great a variety, and one has the satisfaction of knowing that it is simply impossible to add to your liabilities by indulging to any extent. The price per day is fixed; it now averages \$4 50 cents (about 1.4s. "greenback-paper currency") in first-class houses. This is for bachelor accommodation; yet a suite of rooms, with all meals, will not cost half the price of similar accommodation in London or Paris. What do you require? there is everything at hand in the hotel basement itself; public reading, smoking, and billiard saloons; the ever-present barber's shop, with baths attached; clothing-stores and druggist's shop. In the hotel office all information can be obtained; near it there is a post-office box, a railway and steamer ticket office; one can at any such hotels as the Fifth Avenue, Metropolitan, St. Nicholas, &c., purchase a ticket even for the ride across the New World from New York to California, without leaving the house; there is a parcel and baggage office, a telegraph office, and, in short, everything that can possibly be required by the traveller; that the waiters and porters do not pester you with unnecessary and mock attentions is to me an advantage. I have never failed to obtain all that I really needed.

New York is undoubtedly a fine city; that it is not a finer is by no means its own fault. The fact should never be lost sight of that it is purely and simply the *commercial* capital of America; Boston, and, to a more limited extent, Philadelphia, are the centres of literature, art, and learning; Washington is the government centre—the legislative capital. Were all these varied interests centralised in New York, as they are in London, the former would be a more attractive stopping-place. As it is, what with Central Park, the numerous public institutions, the theatres, and other places of amusement, New York is a pleasant enough halting-place for a time. But the emigrant cannot be too often warned that New York is not all America. Of the thousands of foreigners who weekly enter the port of New York, it may safely be stated that more than one half stop there for several months, and often for years, not knowing enough about the country to go where their labour would at once be valuable. The labour market in New York is, for the above reason, constantly over-stocked. There are slums and alleys in the great city the very counterparts of those in our own metropolis, and where, from the enhanced price of everything, as much, or more, misery is to be found. The sensible emigrant will not tarry in the city, but will make his way to some part of that vast territory yclept the "West," which now-a-days means anything from Illinois, Iowa, or Missouri, to California, Nevada, or Oregon. The field there is wide; the labourers, for the most part, are few and scanty; and when one considers that nearly a quarter of a million souls arrive—mainly in New York, a small part of them only in Boston—yearly from Europe, the impossibility of any one city supplying to them the immediate employment which they nearly all require, will be obvious at a glance.

While in New York, I found that the velocipede mania had attained a most extensive growth. Velocipede halls—commonly known as "Velocipedromes"—were advertised in all directions; and in the cellars of buildings on Broadway were to be found practising saloons by the hundred. But perhaps the greatest novelty of which I heard mention during my stay, was the adoption of a "debtor's chaise," a "new way of collecting old debts," which requires a little explanation.

The chaise in question is gaudily painted, and the title, as above, very distinctly inscribed on it. To slow-paying debtors the collector makes periodical visits in this vehicle; but in obstinate cases, and where the debtor lives in a fashionable house, it is kept standing in front of the premises for several hours a day. As a general thing, it is said to work admirably; the shame of indebtedness is doubled and trebled when all one's neighbours are made aware of the fact.

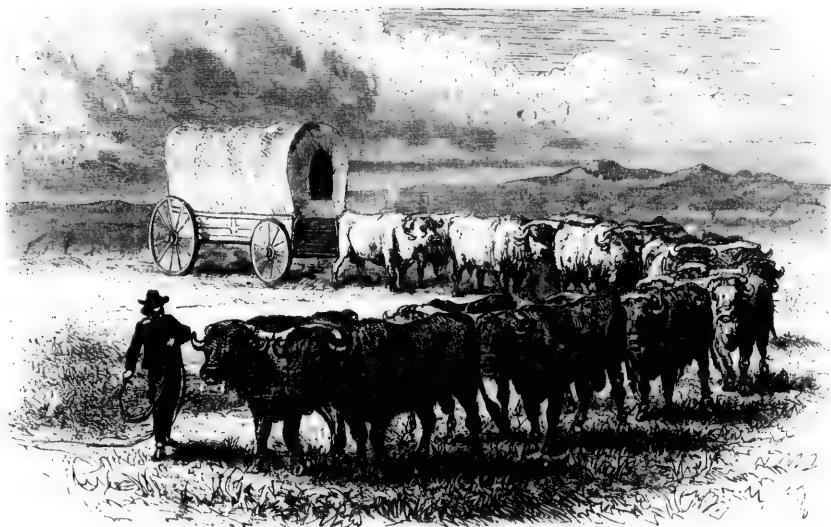
A gigantic suspension bridge between New York and Brooklyn, which will have one span of 1,600 feet, is already commenced. Brooklyn is virtually a part of New York, separated only by the East River. It is their Clapham or Highgate—the place of retreat for wealthy or well-to-do New Yorkers. And this leads me to the further remark, that did New York count in her population that of Brooklyn, Hoboken, Jersey City, &c.—all virtual suburbs—her population would be found largely to exceed that of Paris.

Many parts of New York City are as crowded as the "city" in London. About two years ago, at one point on Broadway, a light iron bridge was thrown across the roadway to enable timid passengers to cross in safety; but it has been recently removed, because few persons patronised it. Some rowdies hit on a new mode of making a living out of this bridge, the passage of which was intended to be free. They planted themselves at either end, and when a countryman or an unprotected female was seen approaching, stepped boldly forward and collected a toll on their own account! Of course, they were eventually discovered, and marched off to that appropriately-named New York prison, "the Tombs," where they could meditate at their leisure on the hindrances put by society in the way of one's earning an honest living.

But enough of New York. The great metropolis being built on an island, it becomes, of course, necessary, whenever one is starting for some interior or distant part of the States, to take a ferry-boat over to the railroad "depôt." (It is always "depôt," not terminus, in the United States.) These ferry-boats are wonderful institutions. They fit their stern or bows, as the case may be, so accurately into the wharves on either side, that a stranger hardly knows when he is on board at all, till the motion of the engine convinces him that he is at least not ashore. The particular boat on which I crossed, landed me at the dépôt in Jersey city, a kind of New York Greenwich. I had chosen from the half dozen different routes to Chicago, that one known as the "Allentown route;" and can recommend it to the traveller bound to get to the West as fast as possible. The tourist of leisure will do better to take one of the roads *via* Niagara Falls. The expense is the same in all cases. (First class fare was \$22 currency, a little over £3, when I went over the road.) In America, moreover, tickets are good for long periods. Those for great distances are available for one year, and one can stop at any principal station en route. By giving notice to the guard, one may stop at any station whatever on the particular road over which he is passing, and resume his travel at leisure. This is a great privilege, and some trouble and expense is saved, as you are not required to take a number of tickets for short distances. But it is not merely in the matter of tickets that the American system is ahead of our own. The oft-described "cars," with their stoves, filters, iced water, closets, &c., and passage-way running through the train, are, to the writer's mind, much superior to the stuffy, or chilly—as the case may be—compartments of

European trains. The passage-way enables the "conductor" (Anglice, "guard") to walk through the train, inspecting tickets, without inconveniencing any one. It enables the traveller to get up, walk about and stretch his limbs, go "forward" to the "smoking car," leave uncongenial, or join congenial company. "All this is well enough," says the reader, "but it would not suit our exclusive system." Well, a distinction of classes is fast becoming recognised in the United States. Not merely are there second-class "cars" attached to most passenger and nearly all freight trains, but the new sleeping cars do, for a very small extra cost (averaging about \$2 a day—say 6s.), give better and more exclusive accommodation than any first-class carriage in Europe. We have nothing approaching the comfort of these cars in England. By day

are fitted with washing apparatus, mirrors, &c.; and one can sleep as comfortably as in an excellent hotel. The inventor of the best class of these cars is G. M. Pullman, of Chicago; and his name ought to be as inseparably connected with them as is that of Watt in regard to the steam-engine. Pullman has also invented splendid "hotel cars," some of which are now running on the Pacific Railroad, where you can obtain a meal at your ease equal to that of a first-class restaurant. They carry their own kitchen, store-house, wine-cellar, and ice-house "on board." These cars, it should be remarked, are not owned by the railroad companies, but by separate associations, who engage to keep them in order, and, of course, have the privilege of collecting the tolls charged for this extra accommodation.



THE "PRAIRIE SCHOONER"—EMIGRANT WAGON ON THE PLAINS.

they have little to distinguish them from the better class of American railway carriages, except that they are more luxuriously fitted and decorated. In the evening, the steward, usually a "coloured gentleman," comes round, slides the seat together in such a manner that they form the lower berths, and unfolds from the wall and roof of the car a number of swing sofa arrangements, hanging with stout metal cords, which form the upper tier of berths. The bedding, kept in closets at either end of the carriage, is then made up in the berths, curtains are hung up in front of each berth, and the whole is complete. The larger part of these cars have the passage-way running through the centre. In that case, there are compartments for ladies and families, shut off by light doors. The very best form of sleeping car on which I have travelled, had the passage-way running round one edge of the carriage inside; the body of the vehicle was cut up into "state rooms," like the cabins of a ship, with four berths in each. These cars

But to our route. We left Jersey City by the Central Railroad of New Jersey, and passed through much of the best portions of that once well-abused State. New Jersey has not a rich soil, though its plodding settlers—mostly Germans—have made it a perfect garden. The farms and farm-houses have a very English air about them, and the usual gaunt, ugly rail fence of the United States in general, is here represented by veritable hedges. The New Jersey farmers have not had an enviable reputation; not merely was the State, as a state, behind the rest in education and general advancement, but the hard, rough country yielded its produce so reluctantly, that its inhabitants were almost necessarily close and illiberal. Thanks to railroads, and all the social amenities which follow in their wake, New Jersey is fast losing its old reputation. Formerly, indeed, a New Yorker, going to this State, said he was "leaving the United States;" and a Jersey man's first visit to the metropolis was recorded as a new arrival



DISCOVERY OF THE SKELETONS OF SOLDIERS WHO HAD BEEN SURPRISED AND KILLED BY INDIANS *June, 1857.*

in America! They were looked upon as outsiders, having no part in the great Union.

The "Allentown route" passes through some very interesting and grand scenery in the Alleghany mountains, and the railroad shows many triumphs in engineering matters. There are numerous lengthy tunnels, and the road makes at one point a most remarkable and circuitous curve, known as the "Horse-shoe Bend." Looking across the ravine, one may see a freight train, which is really following one's own train, but which appears to be proceeding in an entirely different direction. The route, moreover, passes through the barren but valuable district of the Pennsylvania coal-fields, and near the spot where "ile" was first struck. There is much valuable timber in this country, but little land suited for agricultural pursuits.

We reached Pittsburg (the most important city on this route between New York and Chicago) about twelve o'clock a.m., the first day out. Pittsburg is a great iron manufacturing city, and is one of the most old-fashioned places in the United States. One sees there those old red brick houses which some fancy are only to be found in England, and many of the streets are narrow and tortuous. The city occupies a basin among the hills, and might be picturesque, if the clouds of soot and smoke which envelop it on all sides gave one a chance of seeing it. Like Birmingham and Manchester, it is given up exclusively to the utilitarian; the beauty of the three streams—the Monongahela, Alleghany, and Ohio—which meet beside it, is almost destroyed by dirty manufactories, dust and ash-heaps, coal barges, dusky-looking steamers, and general confusion. "At Pittsburg," says an American writer, "the god of iron has constantly a thousand altars blazing to his honour." And the general feeling of the traveller, as he hurries away from this unattractive town will be expressed *à la* Ward, "Let them blaze!"

An hour's stoppage for dinner, and we were again on our way *via* the Pittsburg and Fort Wayne Railroad, bound for the "Garden City," Chicago. For a few miles the road passes through long lines of iron works, and then emerges on the Ohio river, passing through one of the most charming countries in America. Long stretches of natural greensward, rising in the distance into hill and mountain; cosy farm-houses nestling among orchards and gardens; handsome villas and country houses; rafts of timber almost as big as those famous Rhine rafts, floating lazily down the stream, make up a delightful and ever varied scene. Even the barges and wheezy old steamboats we thought so ugly at Pittsburg, there are almost picturesque.

Night and early morning found us in Indiana, a country which cannot be honestly recommended to the emigrant in search of a home. The soil is rich, but there is a vast deal of swampy land, and the people of Indiana are known to be among the most shiftless and dejected in the United States. "Fever-n-ager" is common among them; it is a district of frogs, green pools, stagnant water, misery, and discontent. Nor is that portion of Illinois through which the line passes *cast* of Chicago very much better.

We reached Chicago at about nine a.m. on the second day from New York. Time, thirty-six and a half hours, including five stoppages for meals; distance, nine hundred miles. The time has since been quickened to thirty-two and a half hours. Chicago is the New York of the West—if, indeed, it may now be called of the West at all—and boldly asserts that the time

is not distant when it will be the metropolis of the country. However this may be, it now boasts over a quarter of a million inhabitants, and its streets are thronged with busy crowds and rattling equipages. Cobden's advice to a friend about to travel was (in substance), "Whatever else you see in the United States, visit Niagara and Chicago." While San Francisco is a rival to the Garden City in rapid increase of population, the latter may safely boast that she has the "livest" population of any city of the United States. And she knows it. If there is any place in the world where unlimited brag is the order of the day, it is Chicago. At the recent celebration at the completion of the Pacific Railroad, the Illinois senator (Mr. Judd) remarked that, "Chicago was one great terminus of the road, and that New York was, geographically speaking, out in one corner, and had *ceased to be of any consequence!*" Such statements from public men are, however, simply nonsense.

The population of Chicago was, in 1829, thirty persons; in 1839 it was a small town containing 4,200 souls; in 1849 it had risen to 23,047; and in 1859 to 90,000; we have no statistics for the year 1869, but in 1868 the census gave 242,383. While other cities in the United States during the recent civil war fluctuated very considerably, Chicago grew steadily. Forty years ago the place was unknown except as a government post. At the commencement of this century a meandering creek—marked by an Indian name, "Chaguoa," on the maps, and said to mean one of two sweet things, "wild onion" or "skunk"—alone marked the spot now covered with gigantic granaries, distilleries, elevators, and warehouses of white marble. The site was first occupied in 1804, when the United States Government erected Fort Dearborn there, and garrisoned it with about fifty men. A few Indian traders then slowly gathered round the spot. The position was occupied in peace till 1812, when, the war breaking out with Great Britain, it was deemed advisable to evacuate the fort. The commander, Captain Heald, was directed to distribute the government property among the Indians, and then to march his company to Fort Wayne. Knowing the Indians—the Pottawatomies—to be hostile, Captain Heald only distributed the clothing and provisions among them, throwing the guns, powder, and whisky into the river. The garrison took up its line of march on the 15th of August, under the escort of some friendly Miami Indians, and had proceeded but a short distance when they were attacked by the Pottawatomies, and were immediately deserted by their escort. The little band, being entirely surrounded, capitulated on condition that their lives should be spared. They delivered up their arms, and were marched back to the fort. A number of them were treacherously killed after their surrender, and the fort was plundered and burnt by the Indians. It was rebuilt in 1816. Many Indian troubles kept the garrison for several years in a constant state of excitement. In 1832 northern Illinois was scourged by the red-skins, and the settlers were forced to flee to Fort Dearborn for safety. The city, however, owes its first real permanent establishment to the construction of the Illinois and Michigan canal, which connects the great chain of lakes with the Mississippi.

How far the city had advanced in 1834 may be judged from the fact that in that year the Board of Trustees deliberately resolved to borrow the vast sum of *sixty dollars*, for the purpose of opening streets. In 1835 the same council plunged further into the vortex of debit and credit, by borrowing \$2,000 (£400) for municipal purposes. And now the

city has *six hundred miles* of side-walks and pavements, and has eleven and a half miles of wharves. The original site of Chicago was little better than a swamp; the buildings in some streets have been raised above their original level several times, and even large stone and brick erections were so elevated. The largest hotel, the "Sherman House," was raised in this manner, without disturbing the inmates.

Who has not heard of the tunnel which brings into Chicago the pure water of Lake Michigan, from a point some two miles out from the shore? This work is an engineering triumph in its way, and occupied about two years and a half in its construction. In the lake a huge triple crib, or coffer-dam, of immense strength, built on shore and floated out, was sunk, to rest on the bottom, and firmly moored. Within this a similar strong iron cylinder was forced down into the bed of the lake, and pumped dry, and then the construction of the tunnel proper commenced at both ends. The tunnel has a clear height inside of five feet two inches, and is constructed of brick. Work was carried on day and night, and when the two sets of workmen—one building from the shore, the other from the crib in the lake—met in the centre, the variation from perfect accuracy in the meeting of the two sections was only nine and a half inches horizontally and one inch perpendicularly. Very powerful engines and pumps throw this water to all points in the city. Chicago also boasts some extensive artesian wells.

Chicago possesses a magnificent observatory, and also a small "Academy of Sciences," which owes its successful establishment to the late Major Robert Kennicott, who took part with the writer of the present narrative in the explorations organised in Alaska for the Russo-American telegraph. This institution has very important collections, and, among other objects, possesses the skeleton of a mastodon found near Fort Wayne, Indiana. The "Garden City" possesses 126 churches and chapels, and it is now so much a railway centre that no less than 250 trains leave and arrive daily.

Grain, and grain alone, was the foundation on which all this prosperity was built. In 1838 the first shipment of wheat (some seventy-eight bushels) was made from this city, now one of the greatest wheat markets in the world. In the season 1866-7 the total amount of grain and flour shipped from Chicago was over 21,000,000 bushels. The hog-curing and packing business—one growing out of the vast resources of the country in grain and Indian corn—is a most important one. As many as 1,033,118 hogs were shipped from Chicago in the season of 1867-8. Beef is also largely cured, mainly for the English market.

It may be of interest to the emigrant to learn that, in spite of the vast quantity of land in Illinois and neighbouring States now under cultivation, a considerable amount is still on sale. The Illinois Central Railway Company, for example, is now offering 800,000 acres of land for sale at from \$7 to \$12 (paper money 21s. to 36s.) per acre—some few tracts being held at higher prices. This land lies on a line of railway (Cairo to Dunleith, with a branch to Chicago), and in no case is over fifteen miles from the road itself. If cash is paid there is a discount; if purchased partly "on time," the settler pays six per cent. interest with his instalments. There are many other companies offering land obtained under similar circumstances. The United States Government grants large sections

of public land to railroad companies, and the value of the land (as well as of the alternate sections retained by the Government) is of course much enhanced by the construction of an iron road. Chicago is a good central spot for the intending settler to make a halt; he will readily acquire information at the various companies' offices.

Chicago is purely a business community, and the circumstance influences the manners of its inhabitants. The people bustle along the streets, hustling the foot passengers off the pavements without a word of apology. Being familiar with the deference usually shown to ladies in all the leading cities of the United States (and especially in my present home, San Francisco) I was astonished to find that in Chicago the men never vacated a seat in the street "cars" for the benefit of the gentler sex. Business is the universal theme of conversation, in street, hotel, theatre; and in the intervals before church service one hears a good deal about real estate, the grain market, &c., even if it is carried on in a whisper. The ladies possess the same "go-ahead" appearance, and are altogether too masculine for the writer's taste. The climate is execrable—or something else is execrable—for the complexion; sallow men and women are the rule, not the exception. Fortunately, the laws on the subject of divorce are very facile in their operations in Illinois. A countryman wandering near one of the courts recently was surrounded by the touts of several legal establishments, who addressed him, "Want a divorce, sir? Divorce in ten minutes, sir!" and so on. Legal separations are obtained in most of the States more readily than with us. A lady recently got a divorce on the ground "that her husband was a fool!" a sufficient reason, one would think. Another obtained a similar separation "because her husband used unkind language, and compelled her to black his boots." In Indianapolis, recently, a licence for marriage was granted to a young couple—both considerably under age—who had each been once married and once divorced before. The fact is, that marriages are often contracted loosely in the United States, and this leads to a corresponding amount of divorce. I recently saw a notice of a marriage, where the parties were joined by the parson in the high road, and did not even dismount from their horses. The usual time for marriages in the United States is the evening, the clergyman attending at the house, or often in the hotel. A San Francisco newspaper inserts "Divorces," in the column with "births," and "deaths," &c. But it is just to add that thousands of Americans disapprove of the haste in which divorces are granted, and that the facilities differ greatly in the various States and territories. In Indiana, recently, a new law makes it a penal offence to procure divorces for persons not actually residents; and I saw a case quoted the other day, where a lady was dismissed from a church of which she had been a member, for having obtained a permanent separation from her husband "without a Bible cause."

But we must bid adieu to Chicago—noting, by the way, that although she brags so much about the Pacific Railroad, almost the only gap on that great highway occurs in that city. One has to take carriage or omnibus between the two railroad termini. There will be several routes available from Chicago to the Missouri River this autumn. When I passed through there was but one, the "Chicago and North Western Railroad;" that road will, however, remain the favourite, as it is the most direct route possible. This ride of over 500 miles

—made in twenty-four hours—passes through the richest prairie districts of Illinois and Iowa, where in summer the golden crops wave for miles in unbroken succession. After seeing this country it is easy to account for the prosperity of Chicago. The settlements are numerous, and for the most part evidently prosperous. Some few show signs of decay; the towns have moved on somewhere else. One thing is noticeable in spring in quite a number of them; that the main street, cut up by the wagons and cattle, is often a long mud slough difficult to traverse, except by creeping round the edges. In one such city, the town council recently deliberated whether they should plank the road, or present a pair of top boots to every male inhabitant. The boots had it. We stopped at three of these little settlements for meals. Do not imagine that the

crossed the "Father of Waters," the mighty Mississippi, by a wooden bridge a mile long, but the temporary bridge of the Missouri—between Council Bluffs and Omaha—had been swept away by the ice. A grand iron bridge is now in the course of construction at this point, and it will be the largest on the great river. There will be eleven spans of 250 feet each; eleven iron tubular piers, and one of stone. The operation of sinking the immense tubes for the foundations has been commenced on the Council Bluffs (Iowa) side of the stream. The first tube was sunk through more than seventy feet in sand and clay, reaching at length, at a depth of eighty feet below the surface, the solid rock.

Council Bluffs is the present terminus of the Chicago and North Western Railway, and until the great bridge above-



INDIANS HUNTING BISON.

repasts out there are anything approaching those one expects to get at home, or that every item is diligently charged. That system would never suit the American people. The charge is 75 cents to \$1 a head (say about 2s. 3d. to 3s.), and one sits down to a regular "square" meal—as a good repast is called all over the west. The meals have a family likeness; eggs and hot cakes at breakfast, pie at dinner, and preserves at supper—mention of these items alone enables you to determine the particular repast. There is room for improvement in the coffee, but there was abundance of good meat, vegetables, &c., although it was yet quite early in the season. The days of beans and bacon, and saleratus bread are past, at least for the traveller on the great highway to the Pacific. At a large number of these halting-places, the railroad companies have built commodious hotels, in nearly all cases directly on the platform of the station.

Between the towns of Fulton and Clinton the railroad

mentioned is finished, the Missouri will be crossed as before by steam ferry-boats. There is no delay or inconvenience of any kind. We got out of the railway cars, mounted one of the many omnibuses waiting at the station, and were conveyed to the water's edge, where a puffing, wheezy, but large steamer took us on board bodily—vehicles, horses, baggage, and all—and landed us directly at Omaha, the same omnibuses delivering each and all of us at the doors of our respective hotels in that city.

The Missouri at Omaha is a large stream, but otherwise is one of the muddiest, shallowest, most shifting, and utterly unreliable of any in the world. The channel to-day is, and to-morrow is not, shifting quickly. Sand-banks appear one hour and are gone the next.

The morning after I arrived in Omaha, there was a good story in one of the local papers illustrating these facts: "A man," said the veracious chronicler, "about six miles

above here, came to the river-bank with a defined idea of crossing to the other side. He expected to have found a boat or a plank, but both were wanting. While cogitating on the prospect of a walk down here to take the steam ferry, he saw a sand-bar beginning to wash out into the stream. A huge and

500 miles distant! and Omaha itself strongly objects to being spoken of as in "the Far West." The leading journal says that it "is the point at which travellers gather for the purpose of going West." Where is the West now? The Pacific Railroad—speaking of it as it is understood in the United



PAWNEE CAMP.

valiant idea struck him, and he made for the sand-bar. Jumping on it, he kept up a dead run and followed it over to the other shore. His feet were a little wet, but our latest bulletin reports that he is doing well." The "Big Muddy," as the Missouri is popularly called at Omaha, furnishes a constant string of petty "items" for the press when times are dull.

Chicago now speaks of Omaha as one of its suburbs—only

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States—does really commence at Omaha. Thence, it now stretches in one unbroken line to Sacramento, California, a distance of 1,727 miles.

Before this reaches the reader's eye, in all probability the connection by rail will be completed with San Francisco. At present the legislative and commercial capitals of California are partially united by rail, about a third of the journey being accomplished by steam boat. There are also

steamers doing the complete distance. Omaha has now 16,000 people, and is growing rapidly. The city boasts twelve churches and chapels, at one of which pews were sold by auction on the Sabbath, before I got there, for \$200 (£30) premium. There are several places of amusement—a German tea-gardens among the rest, and an "Academy of Fun," the latter a very sweet place indeed. It boasts three daily papers and a (German) weekly, whose editors naturally hate each other like poison. One gently insinuates that the other is a "moral hyena, whose foul and festering tongue drops gall and aquafortis!" The *Nebraska City News* spoke of an Omaha paper in the following terms during my stay:—"Ordinarily," said this newspaper, "the intellectual pabulum furnished to the reader in daily and weekly journals is called in the newspaperial (!) world 'matter.' But the Omaha *Republican* of the 15th of April, 1869, contains about seven columns which is not ordinary 'matter;' it is 'pus!'" An Omaha paper has established a department for "betrothals." The only remaining chance seems to be to set aside a column for "flirtations!" The language of the *Western Press* is usually more forcible than elegant. An editor, writing an article on the necessity of planting trees in Nebraska, said, "H—ll is treeless: if you would avoid a resemblance to the nether regions, plant trees at once by the hundred!"

Some idea of the sudden rise in the value of land in this neighbourhood may be inferred from the fact that "homestead" five-acre lots, two miles from Omaha, are offered at \$225 (paper money about £34) per acre. There is, however, plenty of government and railroad land to be obtained, the first at \$1 25 cents (4s.) an acre, the second at from \$3 to \$15 (9s. to 45s.) an acre, at a reasonable distance from the city. Nebraska Territory has now about 60,000 to 70,000 of population, and is becoming rapidly settled throughout.

The Union Pacific Railroad Company (the company which built westward, and not the Central Pacific Company of California, which forms the Californian end of the line) has at Omaha extensive machine shops and "car" building works. Some of the railway carriages turned out by them are very splendid examples of this kind of vehicle. But the traveller who loves his ease should always take a "sleeping-car" ticket: it is very difficult to sleep in an ordinary carriage, besides which, people are constantly entering and leaving at intermediate stations. The country through which the Pacific Railroad passes after leaving Omaha is a very pleasant one. The fertility of the soil in the valleys of the Platte (which, with its branches, is crossed and re-crossed half-a-hundred times), the Elkhorn, Loup Fork, and Papillon Rivers, is undoubted. The Platte, though, for any other purpose than irrigation, might as well be dry. It is unnavigable even for those American flat-bottomed steamers which are said to get along with the help of a "moist surface or a smart dew." There are many thriving towns in this portion of the State of Nebraska, of which Fremont, Columbus, and North Platte take the lead; and in spite of a variable and uncertain climate, and the periodical invasions of devouring grasshoppers or locusts, to which the district is subject, there are many inducements to cause the settler to take up land. The Nebraska corn and wheat are famous, and sell at higher rates than those of most other localities. There is about 200 miles of good country through which the Pacific Railroad passes before it reaches the "plains" proper.

But when the plains are reached, the scene changes. It

would be difficult to find a more barren, worthless country than that through which the Pacific Railroad passes for the following 700 miles. Bayard Taylor, indeed, told us not long ago "that there is no American desert this side of the Rocky Mountains," and it has been the fashion lately to write up this desolate country, where, in truth, the settler's hair rapidly turns grey, or falls out from the influence of the alkali which lies bleaching in the sun, making the country often resemble a badly-frosted cake. The very railway cars do not escape its influence. They are spotted with a saline efflorescence, and their paint and varnish rapidly peel off. I am well aware that in Utah the industrious Mormons have utilised an equally alkaline country. It seems to me that they might be freely forgiven all their sins if they would turn round and make this desert to "blossom as the rose." The eye gets wearied with these eternal plains; with the dreary waste of sand, which is "not, however," as poor Ward said, "worth saving; where we did not even see the little Injians trundling their war-whoop on the horizon;" and where the larger animals peculiar to the district, the buffalo and bison, are rarely seen. The progress of the iron road has frightened them further south, and they only approach it when they want to rub and scratch themselves against the telegraph poles—the only use they have discovered for them. The fleet, prong-horned antelope may still be seen in herds, flying from the new monster of the plains; the wolf looks on from a respectful distance, and the prairie dog, safe in his worthlessness, knowing that he can hide himself in his hole at any moment, is about the only animal that does not flee the presence of man. As the Irish teamster said, "Dead oxen are almost the only signs of life" on the plains. The skeletons of poor, over-worked horses and mules lie everywhere bleaching in the sun, nor are human remains wanting. I observed many such from the windows of our railway carriage—probably the result of some of the hundreds of "shooting affairs" which disgraced the construction camps of the Union Pacific Railroad, where, as I was credibly informed, there would often be some disturbance of the kind every night for weeks together.

"The wide plains," says a recent American writer, "which slope imperceptibly, regularly upwards from the bluffs of the Missouri to the bases of the Rocky Mountains, are unlike any other region of earth. They labour under a chronic deficiency of backbone. Rock, to be sure, is sometimes to be seen here in places, but very rarely, save in the 'buttes,' or perpendicular faces of hills, which are mainly confined to the vicinity of mountains, and are obviously a modern product of sun, and rain, and wind, out of the mingled clay and sand which forms the subsoil of this region." These buttes, constantly seen at various points along the railroads, often assume very curious forms. Here is one having the form of a church; a second resembling a dial, the support washed down to a column of limited size; a third resembles a human head, or that of some animal; and so on. They were, for the overland emigrant, landmarks of importance. After passing rapidly over this desolate country, my opinion of the fortitude and perseverance of the old emigrants and pioneers who struggled through sand and sage brush, through creeks and rivers, often unable to get water at all, or, obtaining it, found it absolutely undrinkable, has been raised to a high point.

Nor must the reader imagine that because the railroad is finished the wagon trains are a thing altogether of the past.

Many settlers have not the money to send their wagons, horses, and household gods by train, and prefer, therefore, to follow the old style, taking twenty-five days to accomplish as much as the railway trains will make in a single day. The "prairie schooner," as the emigrants' wagon has been long jokingly named, will not be obsolete for many a day. The great curse of the plains throughout each summer is drought. "No rain, or next to none, falls on them from May till October. By day, hot suns bake them; by night fierce winds sweep them, parching the earth to cavernous depths, withering the scanty vegetation." Annually, too, and often more frequently, the prairie fires desolate the face of the plains. There is so little poetry in this desert, that the writer welcomed the occurrence of one of these great conflagrations, witnessed from the railroad. It was night. The devouring flames ran with wonderful rapidity through the rank grass and sage brush, and

a "reservation" of these people. From nomadic Indians they have become a comparatively agricultural and sedentary race, and are now perfectly peaceable. The most dangerous tribes of the plains are the Cheyennes (Chiens) and the Sioux, to which allusion will be made subsequently. Several minor outrages have been committed by them lately. Last May they attacked a party of white men in Kansas, and succeeded in killing three. After a tough fight, the Indians gathered round their prisoner, shouting and dancing with savage glee. They took the white men's scalps, and taunted Doran, the only survivor and their prisoner, by slapping him in the face with them. The Indians did not escape unhurt; seven of their number were killed and three wounded. They threatened their prisoner's life, and tried to terrify him by brandishing their knives and tomahawks close to his head; but he kept cool. Doran at length, after travelling some time with them, hit upon a



PAWNEE INDIANS.

the lurid fire made the nearer settlers' homesteads, the occasional trees and knolls, stand blackly up against the light. A canopy of smoke hung over all, wafting away to the horizon; the stars looked calmly down, and all nature was still, forming a scene not easily forgotten. When the better portions of the prairie are, by the progress of settlement, protected from this "inundation of fire," large numbers of trees, mostly oak and hickory, spring up spontaneously. These trees have, perhaps, been for years struggling to exist previously; but there was life remaining in their roots. Twenty years, and these "thickets will be forests."* With the forest, too, will come a grateful moisture; and districts hitherto considered worthless may become of considerable value.

The reader, accustomed to read much of the Indians in the "Far West," may be surprised to learn that in a journey of 3,500 miles (including my visit to Salt Lake City), I did not see over fifty Indians. In the streets of Omaha, a few painted and be-feathered Pawnees loitered, offering mocassins, and elaborately-worked "fire-bags," and tobacco-pouches for sale. In the neighbourhood of Columbus (Nebraska) there is

* See Bayard Taylor's "Colorado."

plan of escape. He had in his pocket a small case of medicines, among which were a couple of phials of tincture of opium, and he conceived the idea of mixing it with some brandy, of which he had a small supply. Watching his opportunity, he accomplished his object, and then, turning to his captors, pretended to drink. One of them, seeing it, rushed forward, and, snatching it from his hands, took a good draught, and then passed it round the circle. In a short time it worked like a charm, and they were all fast asleep. Doran, helping himself to what provisions he could find, mounted his horse and got away. Next day he succeeded in reaching a U.S. Government post at Medicine Bluffs, after which he was safe. A party of emigrants have been attacked recently when passing with a wagon-train across the plains near Kearney (Nebraska). In Kansas, recently, two railway trains have been run off the track by Indians, who removed the rails and spikes. Although an Indian war was waged recently against all these hostile tribes, as yet they are unsubdued.

Hitherto the Pacific Railroad has escaped, the only damage to it having been attempted by white men. But the Indians attacked one of Wells, Fargo, and Co.'s overland coaches in

1867; and we may yet learn of similar outrages in connection with the Union Pacific Railroad. As it was, that company lost several civil engineers by the hands of the Indians when the preliminary surveys were being made. The Indians at the California end of the line attempted, it is said, on one occasion to "lariat a locomotive" by stretching a cord across the track, some twenty or thirty of them holding it fast on either side. The gymnastic feats performed by them when the red-eyed, snorting monster came dashing along, are said to have exceeded those of any circus in the world.

President Grant is now attempting a new Indian policy. There is to be a permanent commission of citizens for the management of Indian affairs, a body having supreme control over all agencies, the purchase of goods for Indian grants, and

so forth. The executive authority will be placed mainly in the hands of the military, though, strangely enough, Grant has placed certain states and territories, including Nebraska, Kansas, and part of Indian territory, under the control of Quakers. "Um!" cried a big chief of the Arapahoes, "Quakers no good; heap water; no whisky!"

The intentions of the United States government, in themselves excellent, have been too often frustrated by the Indian "agents," who sold the red men goods sent as presents from Washington, drew the salaries of mechanics supposed to be provided expressly to teach the Indians; and generally grew rich on apparently small incomes. The Indian has had much reason to complain; nevertheless, he is doing better, and his only chance now is to settle down and cultivate the reservations provided for each tribe by the government.



VIEW ON THE WHITE NILE.

The Nile Valley above Khartum.

No river in the world equals—none can pretend even to rival—the Nile in the number and variety of the claims which it makes on the interest and attention of mankind. Its lower valley was the seat of one of the earliest civilisations of the world, and the remains of temples and pyramids even now are impressive in their ruined majesty. Of its upper valley, draining a widely extended and barbarous region, very little is known, but that little leads us to desire an increase of our knowledge. The mere geographical peculiarities of the Nile are sufficient to excite vivid interest, even apart from the human associations to which allusion has been made.

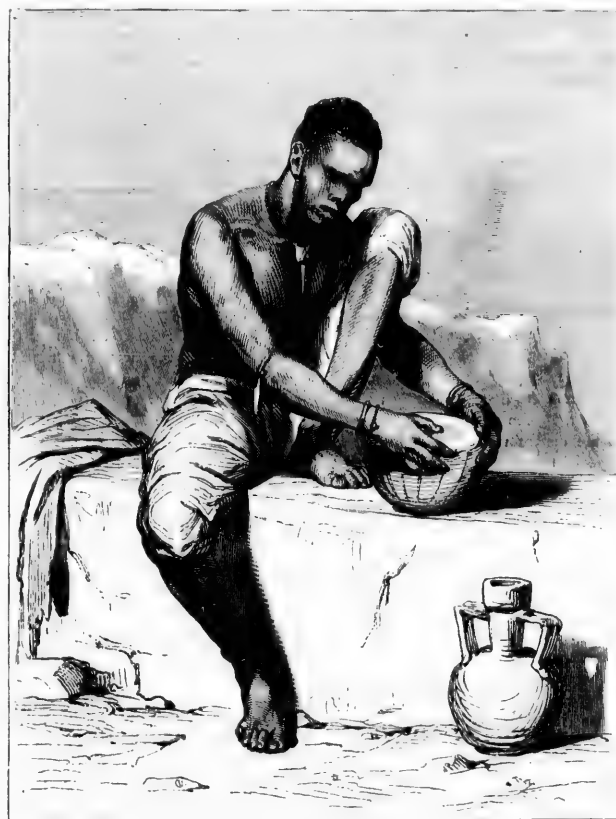
From the Athara to the Mediterranean, a distance of 1,200 miles, the mystic river flows on, causing a green belt to make its appearance in the arid region of northern Africa. No tributary joins its waters through all this distance, and no rain falls in this, which is one of the driest districts of the world. Is it to be wondered at, therefore, that the mystery of the source of its shining waters, with their annual inundation, to

which all the fertility of Egypt is due, should be one which, since the earliest period of the world, men have endeavoured to fathom? To Englishmen is due the credit of having penetrated the mystery, so far as the veil has yet been removed. Bruce discovered the source of the Blue Nile; Speke and Grant found out the great Victoria N'yanza, and Baker the Albert N'yanza, the companion lake to the latter. These great lakes—vast inland seas—lying under the equator, in a latitude where no other such body of water is found, give rise to the White Nile, called also the White River, or the Bahr-el-Abiad. But from the equatorial lakes to the junction of the Athara, there intervenes a region embracing nearly eighteen degrees of latitude, and this country, forming an immense basin of drainage, presents features differing very remarkably from those of the lower portion of the Nile. Vast rivers flow into the Nile as tributaries both from the east and the west, and the mountains which bound the basin recede hundreds of miles from the river.

On the eastern side, the Abyssinian table-land and the ranges of which the vast peaks of Kenia and Kilimandjaro are two summits, pour down their waters to the Nile; but to the west the mountains that give rise to the great tributaries from that side are as yet undetermined, while the heights to the south, near which are found the great lakes, represent the half fabulous mountains of the moon.

The Blue and White Niles meet at Khartum, a town

White Nile region, are sent from Khartum across the country to different places. Some are sent to Senaar, others to ports on the Red Sea, whence they are shipped for Arabia and Persia, while others find their way to Cairo, and, indeed, to all places in the slave-dealing East. To put a stop to this traffic is one of the first objects of the expedition on which Sir Samuel Baker (we may now say Baker Pasha) is now engaged; and it is especially in the country drained by the White Nile—



NATIVE OF THE DINKA TRIBE, WHITE NILE, MENDING HIS DRUM.

whose existence and prosperity are the result of the trade, legitimate and illegitimate, of the White Nile. Gum arabic, senna, hides, and ivory are the legitimate objects of the trade of Khartum, to which these articles are brought from the Soudan. Some ivory, of the annual value of £40,000, comes from the White Nile region to Khartum; but the great trade of the town is in slaves—a trade of “kidnapping and murder.” In this hateful traffic Syrians, Copts, Turks, Circassians, and even a few Europeans are engaged. The slaves, caught in the

that is, the country between Khartum and the Albert N’yanza—that his delegated power will be exercised.

In a previous number of the “ILLUSTRATED TRAVELS” a short notice of this expedition has been given; and it is now proposed to show with fuller detail the peculiarities of the Nile in its upper course, especially in that portion which Sir Samuel Baker was unable personally to explore, on his former great journey.

From Assouan, in Egypt, to Khartum, at the junction of

the White and Blue Niles, the course of the river is interrupted by six cataracts of greater or less magnitude, which yet offer no insuperable obstacle to the passage of boats or of steamers of light draught. In fact, steamers from the Mediterranean have ascended the Nile even as far as Gondokoro.

Khartum itself stands on a plain, hardly raised above the level of the river at its highest, and is therefore occasionally flooded. Above Khartum this flatness continues, and where the Sobat from the east, and the tributary from the Bahr-el-Gazal on the west, enter the Nile, the country presents the appearance of a vast marsh, through whose wide desolation boats pass day after day among the floating water-plants which cover the surface of the river. This extensive flat contains slight depressions, which form great lakes during the wet season, and sodden marshes in the dry weather; one of these periodical lakes figures on some maps of Africa as Lake No, or Nouaer. Masses of reeds, water-plants, and cane-like water-grass are found, and the beautiful but gloomy papyrus rush grows to so great a height that Sir S. Baker measured some stalks eighteen feet above the water.

The voyage through these swamps is tedious and melancholy beyond description. Before reaching Gondokoro, the marshes on either side of the river give place to dry ground; the banks rise to a height of four feet above the water-level, and Gondokoro itself is on firm soil, raised twenty feet above the river-level. Groves of citron and lime, the remains of trees planted by a mission which formerly existed at Gondokoro, are to be seen among the few poor huts which constitute the station; but the change from the flats and marshes of the Nile is most refreshing, and the green trees scattered over the landscape, together with the distant mountains which bound the horizon, please the eye of the traveller, who has just left the tedious land of swamps behind him.

Above Gondokoro, and thence to the great lakes under the equator, the country on both sides of the river is elevated, rising from 3,000 to more than 4,000 feet above the level of the ocean; while some of the peaks of the mountain ranges attain an altitude of 8,000 feet. The whole of the country to the east is well wooded, fertile, abounding in animal life. The elephant and giraffe, the buffalo and the antelope, are found in great abundance in this country. Through this region, Sir S. Baker and his brave wife made their journey to the Somerset river, which connects the Victoria with the Albert lake, and from the Albert they returned to Gondokoro, but not by the river itself, and only partially along its banks. From Gondokoro to the Albert N'yanza, no vessel has as yet navigated the Nile waters; and though it is tolerably well known what will be found there, yet, doubtless, Sir Samuel Baker will find some difficulties before he is able to launch his vessel on the broad waters of the great inland sea which he was the first to make known to us, and which he hopes to reach again during the present winter.

When at Magungo, near the northern end of the Lake Albert N'yanza, Baker could see the Nile issuing from its low banks encumbered with reeds, and flowing through the Koshi and Madi countries. Crossing the country, he again struck the Nile where the Uny-Ama flows into it, through a beautiful, park-like country, in latitude $3^{\circ} 32' N.$, near the spot to which Signor Miani had come from Gondokoro in a previous year. Here, from a summit which rose about 800 feet above the Nile, could be seen a long reach of the river. "From our

elevated point," says Sir S. Baker, "we looked down upon a broad sheet of unbroken water, winding through marshy ground, flowing from W.S.W. The actual breadth of clear water, independent of the marsh and reedy banks, was about 400 yards; but, as usual in the deep and flat portions of the White Nile, the great extent of reeds growing in deep water rendered any estimate of the positive width extremely vague. We could discern the course of this great river for about twenty miles, and distinctly trace the line of mountains on the west bank that we had seen at about sixty miles' distance when on the route from Karuma to Shooa. . . . Having from Magungo, in lat. $2^{\circ} 16'$, looked upon the course of the river far to the north, from the high pass, our present point, in lat. $3^{\circ} 34' N.$, we now comprised an extensive view of the river to the south; the extremities of the limits of view from north and south would almost meet, and leave a mere trifle of a few miles not actually inspected."

A great part of this country was flat and marshy on the banks of the river; but opposite the summit from which the extensive view above mentioned was obtained, there rises the peak of Gebel Kookoo to a height of 2,500 feet above the level of the Nile; and where the two ridges approach, they form a ravine into which the Nile enters after passing through the flat country to the south. Here the river is no longer calm; its course is broken by many islands, then it becomes a roaring torrent, and passes through a narrow gorge, between perpendicular cliffs, with a tremendous current, forming in one place a cataract between thirty and forty feet high. The ravine through which the Nile flows in this part of its course is depressed about 200 feet below the level of the surrounding country.

From this gorge to Gondokoro, the Nile was not explored by Sir S. Baker; but the explorations and journeys of Dr. Alfred Peney, a French savant, have shown that cataracts and rapids present obstacles in at least four places between Mount Kookoo and Gondokoro.

On the 20th of February, 1861, Dr. Peney set out from Gondokoro on the most important of the numerous journeys which he made in the Nile region. His object was to try whether, by means of boats, which had been constructed according to the orders of M. de Bono, he could surmount the rapids which had arrested the progress of all preceding expeditions. M. de Bono allowed him to employ the two boats which he had had constructed for the purpose. This journey was intended to be preparatory to one of much greater importance, though, alas for science! it was the latest in which Dr. Peney was engaged.

Two European merchants, of whom M. de Bono was one, accompanied Dr. Peney on his expedition, of which the following account is taken from a letter addressed by him on his return to M. Jomard, or M. Malte-Brun, and published in 1863, under the direction of the latter gentleman.

"Our flotilla conducted us in three days (after leaving Gondokoro) to the cataracts—or, to speak more exactly, the rapids—of Djendoky-Garbo. At this place a group of islands and rocks divides the river into several branches. Following the advice of the natives, we entered the most easterly and apparently the narrowest of these canals, in place of following the western branch, explored before us by the different boats of the government and others, who had tried without success to find a passage through the shoals. M. Miani, the latest explorer of this region, had failed the preceding year in his

attempts, and he had been obliged to leave the water and continue his journey by land.

"The route followed by our flotilla—that is to say, the eastern canal of which I have spoken—was traversed without great difficulty, and, after half an hour of effort, we passed the rapids of Djendoky-Garbo. I ought to say, however, that to surmount the obstacles with greater ease, we had taken the precaution of lightening our boats of the greater part of their cargo and crew.

"Three miles above Djendoky-Garbo, we reached new rapids—those of Teremo-Garbo. The latter presented much more serious obstacles than the former, and it was only after two days' continuous efforts that we succeeded in surmounting them. The rapids of Teremo-Garbo, although much larger and more difficult to surmount than those of Djendoky-Garbo, only occupy a space of about 800 yards. The distance of the first rapids to Gondokoro is nine leagues.

"Above Teremo-Garbo, the river resumes the aspect which it had below the rapids, and preserves the same appearance as far as the village of Tambour, in the district of Makedo. There we expected to find more serious obstacles than any which we had previously encountered. Above Tambour, the river narrows considerably; enclosed by a wall of rocks and of low hills, it becomes both deep and rapid, and can only be passed by the help of numerous and strong cables. Unhappily, our ropes possessed none of the requisite conditions for such navigation; our last cable broke at the cataracts of Makedo, and a shock which happened to one of our boats, and which was followed by an enormous wave, obliged us to land as quickly as possible on a neighbouring sand-bank. This accident made it impossible for us to continue our voyage by water; we therefore left our flotilla at the place where this happened, and taking the land road, we continued our exploration of the borders of the river.

"The cataract of Makedo (here the passage merits the name) has two falls of water nearly seven feet in height. A canal which runs by the side of the river and parallel with it, and which has cut for itself a bed through the differently inclined layers of stratified rocks, is the only passage prac-

ticable for such boats as ours. We should have gone by this canal if the accident of which I have spoken had not happened, and it is by this that all boats must proceed in passing the cataract of Makedo."

The cataract of Makedo is situated in latitude $4^{\circ} 18' N.$; and above this, for a distance of nearly ten miles, the river is full of shoals and rapids, one of the most difficult places for the passage of boats being in the district of Djiamoudj. The Djiamoudj rapids appeared to be such as to render the passage of boats very difficult, if not impossible; and beyond them, the Nile is encumbered with so considerable a number of grassy islands, that the passages left for the water are only about a yard and a half to rather more than two yards wide. From the Djiamoudj, the river runs at the foot of the Rego mountains, which terminate in the peak Gniri. This peak Dr. Peney calculated was under the same meridian as Gondokoro, and about a degree of latitude to the south of it, and he mentions that according to native reports, at the foot of this mountain (lat. $3^{\circ} 2' N.$) there is a considerable cataract, beyond which the river disengages itself from the mountains, presenting a continuous surface, and a bed free from shoals.

Dr. Peney did not reach the peak Gniri, as he was obliged to return to Gondokoro from a village a short distance to the south of the rapids of Djiamoudj. Nor did he ever accomplish his intended journey farther south, for he died of fever at Gondokoro, at the end of July in the same year, 1861.

This account given by Dr. Peney shows that in the part of the river which Sir Samuel Baker has not personally explored, there will be difficulties to encounter which will tax all his ingenuity, patience, and daring.

But as he has accomplished harder tasks than this before, he no doubt will surmount these, for he is not of the class of men who see "lions in the way" when he has a purpose which he wishes to effect. Much of the success of his efforts, of course, will depend on his personal influence; but if he should succeed, he will not only put down the slave trade, but he will secure for the Viceroy new and fertile provinces, and, it is to be hoped, will bring the regions of the Upper Nile under the influence of an advancing civilisation.

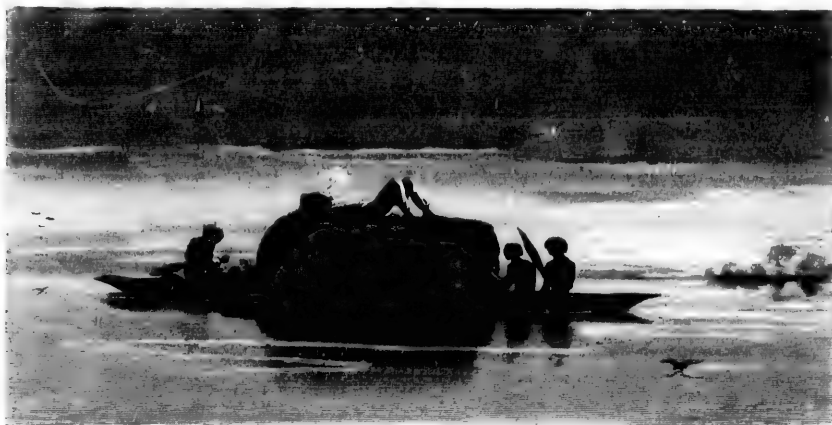
The Navigation of the Upper Amazons.

IN recent English maps of South America, the north or the left bank of the Upper Amazons, beyond the Brazilian boundary, is generally marked as belonging to the Republic of Ecuador. This is erroneous, as Peru has long claimed both banks, and has exercised her claim by occupying them. This important possession gives Peru the free use of a channel of water-communication with Europe by way of the great river, and an outlet to the productions of all her interior territory east of the Andes—a tract of level country of most exuberant fertility, as large as France. These trans-Andean provinces, however, have until recently remained in their primitive wild condition; the dense tropical forests with which they are clothed being abandoned to the wild animals, and almost equally wild Indians, who here and there occupy small villages,

superintended by missionary priests and scattered civil authorities. It was known that large tributaries of the Amazons flowed from the foot of the Andes, the last ridges of which terminate abruptly like a huge wall within an easy distance of Lima; but their exact direction, or navigability, had never been ascertained. The subject was agitated for years by some of the ablest men of the Republic, and a brilliant future prophesied if these rivers should prove navigable, and a European immigration could be attracted to the unoccupied lands. A port, it was thought, might arise at the foot of the mountains east of Lima, and Peru might become an Atlantic state; the round-about voyage by Cape Horn, or the Isthmus of Panama, being abandoned for a direct and pleasant journey of three thousand miles down the broad river to the Atlantic.

Within the last few years the arguments and dreams of the pamphlet and newspaper writers of Lima have been listened to by the Government, and active measures pursued to test the possibilities of the situation. The first step taken was to arrange a treaty with Brazil, ensuring a right of road down the portion of the river belonging to this empire, and to subsidise, in conjunction with the Brazilian Government, a line of small steamers to ply for traffic on the Upper Amazons. The right of road seems to have been at first withheld, but small steamers of some 300 tons burthen were placed on the river, supported by an annual grant of money by the two powers, and ran regularly from 1854 to 1859 between Manaus, on the Rio Negro, and Nauta, the principal village on the river in Peru, performing the round journey of 2,600 miles—that is, 1,300 there and back—in about a month, or eighteen days in ascending and eight days in descending, the current. So great

establish a station on their part of the Amazons, with dock-workshops and machinery, for the repair of vessels in the country, and to serve as a centre of industry in the wild region. A large staff of English mechanics were engaged, and a floating dock and several small river steamers brought from across the Atlantic on board large sailing-vessels. One of these, of 750 tons burthen, containing the dock, was towed up the Amazons and safely moored at Iquitos, the station chosen, in May, 1865—thus proving the navigability of the river for a large sea-going vessel a distance of 2,200 miles from its mouth. It is stated by Mr. F. F. Searle, the medical officer of the new establishment, that more than seventy English mechanics are now resident at Iquitos. The two larger steamers were placed on the river as regular liners, plying between Tabatinga, the Brazilian station on the frontier, and Yurimaguas on the Hualaga, the latter place being distant 300 miles beyond Iquitos.



A CALM ON THE UCAYALI.

is the depth and volume of water in the mighty stream, that the monthly or bi-monthly navigation suffered no interruption during these years, even in the driest seasons. The treaty having expired, the Peruvians proceeded a step further in carrying out their plans, by ordering steamers of their own from England. Two of these, each of 500 tons burthen and 150 horse-power, arrived at the mouth of the Amazons in October, 1862; but the right of road was refused by the Brazilian authorities at Pará, the capital of the province which includes the Lower Amazons, and it was not until April, 1865, that the difficulty was finally overcome. The Imperial Government at Rio Janeiro had by that time been converted from the narrow, exclusive policy which had so long held sway in this great empire, a legacy bequeathed by the old Portuguese domination, the last relics of which are now expiring with the advance of more liberal ideas. Soon after a further victory over the policy of exclusion was obtained, by the throwing open of the Amazons to vessels of all nations, by enactment of the Imperial Assembly of Rio.

The Peruvian Government had by this time resolved to

Meantime, the important duty of exploring the tributary rivers was not forgotten, and the preliminary surveys have already resulted in the fulfilment of the hopes of the patriots of Lima, in so far as discovering that the great southern affluent, the Ucayali, with its western tributary the Pachitea, and thence the Mayro, were navigable by steamers of light draught to the foot of the Andes, within about 220 miles of Lima. This remarkable discovery was not made without continued effort, and encountering great danger and difficulty—the latter not caused by physical obstacles, but by the hostility of a ferocious tribe of Indians on the banks of the Pachitea.

At first one small steamer, the *Putumayo*, was dispatched on the errand. Leaving Iquitos on the 25th of June, 1866, it passed with ease up the deep and generally tranquil waters of the lower Ucayali (a good idea of which river is afforded by the accompanying engraving), and sixty miles up the Pachitea. It was then brought to a stop at a place called Chunta Isla, in order that some damage done to the bottom might be repaired. The gloomy forests in this neighbourhood are inhabited by the Cachibos, a tribe living in deadly enmity, not



INDIANS OF THE RIVER PACHITEA

only with the whites, but with all the surrounding Indians. The *Putumayo* was detained here several days, and during this time a deed was perpetrated, revealing the treacherous disposition and uncompromising hostility of these people to all comers. The commander of the steamer, Don Adrian Vargas, took a boat, with four men, down the stream to visit a clearing that had been passed the day before, hoping to obtain there some fresh provisions. During his absence, several canoes filled with armed Indians passed down the river, the savages eyeing inquisitively the steamer, but declining all the overtures made by those on board to come nearer. This, viewed by the light of subsequent events, was supposed to be a reconnoitring party. The next day a single unarmed Indian emerged from the dark forest on the river-bank, directly opposite the steamer, and made signs in a friendly manner, as though inviting the crew to come on shore. After some hesitation, the two officers left on board, Lieutenant Tavera and Midshipman West (the latter the son of an Englishman settled in Peru), took the only remaining boat and crossed to the bank. There was less ground for suspicion, inasmuch as travellers, Peruvians and others, had visited numerous tribes on the neighbouring rivers Ucayali and Huallaga, without meeting with anything but friendly treatment. However, the two young men took their loaded revolvers as a precaution. They went also laden with various articles suitable for friendly trade with the Indians. Three boys belonging to the steamer accompanied them. Hauling the boat on the sandy beach, they followed the Indian into the forest. Two or three others soon joined them, all apparently friendly, and they walked on. At length the officers made halt, and taking out some trinkets, exhibited them to the Indians. At this juncture the boys, who had remained behind, saw a long file of savages threading the forest between them and their masters. There was no time to give warning; Tavera, turning his head, saw the trap they had fallen into; but before he or his companion could take aim with their revolvers they fell pierced through by the long bamboo arrows of the savages. The boys ran back for their lives, and reaching the river, plunged into it and swam towards the steamer; the crew afterwards pouring a volley of grape-shot into the forest where the crowd of savages now appeared baulked of the rest of their prey.

The expedition possessed no means of avenging this treachery, or even of penetrating the fastnesses of the savages to recover the corpses of the two officers. It returned to Iquitos, and a second and stronger force was dispatched in December of the same year (1866) to punish the Indians and complete the exploration. Three steamers (one of them of 500 tons) were sent, with fifty soldiers, and a number of friendly Conibo Indians to act as guides—the latter being deadly enemies of the Cachibos.

On the 6th of December this adventurous flotilla arrived at Chunta Isla, and under the guidance of the Conibos, the armed force was landed on the borders of the forest in the silence of night, and marched through its shades for about nine miles to take the village of the savages by surprise. Suddenly they came upon a small clearing with a number of huts ranged around, and having in the centre a kind of altar, the horrible use of which was afterwards made known. On the force advancing, a number of Cachibos darted out, fully armed; a volley was fired amongst them, and many fell; the rest, alarmed at the strange sound of the fire-arms, vanished into the depths of the forest, where pursuit was impossible. Two women and

thirteen children were captured, but no men, and after setting fire to the huts the Peruvians set out on their return. Before they had reached half-way to the river, they were assailed by a shower of arrows in the midst of the darkness, accompanied with frightful yells, which were replied to by a continuous fire of musketry, but with what effect could not be known. In this way, continually attacked by arrows from invisible assailants, they at length regained the water's edge, several of their number severely wounded. Even after embarking the infuriated savages appeared in force at the edge of the forest, yelling and brandishing their weapons, until scared away by rounds of grape-shot. The death of the officers being thus avenged, and a severe lesson taught the savages, the expedition proceeded up the Pachitea. The spot they endeavoured to reach was the port of Mayro, a place which the English Lieutenant (now Admiral) Smyth attempted to attain in 1835, coming from Lima, with the same object as now aimed at by the Peruvians—namely, that of discovering a line of navigation from Eastern Peru to the Atlantic. It was found that the large steamer *Morona* could not advance nearer than forty miles of the place; but the two smaller vessels (sixty tons each) got up in safety, with the Prefect of the Amazonian Province of Maynas and his staff, who proceeded immediately by land across to Lima to carry the joyful news.

From the accounts of the prisoners, obtained through interpreters, there could be no doubt that the bodies of the two officers assassinated by the Cachibos were eaten by them, after being roasted on the altar in the centre of their village. It had been long known that certain small tribes on the Upper Amazons were cannibals, and this event only supplied further confirmation. By far the greater number of the tribes who thinly people the leafy wilderness through which all these great rivers flow are friendly, or at least not hostile, to the white settlers. But the difference existing between the various tribes, in disposition and grade of civilisation, are extraordinary, considering that they all present the same physical features, and belong to the same race. Similar contrasts, however, are presented among the tribes of North America, who belong to the same original stock. In a future part of the "ILLUSTRATED TRAVELS" we hope to give a further account of the tribes of the Amazons and its tributaries. The Indians of the Amazons have been, in recent times, so well-treated both by Peruvians and Brazilians, and gradually brought within the influence of civilisation, that it is matter for regret that the grand scheme now being worked out by Peru must entail the destruction of a whole tribe which opposes itself to the navigation of the rivers.

The Government at Lima lost no time in following up the great discovery here related: a commission of engineers, under Commander Tucker, was dispatched to survey a road through the portion of unexplored country between Lima and Mayro; and another expedition in one of the small steamers was sent up the main river Ucayali, to ascertain how near it was navigable to the city of Cusco. The road from Lima, after crossing the Western Cordillera, descends the well-peopled, elevated valley of the upper Huallaga past the city of Huanuco to Muña, and thence south-east, partly along a tributary of the Huancabamba, to the Mayro. Finally, an "Atlantic port," under the name of Puerto General Prado, destined, perhaps, to be a great emporium, has been founded at the mouth of the Mayro, distant 3,600 miles from the mouth of the Amazons.

A Visit to the Guajiro Indians of Maracaibo.

BY A. GOERING.

IN the course of my wanderings as a naturalist amid the tropical riches and glory of Venezuela, I have naturally been led to visit many places out of the beat of the ordinary traveller, and very little known even to the Venezuelans themselves. One of these places was a semi-aquatic village of the Guajiro Indians, who inhabit chiefly the western side of the Gulf of Maracaibo, and, besides their possessions on the mainland, build pile dwellings, elevated over the blue waters of the gulf in shallow places near the shore.

Having resolved to explore the neighbourhood of Merida, a considerable town near the southern coast of the "Lake" of Maracaibo—which is no lake, but the inland portion of the gulf connected with the outer part by a very narrow strait—I was informed that the best and quickest way thither, from Puerto Cabello, was by sea to the village of Maracaibo. This village is situated just within the strait leading to the inner gulf, and I was told that it was not difficult to get conveyed thence to any part of the shores of the lake, and from the landing-place obtain mules for the land conveyance to Merida.

The winds at the season of my visit were favourable, blowing steadily from east to west. The voyage of some 400 miles in one of the coasting vessels was accomplished in safety, and I was set down with my chests, guns, nets, ammunition, and all the paraphernalia of a travelling naturalist, on the flat shores at the village. There was nothing here to induce me to prolong my stay; the country was a level plain, and monotonous both in its scenery and its vegetable and animal productions. In fact, the entire circuit of the lake, or "laguna," as it is called, of Maracaibo presents a similar aspect, the land not being elevated more than a few feet above the sea-level. Numerous species of cactus of fantastic forms—dwarf, prickly mimosas, or sensitive plants, whose leaves shrink at the touch of the hunter as he passes by—and several other plants of similar appearance, characterise the arid landscape. A similar vegetation, it is true, is found in the sandy coast region at Coro, Puerto Cabello, and other places, but it is here of much less vigorous growth. No spreading tree affords welcome shade and protection from the glowing sunbeams, which heat the ground to that extent that it burns the feet of the tired traveller. A naturalist would make a grievous mistake to select such a place as a centre for his investigations. The productive country lies at a distance of several days' journey, and the whole district is inhabited by the same species as he would already have found in other parts of the coast region.

At the southern end, many rivers rising in the slopes of the snowy range, from 100 to 200 miles distant, discharge their waters into the laguna. The principal of them is the Zulia, the lower course of which flows through alluvial flats covered with the most luxuriant tropical vegetation. Here the glossy, broad-leaved plants of the *Marantaceæ* family, and the slender towering palms, amidst the luxuriant greenery of the dense woods, compensate for the flatness of the landscape; but the country is too unhealthy to make it prudent for a naturalist to stay long enough to investigate its fauna.

Whilst at Maracaibo I took great interest in a tribe of

Indians, who inhabit this region, the above mentioned Guajiros. A few half-civilised families of this singular people are settled in the neighbourhood of the town of Maracaibo, and I made arrangements to pay them a visit. Young Indians of the tribe are to be seen in almost every house in the town, employed as domestic servants; the lads making themselves useful in carrying the daily supplies of water for domestic consumption, and other similar labours, and the girls working in the kitchen, and so forth. It is said, I believe with truth, that these boys and girls are sold by their tribe when very young; they seldom have any recollection of their parents. The Indians themselves are quite independent of the Venezuelan Government, living in their wild district free from the trammels of civilisation, and obeying their own chiefs. It is not safe to travel in their territory, owing to the jealousy with which they regard the settlers; and they have persistently refused to part with their lands on peaceful terms. Their mode of holding communication with the whites, and doing the little trade which their necessities require, is to meet the traders at stated times, at a spot near the town of Maracaibo, where the Venezuelans have constructed forts, or rude houses, surrounded by wooden fences.

Having arranged with some friends to pay a visit to one of the Guajiro villages, about ten miles distant from Maracaibo, we set off one bright morning on horseback. The road lay along the shores of the lake, in a northerly direction from the town. A dense fringe of mangrove bushes skirted the swampy shores, and from amidst the dull grey-green undergrowth the smooth stems of coco-nut palms here and there shot up, supporting their graceful crowns of pinnate leaves. After a ride of about an hour and a half through this somewhat monotonous scenery, we reached a place where the coco-nut and other trees grew more densely, forming a pleasant shady grove. We then obtained our first glimpse of the village, a sketch of which I made on the spot. The wary Indians soon perceived us, and two men put off in one of their rude boats, formed simply of the trunk of a tree, hollowed out, and called *cajucos*. On landing, they asked what we had come for. A few presents, which we had brought, and the fact, which Indians are quick to perceive, that we were not Spaniards or Venezuelans, prepared the way to a friendly conversation, which ended in the men consenting to gratify our curiosity to see their marine village by taking us over. The water shallowed off very gradually near the shore, making the embarkation difficult; but this was overcome by the Indians taking us one by one on their shoulders, and carrying us to the boat. Once embarked, we were obliged to crouch down in the bottom of the *cajuco*, and remain motionless, the least movement threatening to capsize the crazy vessel. The Indians stood one at each end, and propelled the boat by means of long poles. In this way we progressed pretty rapidly, but we occasionally got aground, and then our guides had to jump in the water and shoulder us over the obstruction.

In this way we reached the Guajiro village. Here a lively scene presented itself. The houses, with low sloping roofs, were like so many little cock-lofts perched on high over the

shallow waters, and they were connected with each other by means of bridges, made of narrow planks, the split stems of palm-trees. As we approached, a crowd of women and children were seen scampering over these bridges, all apparently trying to get within their own doorways, so as to be able to peep freely from within shelter at their unwonted visitors. They appeared curious to know which house we should select for our first visit; but scarcely were they satisfied on this point when they all came rushing towards us, and in a few minutes we had the whole population, large and small, collected round us, staring with the greatest eagerness. We were then invited to enter one of the huts. To do this, we had to perform a feat worthy of some of the monkeys in the neighbouring woods, for we had to climb an upright pole by means of notches cut into its sides.

Each house, or cock-loft, consisted of two parts, the pent-roof shelter being partitioned off in the middle; the front apartment served the double purpose of entrance-hall and kitchen, the rear apartment as a reception and dwelling chamber, and I was not a little surprised to observe how clean it was kept. The floor was formed of split stems of trees, set close together, and covered with mats. Weapons and utensils were placed in order in the corners, and a quantity of women's apparel hung on cords stretched across the chamber, the clothing consisting of calico-print skirts, handkerchiefs, &c., which they wear only when they go on a visit to Maracaibo.

On entering we sat down, as customary, on the floor, surrounded by about thirty women and children, squatted on their haunches, the few men present standing up behind the rest, and the whole forming a crescent-shaped group. I had now an opportunity of noticing more closely the personal appearance of these people. They are an athletic, muscular race, of a darker and at the same time ruddier hue than other South American Indians—the Chayuas of Caripé, for example. In other respects, no difference of physique was perceptible.

The conversation which ensued was kept up, on the part of our hosts, chiefly by the old women, the men and younger women scarcely speaking at all—the latter, in particular, being very coy and modest, with difficulty replying in a few words,

and with downcast eyes, to some flattering remark. The chief cause of the good welcome we had received soon became patent; it was the expectation of handsome presents, and we soon gratified them by liberal gifts of sundry small silver coins, and abundance of cigars.

I made a sketch of one of the Guajiro women as she appeared attired in her Sunday best. It is not an uncommon sight to see Indians of this tribe similarly attired walking about the shore at Maracaibo; the older women have dresses of similar fashion, but of more sombre colours. As to the men, they wear, when away from home, a kind of blue shirt and trousers; at other times they go almost naked. The occupation of the men is chiefly fishing, in which they possess great skill. A few of the natives speak the Spanish language, but amongst themselves nothing but their own Guajiro idiom is used. In their address they are manly and self-confident. They do not condescend to use the third person singular in speaking to white men, as is customary amongst equals in South America, but address every one as "thou." Unlike many other tribes of Indians, they have a keen sense of the value of money, and are good hands at driving a bargain.

I gave the good-looking girl who sat to me for her portrait a dollar for her kindness; this liberality caused me a great deal of trouble, for I was afterwards pestered by a whole crowd of men, women, and children, all wanting to grant me a sitting at the same price.

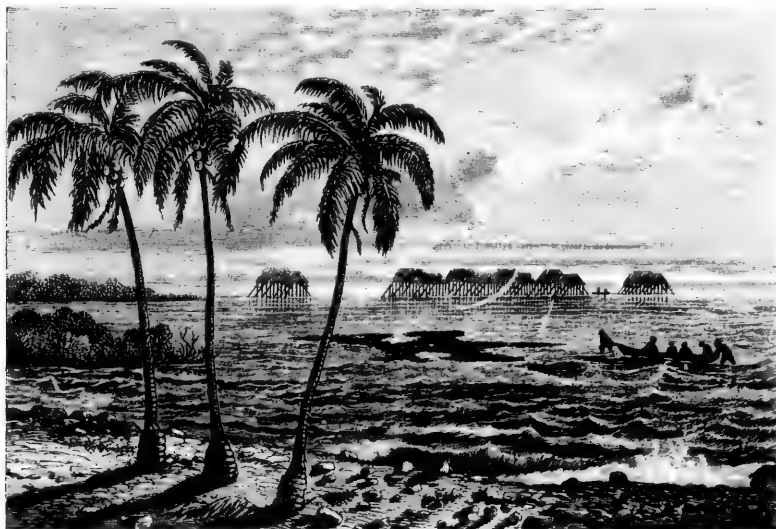


THE BELLE OF THE GUAJIRO VILLAGE.

Villages composed of pile-dwellings, such as that I have here attempted to describe, and of which the engravings on the next page give a faithful representation, are numerous along the shores of the great Lake or Gulf of Maracaibo. The positions chosen for their erection are near the mouths of the rivers and in shallow waters. The piles on which they rest are driven deep into the oozy bottom, and so firmly do they hold, that there is no shakiness of the loftily-perched dwelling perceptible, even when crowded with people. The advantages of dwelling in houses so situated, in a hot climate like this, are very great. The inmates receive the full benefit of the refreshing breezes, whether from land or sea, which temper so agreeably the sweltering heats of tropical America; and as

they pursue their in-door avocations they are soothed by the continual murmur of the waters beneath. The lovely blue surface of the lake, with its sweeps of shore fringed with green

about the mouths of the Orinoco and the Amazons. They are the invention not exactly of savages, but of tribes of men in a very primitive stage of culture. Such, probably, were the



THE VILLAGE AS SEEN FROM THE SHORE.



EMBARKATION OF GUAJIROS

woods and distant lines of palm-trees, form an agreeable landscape. It is like living aboard a ship, with the advantage of solid footing and facilities of going ashore whenever one wishes. Pile-dwellings, more or less similar to these of Maracaibo, are found in other parts of South America; generally, I believe,

people who lived in the pre-historic lake-dwellings of Switzerland.

Our visit to these unsophisticated people at length came to an end. We were conveyed to the shore by our guides of the morning, and galloped back to Maracaibo.

A Journey on the Volga.—I.

BY NICHOLAS ROWE, B.A. OXON.

THE ancient geographers—Ptolemy, Pomponius Mela, and others—were unacquainted with the exact course of the Volga, which they called "the Great River." Of the people who dwelt on its banks they knew little or nothing, and contented themselves with saying that it passed through the land of the Sarmatians and Scythians. Herodotus, however, in describing the customs of the Massagete, and the defeat and death of Cyrus, the founder of the Persian monarchy, at their hands, is generally considered to indicate the Volga under the name of Araxis. It formed from the earliest times an important line of commercial intercourse between Central Asia and the Black Sea, and was also, in some measure, a check to the progress of the wandering tribes towards the colonies on the Euxine. Later, the powerful kingdoms of the Huns, the Hazars, and the Bulgars were established on the Volga. The power of the Bulgars declined, owing to their incessant wars with the Russians, which are remarkable for having caused the removal of the capital of the Grand Duchy of Russia to Vladimir. From that period the Russians commenced fortifying their possessions on the Volga, and gradually made themselves masters of its whole course.

The Volga issues from a series of small lakes lying to the south-west of the Valdai Hills, in the Utasof district, in the government of Tver, from the last of which—the Volgo—it takes its name. Three miles below is a lock, and from thence to Astrakhan the length of the river is 2,197 miles. It first becomes navigable at the town of Tver, where it is 200 yards wide, and a foot and a half or two feet deep.

It was at Tsaritsyn, 300 miles above Astrakhan, that we first made the acquaintance of this "monarch of European rivers." We had come from Kalatch, on the Don, by the railway which was originally constructed by an American company, but has now passed into the hands of the Russian Government. At first, all the officials of the line were Americans, and we found one solitary Marylander still left, who expressed himself as most anxious to return home. The only decent hotel had been recently burnt down, so we went at once to the steamer and secured our berths. As, however, the *Alexis* did not start until the following morning, we had abundant time for the exploration of the town. Notwithstanding the commerce which passes into and out of it by the river and the rail, Tsaritsyn wears that dead-alive look common to all Russian towns, except St. Petersburg and Moscow. There are, perhaps, more handsome stone houses here than in many other places of the same size; but, away from the wharves, the streets are almost deserted.

Tsaritsyn was formerly fortified by a wide ditch and rampart, traces of which still remain; and a line of earthworks extended hence across the plateau to the Don. It has been the scene of stirring events in Russian history. Originally founded at the time of the annexation of the principality of Astrakhan to Russia, it was taken and plundered in 1669 by the famous river-pirate, Stenka Razin. It stood a long siege in 1774 by Pugachev, who gave himself out as Peter III. He was, however, defeated and carried prisoner in an iron cage to

Moscow, where we afterwards saw the chains with which he had been bound, hanging against the wall of the principal prison. Peter the Great's dubina, or walking-stick, and cap are religiously preserved in the town-hall, and exhibited to the curious. The story goes that when he visited Tsaritsyn, in 1722, he made a present of his stick—the identical dubina with which he had chastised his prime minister, Menshikoff—and his hat to the inhabitants, saying, "As I kept my servants in order with my stick, so do you defend yourselves against your enemies with it; and as no one dares to take the hat off the head of Tsarish Majesty, so no one shall dare to drive you out of your town."

The most interesting object at Tsaritsyn is the encampment of Calmucks outside the town. They are dwellers in tents, which consist of a framework of sticks overlaid with skins and pieces of felt, rounded at the top, a hole being left in the centre for the escape of the smoke. The people were dressed in long dark-coloured caftans, bound round the waist by dingy red scarves, but open in front so as to show their brawny bronzed chests. Their boots were of red leather, and reached to the knee. Beneath yellow caps, trimmed with fur, long black elf-locks hung down on both sides of their swarthy faces, which, by the broad, flat noses, projecting cheek-bones, and long, narrow, almond-shaped eyes, proclaimed their origin. They are the remains of the mighty Calmuck horde that, in the reign of Catherine II., urged on by one of those strange impulses to which Asiatics seem so prone, suddenly struck their tents, and ceased not journeying eastwards until, at the end of eight months, they placed themselves under the protection of the Emperor of China. These Calmucks are still Buddhists, and recognise the supreme spiritual authority of the Dalai Lama far away in Tibet. They have a great many curious customs, one of the strangest of which is their treatment of the dead. They carry the bodies away to some distance from the encampment, and leave them on the ground to be devoured by dogs. They then keep watch, and if more than six dogs feed on the body, they hold the deceased in high veneration; but if the contrary happens, they look upon him as a disgrace to his family and tribe. This practice has always been checked by the Russian Government, and is at the present day almost entirely abandoned.

We returned to the *Alexis* at nightfall, and prepared our beds on the cushions of the divans, which in two tiers ran round the cabin. There are no private sleeping berths on board the Volga steamers, but there is a separate cabin for ladies. There were not many first-class passengers, and only one lady, who went straight to her cabin, and did not make her appearance again until the boat was moored at Astrakhan. There were one or two Armenian merchants, and three or four officials of different grades; but forward, there was a large number of Mujiks or peasants, and Cossacks, in whom the puggrees we wore round our wide-awakes created great astonishment, and manifold conjectures as to the class or sect of Mahomedans we might represent. Every available portion of the deck, not occupied by cargo or passengers, was covered with logs of wood about four feet long, piled

up in some places to the height of ten feet. Wood is almost universally used as fuel for the steamers, and the frequent and long stoppages at the wood-stations nearly double the time necessary for the voyage. We started soon after day-break, and were glad to leave our cushions, where the mosquitoes had effectually prevented our obtaining much slumber. The right bank at Tsaritsyn is some 200 feet above the river; but it gradually decreases in height until, a few miles below that town, it is but little raised above the stream, and the eye wanders over an apparently endless sandy waste, altogether destitute of vegetation; while a similar view presents itself on the left bank. The river is here about four miles broad, but in time of flood it spreads to a width of fifteen miles. Soon after leaving Tsaritsyn it divides into about seventy different channels, interspersed with innumerable islands, some of which are, for Russia, in a high state of cultivation. Many of the islands, as well as the banks of the channel the steamer followed, are in places covered with a thick jungle of reeds, rising to the height of ten feet or more, giving shelter to wild boars, and great quantities of game and wild fowl, the pursuit of which is a favourite amusement with the Russians.

We stopped several times for passengers, and a fresh supply of wood. The chief places at which we called were Chornœ Tar, a large village of 5,000 inhabitants, and Enotâyevsk, with a population of 3,000, the majority of whom gain their livelihood by fishing. The latter place owes its origin to an outpost erected in the early part of the eighteenth century, as a protection against the Calmucks. Agriculture is little in favour here, the people asserting that the sun burns up all their crops. About sixty miles below Enotâyevsk is the residence of the Calmuck Prince Tuman; but we unfortunately were unable to visit it. It is probably the only attempt at a settled abode on the part of the Calmucks, and is built, furnished, and laid out in the European style. Nevertheless, the prince, albeit a Russian general, is said to live habitually in a tent on his grounds. He is enormously wealthy, and owns a very extensive tract of country. One great source of his income is horse-breeding, and he is said to sell as many as 6,000 or 7,000 horses annually. We shortly afterwards saw an immense drove of them, on their way to a change of pasture, crossing the river, under the guidance of a score or two of wild and picturesque-looking horseherds.

We reached Astrakhan on the afternoon of the following day. It is a most disappointing place. From the distance it looks very imposing, with its massive kremlin or fortress—the brick walls of which, although crumbling to decay, are most carefully daubed with whitewash every year; while the huge dome and roof of the Cathedral of the Assumption, towering above the other edifices, and the Tartar mosques and minarets, glitter in the sun. But all this grandeur vanished as we neared the wharf. Rickety, tumble-down, filthy huts—many of them uninhabited—met the eye in every direction. The streets were narrow and dirty, without any of that picturesqueness which so often redeems the filth of Eastern cities; and the stone houses, government offices, factories, and other larger buildings looked gaunt and uninteresting to the last degree. The only thing that gave any life or colour to the streets was the number of Tartars in their graceful costume moving about; but these all wore a silent, downcast air that was most depressing. Having secured a "numero," *i.e.*, a room, at the "Russia," the only

decent hotel in the city, we sallied forth into the Tartar quarter, where long blind walls, and an occasional small window most jealously latticed, gave quite an Oriental aspect to the narrow lanes. The sights of Astrakhan proper were easily exhausted. Devastated by fire, sword, and pestilence over and over again, there is little of antiquity about it; and when we had visited the Cathedral and the Museum, where, among other things, there was a capital collection of ancient coins, we had nothing more to see.

Astrakhan is the ancient Atel or Atil of the Alans, Bulgars, and Hazars. It was frequently destroyed by the successive invading hordes on their march from Asia into Europe, but was rebuilt in the beginning of the fourteenth century by the Mongols, on their second invasion, and called Adja-Tarkhani, or Astorokhani, whence its present name is derived. In 1557 it was captured by the Russians, and in 1660 retaken by the Tartars and destroyed, with the exception of the kremlin, to which the Russian inhabitants had fled for refuge. In 1605 it was the scene of great disorders and bloodshed, caused by the pretender to the Muscovite throne, known in history as the false Dmitri. In 1608 these disturbances were renewed by his wife Marina. In 1665 Stenka Razin seized the city, and laid it waste with fire and sword. Among other cruelties related of this ruffian, it is said that he roasted the Archbishop Joseph to death before a slow fire.

Astrakhan was at one time an important place of trade. As early as the fourteenth century the Genoese brought vast quantities of merchandise from India, Persia, and Central Asia, by way of the Caspian, to Astrakhan, whence they were dispersed all over Europe. But the invasion of Timur put a stop to this flourishing traffic, which was transferred to Smyrna and Aleppo. After the alarms caused by the Tartar incursions had somewhat subsided, a portion of the trade returned to its former channels, but Astrakhan never recovered its commercial importance. Successive sovereigns, from Boris-Godunof to Peter the Great and Catherine II., did what they could to restore its prosperity; but its glory had departed, never to return. In 1740 John Elton, an Englishman, formed a company to bring Persian produce direct to England by way of Astrakhan and the Volga. He built a ship at Kazan, and made one or two successful voyages; but having been induced by Nadir Shah to construct a man-of-war for the control of the Caspian trade, and to accept an admiral's commission from him, Elton fell into disgrace with the Russian Government. The English company promptly disavowed his acts; but their representations were unavailing, and the venture came to an abrupt termination. It is not probable that the trade of Astrakhan will increase. The Kharkoff and Kursk Railway will cross the Volga at Samara, and proceed to Orenburg; so that this, and the line in process of construction between Poti on the Black Sea, and Baku on the Caspian, seem effectually to shut out Astrakhan from the hope of ever again attaining its pristine splendour. The city as well as the province is celebrated for its garden produce and fruits, especially melons and grapes. In the reign of the Empress Anne a large box of these grapes, packed in sand, was regularly dispatched three times a week to St. Petersburg by horse-litter, for the use of the court. The cultivation of the vine was introduced by an Austrian monk, who, carried prisoner to Astrakhan, embraced the Greek faith, and planted some Persian vine-stems in the garden of his monastery. We found the wine made from

these grapes somewhat acid and rough, and far inferior to the Crimean wine of Prince Woronzow.

The little trade there is with Persia is carried on by land to Kizliar, thence by sea to Baku, and overland to Astrabad. It consists chiefly of cotton, silk, glue, millet, fruit, and some manufactured goods; in return for which are exported iron, cotton and woollen stuffs, earthenware, and looking-glasses, which come from Nijni-Novgorod, by way of the Volga.

But the chief staple of industry in Astrakhan is formed by its fisheries. It is the centre of all the Caspian fish trade—one of the most extensive in the whole world, and involving enormous capital. The revenue derived from the fishery here is calculated at seven millions of roubles—about one million sterling. The most important fish are the sturgeon, the beluga

fisheries, or are allowed to fish for themselves on payment for a licence. There are several methods of catching the fish, which, though clumsy, are very efficacious—the fish being so ravenous that they rush at the bait, despite all obstacles in their way. The utsching, or fish-dam, varies occasionally in construction, but a description of one will serve in all important points for all. Stout posts are fixed in the bed of the stream, about a yard apart, in a straight line, unless the current be very strong, when they are driven in a curving form. At the height of a foot or so above the surface, a stout rail connects these posts. To this rail are fastened shorter and slighter stakes, which do not quite reach the bottom, and, being fastened by willow twigs, form a kind of wicker-work. Chambers of stout wicker-work, divided into compartments, are fastened to this against the stream. The wicker-work flap at



CALMUCK ENCAMPMENT

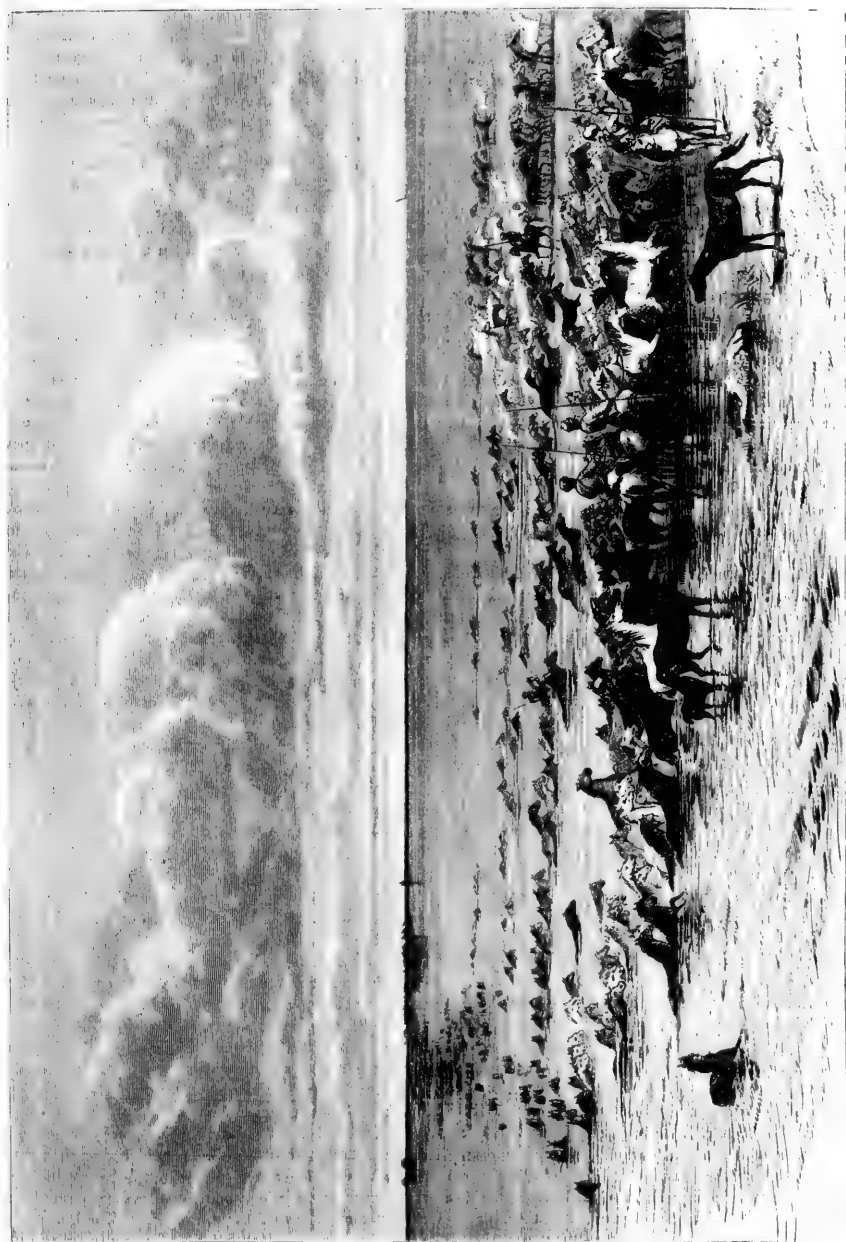
(*Acipenser huso*), the sevriuga (*Acipenser stellatus*), and the siturus glanis. The sevriuga, or stellated sturgeon, and the beluga attain an enormous size, and it is recorded that a beluga was captured in 1769 which was nearly twenty feet long, and weighed 2,500 pounds. A thousand pounds is not an uncommon weight for this fish, while the sturgeon proper ranges only from twenty to seventy pounds. Of the voracity of the former we heard several stories that made severe demands upon our credulity; among others, that it had been known to pull a horse under when swimming across the river. We also heard of a man's body having been recently found inside a beluga; but, upon strict investigation, the body of the man dwindled down to a pair of child's boots!

We were taken on the next day by steamer to visit one of the fishing villages. These are called utschigi, from the Tartar word utsching, a fish-dam. They consist of a hundred huts, or more, together with curing and store houses, and sheds for making caviare and isinglass. During the fishing seasons—which occur in the spring, autumn, and winter—about 20,000 strangers assemble, in addition to the regular population engaged in the trade. These either hire themselves to the farmers of the

the entrance of these compartments is but slightly fixed, and yields to the pressure of the fish like the "door" of a trawl-net. The fish, once inside, cannot turn round, and there remains until the fisherman takes it out. Another very elaborate trap is called gorodba ("to enclose"). At the bottom of a large wicker box or chamber lies a wicker or net-work frame, with cords attached to its four corners, by which it can be drawn up. Across the aperture by which the fish enters, a piece of net is placed, so contrived that on the entrance of the fish it drops over the doorway. There are also certain nooses, against which the fish must strike, depending from a piece of wood floating on the surface, and thus giving notice of a capture. In the winter time the fisherman cuts a hole in the ice immediately over his gorodba, and builds a hut on the edge of the orifice. To obviate the necessity of being for ever on the watch, he sometimes attaches a bell to the float; so that each fish, on entering his chamber, summons involuntarily a zealous and eager attendant, whose kind offices he would doubtless gladly dispense with. The fish are also taken in nets and by a sort of gigantic night-line made fast with anchors and huge stones. It was rather exciting to see the fishermen

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A TROOP OF HORSES CROSSING THE VOLGA.

going along this cable—it was neither more nor less—in their boats, and carefully lifting the depending lines one by one. Some required fresh baiting, and being furnished with an obla—the fish generally used for bait—were let down again. Presently one line came up taut, and a boatman stood ready with a strong gaff. As the fish approached the surface, he plunged this into its gills, through which another man passed a stout rope. The hook was taken from its mouth, and the boat started at once for the curing-house with the fish—a fine beluga weighing about 400 lbs. There it was first beheaded; next the entrails were taken out and thrown away, to become a matter of fierce contention among flocks of gulls and other birds hovering near; the roe was then carefully placed in tubs, and handed over to the preparers of caviare; while the sounds were, in a similar manner, handed over to the isinglass makers. The sinews of the back being extracted, were carefully washed and hung upon poles to dry in the sun. The inside fat was next scraped away with knives, to be boiled down, and used instead of butter and oil, for which it forms a favourite substitute with the peasantry. The flesh remaining was then carried into an underground cellar, and placed to soak in brine. Between the brine-tubs the fish which had been already pickled were lying in huge stacks, with layers of salt between each fish, awaiting transport to the interior; and niches, made for the purpose, were filled with large blocks of ice to keep the cellar cool. In winter the fish are sent all over the country, perfectly fresh, in a frozen state.

Caviare is made from the roes of many different kinds of fish, including those of the salmon and the pike; but the best is obtained from the sturgeon proper, the *seviuga*, and the beluga. The choicest kind is prepared in the following manner. Long narrow bags of stout linen are filled about half-full with fresh roes, upon which brine is poured until it runs over the edge. The bags are then hung on poles until the brine has filtered through, when they are taken down, and violently squeezed and swung about. They are afterwards exposed to the air for twelve hours, and the roe is then closely packed in casks, and is ready for sale under the name of caviare. Some idea of the enormous number of fish captured at Astrakhan may be gathered from the statement that between three and four million pounds of caviare are prepared there annually. The fishermen complain that the number of fish in the river is decreasing, and attribute this to the steamers; the real cause is, no doubt, to be found in their improvident method of fishing.

The charms of Astrakhan not being sufficient to detain us, we resolved to give up our notion of a trip across the Caspian to Astrabad, and to take the up-Volga steamer next day. We therefore secured our passage by the *Vladimir Glazenap*, so named after one of the directors of the "Samolët"—*id. est*, "it flies by itself"—Company, and started at four o'clock in the morning. On the way we passed a fishing group of a different description to those we had been recently visiting—a flock of some seventy pelicans busily engaged in shallow water, with apparently satisfactory results. This bird is called by the Russians "Dika Baba" (wild old woman). They swim in a semicircle, and drive the fish before them away from the deep water; and then, having duly stationed sentinels at a distance, they proceed to banquet leisurely at their ease. They seem to have become accustomed to the steamers, as, although we passed at little

more than the distance of a gunshot, they did not deign to take the slightest notice of us.

About twenty miles below Tsaritsyn lies Sarepta, a Moravian colony founded in 1769, with very great privileges and immunities, by the Empress Catherine. Like the other German colonies established by that enlightened ruler, but infamous woman, it rapidly grew and prospered. Surrounded by Calmucks and other wandering tribes, it became, with a population of only 1,200, an oasis of refinement in the midst of a desert of barbarism. All the arts and trades flourished there, and its manufactured cottons and silks, its watches and jewellery, &c., found their way all over the country, commanding high prices, while the Sarepta mustard became a household word throughout the empire.

Among the passengers we took in at Tsaritsyn was a stout Russian judge, of a very unsocial disposition, who could not be induced to talk to any of his fellow-passengers. As we had suffered grievous torments from the mosquitoes every night, we here determined upon an experiment. Taking the other passengers into our confidence, we proposed to let the judge have the cabin to himself for a couple of hours before we "turned in" for the night. The device was perfectly successful, and we enjoyed unbroken slumbers, Messieurs the Mosquitoes having already supped at the expense of the judge.

We proceeded on our voyage next morning at four o'clock. The cliffs on the right bank of the river continued to rise, while the opposite shore was low and swampy. The *Vladimir Glazenap* is considered the finest of the Samolët boats, and maintains a speed of 13½ miles an hour against, and 16 miles with the current. Her engines of 100 horse-power were, like most of those on the Volga, furnished by Messrs. Cockerell and Co., of Liège. This company owns more than forty steamers, some of them of 250 horse-power, while others, built for the upper course of the river from Nijni-Novgorod to Tver, are of only 45 horse-power, and with a load of 200 passengers will pass safely over two feet of water. The Samolët Company was established sixteen years ago, and there are several others, the chief of which are the *Volga* and the *Mercury*. There are in all, counting tugs, about 700 steamboats employed on the Volga and its tributaries. The Netherlands Company, of Rotterdam, first started steam-tugs on the Volga, twenty-four years ago. They were of iron, and were brought in pieces to Rybinsk. When they first appeared no one would patronise them, and the owners were obliged to freight them themselves. The Mujiks looked upon them as evil demons, but came in crowds to the river-bank to gaze upon them, nevertheless. Our captain told us an amusing story of a carpenter who was once employed to do some trifling repairs to the wooden casing of the steam-chest of the steamer which he then commanded. While he was at work, the engineer commenced getting up the steam. The carpenter, hearing a strange rumbling noise, dropped his tools and stared about him wildly, not knowing whence it proceeded. At length, plucking up courage, he resumed his work; but very soon the steam rushed through the escape-pipe with a shrill scream. Dropping his tools a second time, the carpenter gave one affronted glance upward, rapidly crossed himself several times, sprang overboard, swam ashore, and then darted off at full speed, vehemently spitting and crossing himself as he ran. He was never seen or heard of again, for he never came back to claim his tools.

The boats, after a time, used to be crowded by visitors whenever they stopped. These persons were very inquisitive, and could not understand the motive-power. The expression, "so many horse-power," especially puzzled them, accustomed as they were to the huge horse-capstan boats. They would say, "Yes, the strength of a hundred horses is very great; but how can you put so many in so small a boat?" Another idea they had was that the steamboat would go along close to the shore, with one paddle-wheel grinding along upon the bank, instead of being towed by horses or men. It took some time to overcome these strange ideas and prejudices; but now-a-days the boats are always full. We were seven passengers in all in the first cabin, and there were about a score in the fore cabin, while the stowage was so crowded that it was impossible to move about. The *Mujiks* (peasants) are conveyed at a reduction of 40 per cent., on the understanding that should the steamer stick on a sandbank, they shall jump into the water and help to get her off.

We had for dinner a *sterlet* served with olives. This is considered the greatest delicacy possible in the way of fish, and is so highly esteemed in Russia, that it is transported in Volga water all over the empire. The best are, however, said to be caught in the *Kama*, which runs into the Volga on the left bank, a few miles below *Kazan*. We found the flesh watery, and the taste earthy, and therefore pronounced the far-famed *sterlet* an impostor.

Thirty-five miles above *Tsaritsyn*, we passed *Passad Dubovka*, formerly the capital of the *Cossacks* of the Volga. It is a flourishing town of 15,000 inhabitants, with several factories of leather, tallow, and mustard. It is picturesquely built on an eminence, and boasts three handsome churches, with their green domes rising conspicuously above the roofs around. The little port has a business-like air, for there is a good deal of traffic between the town and *Kakalinskaya* on the *Don*. *Barges* laden with iron and other produce, chiefly *Siberian*, are here taken to pieces, and transported overland to *Kakalinskaya* across the steppe, and there being put together again and re-laden, are floated down to *Rostow*. The opening of the railway at *Tsaritsyn* has, however, damaged the trade considerably.

A canal between the two rivers has always been a favourite project. *Peter the Great* began one in the neighbourhood, but abandoned it before he had made much progress. The scheme has been resuscitated again and again, but the Volga and the *Don* still remain the only great Russian rivers which have no connection with each other by water. We stopped at several small villages to take in and disembark passengers, and passed a bold, beetling crag, which was formerly crowned by *Stenka Razin's* stronghold, from whence he used to levy something more than toll upon the shipping. We stayed a long time at *Kamyshin* for a fresh supply of fuel. This town was founded in 1688, and fortified by *Colonel Baillie*, a Scotchman in the Russian service, who played an important part in the wars of that turbulent period. Its chief trade is in corn and salt, exported overland to the *Don*. When *Sultan Selim* made his expedition against *Astrakhan* in 1550, he commenced a canal, traces of which still remain, from this place to the *Don*; and an Englishman named *Perry*, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, commenced another to the *Ilovla*, a tributary of the *Don* distant about fourteen miles. *Kamyshin* was very useful in suppressing piracy on the Volga. Bands of

desperadoes, made up of runaway serfs, deserters from the army, *Calmucks*, *Cheremisses*, and outlaws of all kinds, rendered the navigation of the river extremely unsafe down to the reign of *Catherine II.*, and robberies and wholesale murders were things of daily occurrence. But when the pirates were caught, an especial punishment of a most horrible description was awarded them. A large raft or float was constructed, varying in size according to the number of criminals, and on this a huge gallows was erected. The pirates were stripped naked, and their hands being securely fastened behind their backs, were then suspended from the gallows by huge iron hooks inserted under their ribs. Placards detailing their crimes were then fixed over their heads, and the raft launched on the stream. The inhabitants of the riverside towns and villages were commanded, on pain of death, not only to afford no kind of relief to these wretches, but also to push off the raft again should it chance to drift ashore. It happened that sometimes their piratical comrades would fall in with them, and rescue them; but they too, if caught in the act, were at once summarily hanged without the ceremony of a trial. A story is related of one man who contrived to disengage himself from the hook, and swam ashore. There he attacked a shepherd, beat out his brains with a stone, and, putting on his victim's clothes, made good his escape.

We moored for the night at *Zolotoë*—a small village of wooden huts, where the fuel was brought on board by women and girls. They take two long poles so as to form a stretcher, and pile upon them as many logs as two can carry. They receive thirty *copecks* (about a shilling) a fathom for the carriage of the logs, which consist of pine, birch, and oak cut into lengths and split in two. Most of it comes from *Siberia*, on huge rafts 300 feet long; but at some of the stations it is cut in the forests in the immediate neighbourhood. We bathed here, and found the water very soft and refreshing. It is strongly impregnated with carbonic acid, and, if shaken in a tightly-corked bottle, will effervesce almost like soda-water. It is pleasant to the taste, but at *Astrakhan* it is said to savour of fish-oil at times, owing to the multitude of fish in the river!

The deck-passengers poured ashore, and, having bathed, threw themselves down upon the banks and among the stacks of wood to sleep, rejoicing, doubtless, in the opportunity of stretching their limbs with more freedom than the cramped space of the steamer permitted. Many of the younger ones began to carry on very amorous flirtations with the wood-girls, who were most of them young and rather comely. The peasants on shore gave quite a concert, which kept us on the bridge of the steamer until past one o'clock. The Russian peasants seem born vocalists, and to have a very fair notion of harmonising their voices. Most of their songs are extremely plaintive, and always end on a high note. One voice sings a short verse, almost like a recitative, and then all the others join in with a long chorus. Some of the songs to which we listened, however, beginning in a melancholy strain, suddenly changed, with a very striking effect, into a loud, brisk, joyous measure.

The Russian peasant is a very simple-hearted, contented creature. He is extremely good-natured, and never quarrelsome, even in his cups. His costume is as simple as his nature: it consists of a linen shirt, generally worn outside a pair of blue or black linen trousers. In summer, his feet are usually bare; but he sometimes wears *lapti*—that is, shoes

made of the inner bark of the lime-tree, cut into strips and strongly plaited together, which cost him sixpence a pair. If he can afford it, he wears long boots reaching to the knee, and having the trousers tucked inside them. In winter, in default of boots, he wraps pieces of cloth and rags round his legs, imparting to them a very uncouth appearance. His caftan, which he sometimes dons over his shirt, is of blue cloth, cut obliquely from the throat across the breast, adorned with brass or white metal buttons, and reaching to the knee. His more usual garment, winter and summer, is, however, a shooba, or loose coat made of sheepskins, which in a short time becomes indescribably filthy and swarms with vermin. The women, in summer, content themselves with a single garment, made of cotton, and reaching from the throat to the calf of the leg, with a simple cord round the waist; and, in the case of the older women, with another cord tightly bound across the breast. In

woman, when she feels the pains of labour coming on, endeavours to seclude herself as much as possible, being content with the aid of her mother and sister; and failing these, she will often withdraw herself entirely into the woods, and there remain alone until she can return with her baby in her arms; since she fears that for every eye that looks upon her she will suffer a separate pang.

The Russian peasant builds his house of logs of wood rudely dove-tailed together, with the ends projecting at the corners, and stuffs the interstices with moss. Sometimes the front is ornamented with rough but vigorous carvings, executed with the hatchet alone. The windows are very small, but always double, with a stuffing of moss between to keep out the cold in winter. He dislikes stone or brick dwellings; for, he says, they never get dry, and the wooden huts or isbas are much warmer. Outside his house he erects two or three lofty poles, on the



STEAMBOAT ON THE VOLGA.

winter they wear a short gown of blue cloth, and thick, warm stockings.

Of a naturally affectionate disposition, the Russian peasants are generally extremely servile, even grovelling to the ground in the presence of a superior when they have been in fault, and debasing themselves in a fashion disgraceful to humanity. Emancipation, however, is putting an end to this abominable state of things. They are extremely superstitious, crossing themselves repeatedly on all occasions, and having the name of God, reverentially uttered, constantly on their lips. They never enter a room without bowing low before the holy picture which hangs in one corner of every room in a Russian house, and they always uncover their heads on passing a holy picture in the streets; while at the same time, strange to say, they never vouchsafe the slightest token of respect to their popes or priests. They all—men, women, and children—wear an amulet (usually a small cross or sacred medal) to protect them from harm and evil spirits, in whose existence they place implicit credence. The belief in the evil eye—the “Jettatura” of the Italians—is common throughout Russia. The peasant

summit of which he places neat wooden boxes as an abode for the starlings, which are much beloved by the Russians, though they have not the same superstitious reason for petting them as in the case of doves and pigeons, whose lives are always spared, because it was in this form that the Holy Ghost first appeared. The Russian peasant does not boast of any superfluous possessions in the way of furniture. The chief article is the stove—a large solid affair built of stone, in which, during the winter season, the fire is never allowed to go out, and whose ample top often serves as the resting-place at night for the whole family. Another use of the stove besides cooking, is to make it almost red-hot, and then dash cold water upon it until the room is filled with steam, and the inmates are enabled to enjoy their favourite luxury—a vapour bath. The remaining furniture consists of broad benches placed round the apartment, serving as seats by day and couches by night. A few household utensils of the plainest and commonest kind complete the inventory, while from hooks in the rafters hang bacon, fish, cucumbers, and other provisions, mixed with the fête-day clothing of the members of the family.

We left Zolotoë, according to custom, soon after daybreak, and the scenery of the right bank continued to improve. For a long distance a wall of sandstone rock, rising to the height of thirty feet, ran along the water's edge, and looked exactly as if it had been built up of large blocks by masons' hands, so curiously was it seamed by perpendicular and horizontal fissures. About fifty yards back from the edge of this wall rose, at intervals, to the height of two or three hundred feet, a series of conical hills with rounded tops. About ten o'clock we reached Saratov, one of the most important towns on the Lower Volga. Built on a lofty ridge, and extending along the river for a distance of five miles, it presents, with its many domes and spires, a very handsome appearance, the effect of which is greatly heightened by its background of the bold Sokol mountains. The port crowded with barges, trading-vessels, and steamers, and the wharves loaded with merchandise, wore a very busy look; but on landing our first agreeable impressions were soon dissipated. The streets, though wide, had a very meagre appearance; the houses, with a few exceptions, were mean and poor. Dust reigned supreme. Here and there, it is true, there were attempts at pavement in the side walks, sometimes of brick and sometimes of wooden planks; but, as a rule, the original soil is not meddled with.

There was a church for the Protestants, and another for the Roman Catholics, as well as a mosque; but all alike looking poor and insignificant, in comparison with the gorgeous edifices of the orthodox faith. Salt from Lake Eltousk is the principal article of commerce, but large quantities of corn, tallow, iron, and manufactured goods of all kinds are brought here for distribution over the interior.

Saratov has a population of 70,000. The labouring classes earn very good wages here, but, like all Russian workmen, they are incurably lazy, and spend all their earnings in imbibing their beloved vodka—that is, “little water.” This town derives its name from two Tartar words, “sara,” yellow, and “tau,” hill, and is so called from the yellowish clay hills which surround it. In its early days it repeatedly suffered from the attacks of the wild tribes in its neighbourhood. In 1667 it fell under the power of Stenka Razin, and still later, in 1774, under that of Pugachef, who hanged all the boyars, or nobles, he could lay hands upon, and whose memory is loaded with execrations by the inhabitants to the present day.

We had been already struck with the *insouciant* manner of bathing of the Russian lower orders, but nowhere had we seen it

carried to a greater extent. Women and girls of all ages walked calmly into the river with nothing on but their amulets, close by the boats and steamers. The process of disrobing was, in most cases, of the simplest: the girdle being loosened, a button at the throat was unfastened, and their single garment fell at their feet. Men and boys, stark naked, bathed with them, and joined in all kinds of aquatic gambols, splashing and pushing each other under the water, while the shore resounded with shouts of laughter. Close by the *Vladimir Glazenap* was a large raft, on which several washerwomen were busily following their avocations. One enormously stout old lady, having

finished her basket of clothes, undressed, and having crossed herself, stepped calmly into the water, where she was soon floating about in a most ludicrous fashion. The Russians are very fond of bathing, both in winter and summer; but the cleanliness which this habit would seem to entail is rendered almost nugatory by the fact that they rarely wash their clothes, and on coming out of the bath put on the same dirty garment day after day and week after week. When thoroughly saturated with the steam from their vapour baths, they will rush out into the air and plunge into the cold water, if a river or pool happens to be near, and in winter they roll in the snow instead. To the excessive use of warm baths may be attributed the fact that the girls arrive at maturity at an early age, and are often mothers at fourteen years old. We found a capital enclosed swimming bath here in the river, the price of which was

six copeks, or a little more than twopence; but, though nicely fitted up, it did not appear to be much patronised.

After a stay of four or five hours, the steamer proceeded on her way, calling at several villages, many of which were those of German colonists, and easily distinguishable from the Russian by their greater order and cleanliness, and the general air of comfort pervading them. We anchored for the night at Volgsk, a town which owes its rise entirely to the industry and talents of one of its inhabitants when it was merely a fishing village. It is now a flourishing place of 24,000 inhabitants, with a busy commerce in wheat, tallow, and fish. Conveniently situated on a steep bank, it is embosomed in fruit gardens, protected by a lofty semicircle of hills which completely shelter them, and cause the Volgsk fruit to obtain a great reputation. There were large flocks of sheep here of a peculiar breed, with enormously protuberant hind quarters, and no tails. Their wool was very inferior, and they were probably destined to be melted down for tallow—an ignoble conclusion to their lives.



RUSSIAN PEASANT GIRL.

The next day we passed, on the right bank, a long range of cliffs, some twenty feet high, of soft sandstone rock, most curiously eaten away by the river, and hollowed out into small caverns. We stopped for wood at Khvalynsk, which is situated at the head of a small bay opposite a large island called Sosnov. It is surrounded by lofty hills composed of chalk and cretaceous marl, and, for the most part, covered with trees. The trade of the place is chiefly in corn and tallow, and the population amounts to 12,000. It was a fête day of some sort or other, and the people were all dressed out in their best, the preponderating colours being red and blue. Soon after leaving Khvalynsk, we came to the spot where the river takes a sudden sweep to the east, coming back again, after a course of 112 miles, to a point only distant ten miles across the neck of the peninsula. We here passed a long line of barges laden with goods, principally cargoes of wheat. Some of them carry more than 300 tons, and have a crew of eighty men. These *Rechievaks* warp slowly up-stream by means of anchors with long cables attached, which are carried out in small boats, and plunged into the bed of the river. In some cases the capstans are worked by men, in others by steam. But the most curious contrivance of all is the horse-machine, invented in 1815 by a mechanic named Poedebart. On the deck a huge covered platform is erected, calculated to hold from eighty to two hundred horses, which work the capstan. The anchors are carried out in the usual manner by small boats, and these horse-machines being necessarily very awkward and clumsy, do not make more than fifteen or twenty miles a day; they tow, however, strings of barges with cargoes often amounting to 5,000 tons. The prettiest boats on the river are the *pastivas*, which are highly ornamented with quaint carvings, the hatchet being the only implement employed. They have a single mast, with a huge square sail as broad as the mast is high, and, when the wind is fair, get along at a great rate. They navigate the river from Rybinsk to Astrakhan, and sometimes carry as much as 300 tons.

We stopped for the night at Samara, a busy town of 28,000 inhabitants, situated on the left bank of the Volga at its junction with the Samara river. The banks of the river here are slightly elevated, but immediately beyond the town there stretches a dead level as far as the eye can reach. The soil is very fruitful, and the corn grown in portions of the government of Samara fetches a higher price than any other cereal in the empire. Nearly 400 millions of pounds of wheat are sent hence annually to Astrakhan and St. Petersburg by water, or overland to Orenburg, and there dispersed by camel-loads among the surrounding districts. The corn-barges, of which there were a large number in the port, are from 300 to 400 feet long, very substantially built, with prettily painted wooden houses, something like the caravans at an English country fair, built on the deck. Their bows are carved and adorned with quaint devices, the most common of which is a pair of eyes. Many of them have enormous masts, composed of several stout timbers securely fastened together, and decorated with small flags, streamers, and odd little weather-cocks. There are a large number of factories and foundries in Samara, and it has three fairs yearly, which last from ten days to a fortnight each. It has several handsome churches—one, of course, called the Cathedral of the Assumption; another, equally of course, dedicated to "Our Lady of Kazan;" and a third which, like the principal square of the town, is named after the

Metropolitan Alexis, who once favoured the town with his presence. We were much amused on landing to see a long, low building, with the word "Wauxhall," in enormous white letters, staring us in the face. It proved to be a tea-house, and the only amusement, musical or otherwise, provided for its guests, was afforded by the singing of two women to the accompaniment of a cracked guitar. The streets, and Alexis Square itself, were six inches at least deep in dust, so that in a high wind walking must be almost unendurable; while in winter the mud must render locomotion impossible. Samara is a growing place; it is the nearest point on the Volga to the Asiatic frontier, which is only 200 miles distant. It carries on an important traffic with the wandering tribes of the vast steppes beyond—Bashkirs, Calmucks, and Kirghizes—and is the port of Orenburg, with which it will soon be connected by a railway.

Next morning, soon after leaving Samara, we came upon a levy of damsels bathing. The steamer was rather close in-shore, and the captain steered in still closer, causing the girls to rush out of the water and scamper up the bank, to the great amusement of passengers and crew, and not without much laughter from the young ladies themselves. In about an hour more we reached the finest scenery of the Volga, which here forces a passage through the Jegulevski Mountains. The left bank, which had hitherto been flat and uninteresting, is here formed by hills 700 or 800 feet in height for the distance of nearly fifty miles. They are clothed with fine forest trees to the very summit, and open out every now and then vistas of green ravines. Those on the right bank attain about the same altitude, but do not rise so abruptly from the water's edge, and occasionally recede so as to leave charming verdant nooks, in which snug little villages lie nestled. The whole of this peninsula on the right bank belongs to the Orloff family, having been granted them by Catherine II. The forests once gave shelter to robbers and pirates, and are at the present day the favourite resort of wolves and bears. The latter, for the sake of their skins, are the constant object of pursuit. As soon as the hunter catches sight of a bear he challenges him to fight. The bear, unprovoked by opprobrious words, makes off. The hunter gives chase, lavishing every term of abuse he can think of, until at last, his patience being exhausted, he gives utterance to the greatest insult one Russian can offer to another, by making certain vile insinuations touching his antagonist's mother. If this fails to bring Bruin to a standstill, the hunter, armed with knife and hatchet, closes with him, and a deadly struggle ensues. To those of the peasants who keep bees the bears prove a great annoyance. The bee-master selects a large tall tree, and at a considerable height from the ground excavates with his hatchet a hole to contain the swarm. He then carefully cuts away all the branches lower down level with the trunk, and drives in iron hooks and spikes turned upwards. Round the base of the trunk he plants stout stakes with sharpened points. The object of all this is that any bears attacking the hive may, in sliding down again, be wounded by the spikes which they easily avoid in climbing up, and, losing their hold, be dashed on the stakes below. One plan is to suspend a heavy block of wood in front of the entrance to the hive, and this, as often as the bear dashes it savagely aside, rebounds and strikes him repeatedly on the head, until he falls exhausted to the ground. Another plan is to suspend a large square board by four cords

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at the corners from an upper branch, in such a manner as to bring it on a level with the door of the hive, to which it is also lightly fastened. The bear finding this a convenient seat, and doubtless feeling grateful for the attention to his comfort, installs himself, and begins to tug at the slight fastening which prevents his getting at the honey. When he has succeeded in loosening this fastening, the board swings off with him to a perpendicular from the branch to which it is attached, and there the bear must remain until either the hunter dispatches him, or he falls to the ground. Various kinds of pitfalls are employed; but the following method of circumventing Bruin in winter time ought to have emanated from the backwoods of America. The hunter, having discovered a tree against which the bear is in the habit of taking repose, watches in ambush with a pail of water. When the bear is asleep he steals forward, and pours the water on his hind-quarters, which are instantly frozen firmly to the ground. The hunter then advances, and makes with his knife a huge slit in the bear's throat, who, dashing furiously forward, comes clean out of his skin, which he leaves as the lawful spoil of his ingenious adversary. A Russian gentleman once described this method to a mujik, who seeing no improbability about it, gravely expressed his determination to put it in practice during the coming winter. The Russians have an odd superstition, that if a man has killed thirty-nine bears, the encounter with the fortieth will be fatal to him. It is needless to add that this superstition, by unnerving the hunter's arm, is often the cause of the fulfilment of its own prognostications.

In the course of the afternoon a curious isolated hill, of rounded form, rising to the height of some 300 feet, attracted our attention. It is called Tsaref Bugor, the Tsar's Mound. The captain said that a legend was current amongst the peasantry that it was formed by the soldiers of Ivan the Terrible, who each brought a helmet-ful of earth to construct it. Unfortunately for this tradition, the hill is of solid rock. We stopped at Stavropol ("the town of the Cross"), to land some passengers; but the water being low, we could not approach within a mile of it. The history of the place is curious. It was founded in 1737 by the Empress Anne, for a horde of Calmucks who embraced the Christian religion *en masse*, under their ruler Anna Tashina. In 1780 the Calmucks emigrated to Orenburg, and Stavropol, which had up to that time enjoyed a separate administration under a Calmuck Council, was included among the Russian towns of the government of Symbirsk. It has at the present time a population of 5,000; but, owing to the shallowness of the harbour, the trade is insignificant.

We had now reached the upper end of the great bend in the river, and, having passed a range of chalky hills called by the country-people Sengileiski Ushi—"the ears of Sengiley"—from a small town at their base, we arrived in the evening at Symbirsk. This is the chief station of the Samolet Company, and we were introduced to Mr. Vladimir Glazenap, the director, after whom our boat was named. There were several large barges in the port, laden with coal, which Mr. Glazenap takes great credit to himself for having introduced. He brought us a specimen to examine, which very much resembled good Newcastle coal. The coal, he informed us, came from Siberia, and had to be transhipped ten times on the way. This of course renders it expensive, so that it is only employed in one or two steamers at present. The town is a mile from the port, and is built on a ridge nearly 400 feet above the level of the river.

On the other side of this ridge flows the river Sviaga, to the north-east, in an exactly opposite direction to the course of the Volga here. Symbirsk was originally founded in 1648, by a boyar named Hitrof, who fortified it with a wooden wall. It was twice besieged by Stenka Razin, who on each occasion was repulsed with great loss. Pugachev, his imitator, was exhibited here for some days in an iron cage, when on his way to prison and death at Moscow, by order of Suworoff. It has frequently suffered from fire, and in 1865 was almost entirely destroyed. The population is 22,000, and the chief articles of commerce are corn and potash. The road from the port to the town is by an almost perpendicular ascent, and we found nothing to reward the climb but a handsome bronze statue of Karamsin, the historian, erected to his memory by his son's widow.

A few hours after leaving Symbirsk, we passed, on the left bank, the ruins of Bulgaria, once the capital of the kingdom of the Bulgars. They are surrounded by traces of a moat and rampart, and one solitary minaret still rears itself, almost uninjured, in their midst. The spot remained for a long time forgotten, and completely overgrown with trees; but Peter the Great had it cleared, and ordered that the ruins should be carefully protected and preserved. Notwithstanding this order, a great number of stones, with Persian, Arabic, and Armenian inscriptions, have been from time to time carried away for building purposes. Some of the tombs are still regarded with great veneration by the Tartars of Kazan, who perform pilgrimages to them. Persian, Turkish, and Armenian coins, together with bracelets, rings, and other ornaments, continue to be found occasionally.

We here saw the *Aktuba*, a steamer so called from a tributary of the Volga, which came by water all the way from Newcastle to Kazan, in 1858. Her paddle-boxes had to be removed to enable her to get through the locks between Lake Ladoga and the Volga. Several steamers, built by Samuda, and engined, some by John Penn and some by Ravenhill, Salkeld, and Co., were brought out by the same route afterwards; but, being too long, their bows and sterns were removed, and they were floated through in three parts. The route adopted was by Lakes Ladoga and Onega, up the river Vitegra, by canal to the river Kovje, down that stream to Lake Beloë, and thence down the river Shicksna to Rybinsk, on the Volga. The difficulties in the way were enormous, but they were overcome by the great ingenuity and skill of Mr. C. H. Moberley, the engineer in charge; the voyage from St. Petersburg having lasted rather more than six weeks. The canal system of Russia is the most wonderful in the world. There are three routes connecting the Baltic with the Black Sea, three connecting the Baltic with the Caspian, and two connecting the White Sea with the Caspian and the Baltic.

In the course of the day we arrived at the junction of the Kama with the Volga, on the left bank of the latter, fifty-three miles below Kazan. The two rivers are easily to be distinguished one from the other, though flowing in the same bed—like the Rhone and Saône, after their junction at Lyons—by their difference in colour: the Kama is of a light brown, while the Volga is somewhat of a milky white, and they flow along side by side for a great distance without mingling. Just at this time the Volga forces the Kama to keep the left bank, but at times the latter comes down in flood, and drives the Volga to the right bank. There is an immense deal of traffic

on the Kama, which is 1,100 miles long. About 2,000 vessels, in addition to an enormous number of rafts, are engaged in the commerce of this magnificent tributary. The chief town on it is Perm, 900 miles from the mouth, where

but cuprite and copper pyrites are also found. The metaliferous beds vary in thickness from five or six inches to five or six feet, and exist throughout the whole basin of the Kama.

We were much disappointed that want of time prevented



VILLAGE-HOUSES IN RUSSIA.

navigation ceases, and the overland route to Pekin commences. The exports from Perm consist of salt, iron and other metals, and Siberian produce generally. It was owing to its full development in the ancient kingdom of Perm that Sir Roderick

our taking the steamer to Perm, as the scenery of the river is reported to be extremely beautiful. But the traveller, in a country which is new to him, must submit to these disappointments. Arrived at Perm, the temptation to purchase a "pado-



VIEW ON THE VOLGA, WESTERN BANK.

Murchison gave to the geological formation known in England as the magnesian limestone, lying above the coal beds or carboniferous formation, the name of "Permian," by which it is now universally known. It abounds in copper ore and gypsum. The copper ores are malachite in great abundance,

or "rojna," or permission to use post-horses, and so travel on to Pekin, would have been irresistible. What would then have become of our visit to Kazan, and the world-famous fair at Nijni Novgorod, which was the chief object of our journey?



CEMETERY OF THE SHY INDIANS.

From Ocean to Ocean—The Pacific Railroad.—II.

BY FREDERICK WHYMPER.

CHEYENNE TO THE GREAT SALT LAKE.

NEBRASKA has undoubtedly many points in its favour, but climate is not one of them. In the most beautiful summer weather, when all seems fair, a hail-storm, accompanied, maybe, by whirlwinds or a perfect tornado of wind and rain, may rise at any moment, and damage the otherwise luxuriant crops to a fearful extent. Yet, in spite of this drawback, the country is rapidly settling up; this is owing, perhaps, as much to its comparative proximity to the already forward states of Illinois, Iowa, and Missouri, as to any merits of its own. The soil is, in large parts of the state, undeniably rich and well watered, but emigrants should be warned against its climate.

Having previously heard so much of the erratic climate of this state, I was not astonished, when last spring I passed through it on the Pacific Railway, to observe the black clouds rising suddenly without a moment's warning. In a few minutes we had slid back from spring to winter. A hail-storm, the icy missiles soon changing to snow, broke over our devoted heads—or, rather, over our devoted train—and the "car" stove had to be vigorously replenished with fuel to keep us warm enough. On our arrival at Cheyenne (the name of which is derived from the Cheyenne—i.e., *Chien*, or dog—Indians, but pronounced on the spot *Shy-anne*), the train was

covered with snow, and long icicles hung from the body of each car. I was blocked up in Cheyenne for two days, the line being rendered impassable during that time, and I had, therefore, an opportunity of studying a "city" which was, for a while at least, one of the most disreputable places on this globe.

Seen at such a time, Cheyenne did not invite careful inspection. However, the snow covered the ground but thinly, and on the second day it was thawing rapidly. The outskirts of the town—and one gets to the outskirts of a town of say 3,000 people very rapidly—were encumbered with a chaotic mass of lumber; packing-cases, damaged furniture, old stoves, tin cans, and bottles—especially bottles—strewn the ground in wild profusion. The pickers-up of rags and bones, the *chiffonniers* of London, would have luxuriated in the scene; but their rejoicings would have been nipped in the bud when they came to learn that the nearest place for the disposal of their property was about a thousand miles off!

Cheyenne rose with the construction of the railroad. It was one of those terminal camps of contractors and labourers on the Union Pacific Company which earned for the time being the distinctive title of—well, the abbreviation usually employed to describe the nether regions, and it deserved that expressive

appellation. Yet there was always a proportion of law-abiding citizens, and when things got to their worst, these citizens organised themselves into a Vigilance Committee, and strung up a number of the murdering rowdies and thieves who infested the town, and thus, virtually, banished the remainder, for they took to their heels and left the place. The same thing happened at Laramie, further on the line. I have photographs of some of these executions, done on the spot, and labelled "Rocky Mountain Scenery!" A few hundred dozen of these pictures, circulated throughout the country, would probably accomplish more than the eloquence of half a dozen missionaries, in converting the hardened crew with whom they would have to deal. Don't let the reader run away with the idea that I am now speaking of the inhabitants proper of these towns. It was the motley crowd, numbering many thousands, who were engaged in building the Pacific Railroad, and after whom followed a still more disreputable set of rowdies, "bummers," whisky-sellers, gamblers, and abandoned women—the spiders after the flies, only that the former were nearly as numerous as the latter. In one of the railroad camps of which I heard, there was one or more shooting "affairs" for every night during six weeks in succession. "Where these people came from originally, where they will go to when the road is finished, and their occupation gone," said Mr. Bowles,* writing before the completion of the line, "are both puzzles too intricate for me. H—ll would appear to have been raked to furnish them; and to it they will naturally return after graduating here, fitted for its highest seats and its most diabolical service." Observe, these are the words of a travelled and reliable American writer.

Cheyenne is the stage junction for Denver, in the Colorado territory, to which place a railroad is also in course of construction. The Union Pacific Railroad Company has further built up the town, and has shops there, and the once doubtful point, "to be or not to be," is decided in favour of its permanent existence as a town. When I came through, it had a neat little church; you could even get ice-creams and, better still, warm baths in the place, and the Railroad Company had erected a commodious enough hotel. There was a "Theatre Comique," and a "Museum of Living Wonders," the latter of which included a real Italian organ-grinder, who had probably ground himself thus far round the world, and a "gorilla from South Africa," who had more likely suddenly come into existence at some nearer point; his skin, at the furthest, being about all there was of him. Although Du Chaillu has lectured considerably in the United States, he had no connection whatever with this establishment.

In the neighbourhood of Cheyenne there is a large military station, Fort Russell, where some 900 soldiers of the United States army are quartered, expressly for the benefit of the Sioux and those "dogs of Indians," the Cheyennes (*Chiens*). The Railroad Company lost some excellent engineers by the hands of the latter when the preliminary surveys for the line were being made. General Sheridan was enabled to surround several of their villages, last winter, and killed and subdued a large number of them. Several hundred thereby left this world for happier hunting-grounds. The general had the reputation, however, of treating the women and children with great humanity.

The Indians of the plains, since the completion of the Pacific Road, have given no trouble. How long that happy

* "Colorado: the Switzerland of America."

state of things will last, remains to be seen. Indeed, a man may now go from New York to San Francisco without seeing a dozen on the way. Still, they are in the country, often camped within sight of the road, large numbers naturally following the track of the buffalo and antelope, who have been frightened away from the immediate vicinity of the line. General Grant's Indian policy appears to be working better than any yet undertaken for their benefit. One change has been made which is most important. It had hitherto been the custom to distribute the annuities (money, food, blankets, clothing, &c.) to the Indians in some large frontier town. The result was, of course, that the whisky-sellers there soon got the whole. For the future, the gifts are to be made only in their own places, or encampments on the "reservations" set apart for every tribe by the Government.

Sooth to say, the country round Cheyenne is not beautiful, but it has points of interest. On the plains all around one can watch the prairie-dog villages, while some of the so-called dogs—something half-way between a ground-squirrel and a rabbit—watch you in return. Some of them are quite fat, and cannot do much more than waddle. Generally they sit on their haunches, with their fore-legs dropping down, like those of a bear. They bark somewhat like a dog, and that is all that there is of the dog about them. The mounds under which they make their homes are small heaps of dirt—say as big as though a bushel of earth had been spilt on one spot.

On the plains in the neighbourhood of Cheyenne, and especially in the neighbourhood of Church Buttes and Granger (880 miles west of Omaha, on the Missouri), very beautiful "moss agates" are to be found. These agates appear to have patterns of various kinds—mosses and lichens crystallised in their midst—and they are now very fashionable, worked and set as jewellery for ladies' wear, everywhere from New York to San Francisco.

The block-houses which were constructed in the "Pony Express" and Overland Stage days, are still to be seen on the plains, many of them showing little but ashes and cinders: scores of them were at different periods taken by the Indians and burnt, and their inmates murdered. Yet they were built so as to be well adapted to resist such attacks. There was often a "corral" (enclosed space) outside them; the buildings themselves were of timber—usually about twenty-five feet square—with loop-holes, and the roofs shingled. They were then built up all round with turf, which at the base was three feet thick, and tapered up to the roof, leaving spaces corresponding to the loop-holes. The roof, also, was covered with turf. Such an erection ought to be nearly impregnable to any such assault as could be made by Indians. Sometimes, too, they were partially, or, as in many cases, entirely underground, the roofs only being raised above the surface, like the houses of the people of Northern Alaska.

Cheyenne is situated in a new territory, one only just organised by the United States Government. This territory, under the name of Wyoming, has been made up from slices of Dakota, Utah, Colorado, &c. Utah thus for the second time loses a part of her domain: the previously formed territory of Nevada once largely belonged to the Mormon country, but was stripped from her as soon as she proved of value. It is the present intention of the United States Government so to subdivide and clip Utah, that the power of President Young may be considerably reduced.

I rode from Cheyenne to the summit of the Black Hills, the highest point on any railroad in the world, on a locomotive with a "snow plough" attached. The ploughs are constructed of sheet iron, backed with a strong wooden frame. They curve backward, and upward, also in a pyramidal form to about the centre of the "smoke stack"—*i.e.*, funnel—and come down to a sharp edge an inch or so above the rails. They can be affixed to a locomotive in a few minutes, and are kept ready at all the mountain stations. Last February there was a snow blockade of twenty days (at one point of the line for five weeks). Usually the "ploughs" are efficient; the one I saw in use operated to a charm, and scattered the drifted snow on either side of the line. But on some occasions they are nearly useless. The snow hardens by packing, or by thawing and subsequently freezing, and an engine, even when backed by several others, can do nothing. Labourers have then to be set to work, until the bad place is passed. The company in some places has erected "snow fences" to prevent the snow drifting on the line. Though very cold last winter at Cheyenne, Laramie, and other stations on the high plateau—for they are at an elevation of 6,000 feet and upwards—there was not a very deep snow-fall, and the Company expect to be able to keep the line in running order all next winter.

The Union Pacific Company has the satisfaction of knowing that its route crosses higher ground than any other railroad yet constructed; and they have the further satisfaction of knowing that, thanks to Nature in the first instance, and the talent of their Engineer-in-Chief, General Dodge, in the second, they had no vast difficulty in reaching it. From their starting-point on the Missouri, at an elevation of 967 feet above the sea level, to the summit of the Black Hills, at an elevation of 8,262 feet, the average grades are only thirty feet to the mile, and do not exceed ninety feet to the mile at any point. The traveller, looking out from the window of a luxurious "palace car" on the usually dreary prospect presented to his gaze at that part of the continent, may pass over the aforesaid Black Hills, and across the Rocky Mountain Divide (between Separation and Creston stations, altitude 7,700 feet), and hardly be aware at all that he has been constantly mounting from the level plains to the mountains. The Rocky Mountains are, indeed, so far as the Pacific Railroad is concerned, a mere geographical term. The fact is, as an American writer has stated, that "from Omaha (on the Missouri) to the summit of the Black Hills, a Californian *vaquero*, or cattle drover, would gallop his horse all the way, and an American could drive a single horse in a buggy with the greatest ease."

Sherman Station, Wyoming, is the highest point on the Pacific Railroad, and this new territory may add this fact to the catalogue of—at present, at least—its countable attractions. At the elevation before named, over 8,000 feet, there is now a little town on a spot where, fifteen months ago, there was nothing but a dreary waste of sand, "not, however," as poor Artemus Ward said, "worth saving;" enlivened only by patches of sagebrush, its isolated "buttes" alone echoing the howls of an occasional wolf, or the crack of some benighted emigrant's whip, as he urged his weary oxen on to the goal of his dreams, in the "Farthest West." Nor is Sherman merely a halting-place for the trains. There is a large United Pacific Railroad round-house and machine-shop there; it boasts a couple of restaurants, a billiard saloon, two or three

whisky mills and general stores, and, it is almost needless to add, a Wells-Fargo's Express office. Furthermore, the writer saw there, three months ago, a news-stand, and, strangest of all, a millinery store. What it was doing there, Heaven alone can tell; there cannot be more than six females in the little community. But as at all the embryo towns along the road, whether built of wood or canvas, there is a bar to every dozen inhabitants, there is really no reason why six ladies should not run a millinery shop between them, even at the summit of the Black Hills. The only problems to be solved are: Did the milliner make a good thing up there? and if so, how did the six unhappy husbands of the six extravagant females like it? We pause for a reply. Possibly the Pacific Railroad may be responsible; and if so, the six ladies of Sherman will doubtless be "on view," whenever the train stops to take breath at this giddy height among the hills.

Sherman lies half way between Cheyenne and Laramie, which, for a time at least, did *not* mean "between heaven and—the other place!" but meant rather the "other place" itself. Indeed, there was nothing "between" about it; it was thorough in everything. The "last camp" of the Union Pacific Railroad, whether in Cheyenne, Laramie, Wabsatch, Ogden, or Corinne, was, for the time being, the most disreputable, dangerous, utterly abandoned community ever got together; and the "highest railway station in the world" doubtless comes in for a share of these remarks. Indeed, if any idea of its morals of a year or so ago can be inferred from the number of broken bottles lying round the outskirts of the town, it must have been a sweet place indeed, the consumption of intoxicating drinks thereby indicated being enough for a community five times its size. But Cheyenne and Laramie have reformed, and Sherman has naturally risen with them. Indeed, there should be nothing low about "the highest station in the world."

The highest point on the Sierras crossed by the Central Pacific Railroad of California is a trifle above 7,000 feet, so that the Union Road has the superiority in this matter by more than 1,000 feet. The Central Road itself attains an altitude twice that of the road crossing the Semmering Alp in Austria, and 1,000 feet greater than that crossing Mont Cenis, between Switzerland and Italy. The latter, as is well known, requires the aid of the Fell Railroad to make it practicable at all, while the highest points on this highway of the New World between ocean and ocean are crossed by ordinary locomotives, running on ordinary rails. And that is the only ordinary thing about them.

A few miles west of Sherman—which, by the bye, was named after a civil engineer, who lost his life at the hands of the Indians, and not after the famous general—there is a very remarkable bridge across a stream and deep gorge, known as Dale Creek. The bridge is 125 feet high, and more than 500 feet long. It is built entirely of tressle-work—it is a perfect puzzle, in fact, of wood-work, and was all put up in thirty days, the timber used in its construction having been brought from Chicago. And *en passant* it is to be remarked that this necessity of transporting everything from the Eastern States—tools, blasting powder, iron nails, &c., and even wooden "ties" (sleepers), and nearly all the wood necessary for the construction of the line—should make us a little lenient in our judgment on the road, which, on the whole, is a good one.

A little further, descending the mountains, we came to Laramie, a place too like Cheyenne to call for much remark. There was a "shooting affair" at Cheyenne during my stay: there was one at Laramie the day before I got there. There is an excellent Railroad Hotel at Laramie. Last autumn the guests who came down early to breakfast, had only to look out of the dining-room, and there was an example of lynch law right before their eyes. A murderer, thief, an vagabond, long warned to leave the town, at length committed some crime which brought his career to a close; the Vigilant Committee strung him up to a telegraph pole in front of the hotel. I have a photograph of the scene.

A few miles from Fort Laramie (a U. S. military station, itself standing apart from the town) there is a permanent camp of more or less demoralised Sioux Indians, who are very frequently known as the "Laramie loafers." Those interested



SIUX SQUAW.

poor specimen indeed, and went on his course without feeling much curiosity to study these specimens of the aboriginal red man; but he was afterwards enabled to gather some information about them. Still, there is always a chance of seeing Indians belonging to places remote from the white settlements, in such camps, and thus of observing them unaffected by the only form of civilisation they adopt—namely, that of the most depraved classes of our own race. The true Sioux hut, or wigwam, is built of poles and skins in the form of a pyramidal tent, and is big enough for a family of five or six persons. The top is open: there is a low doorway cut in the wall, over which a beaver-skin or a piece of cloth is usually hung. The entrance is so low that one must stoop to enter it. In the centre

of the hut a small smouldering fire is to be found; and as all Indians now-a-days possess more or less of civilised goods, an iron pot or two, containing meat,



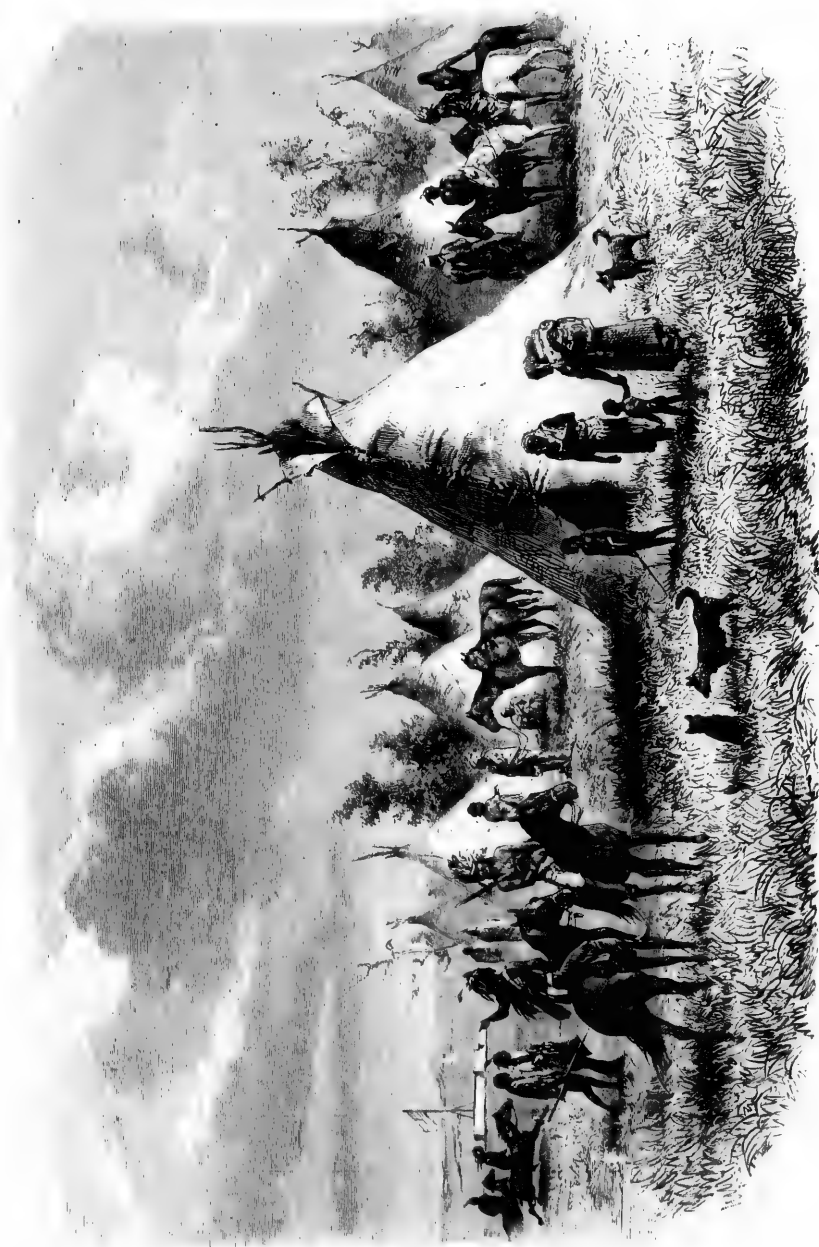
SIUX INDIANS BURNING A PRISONER.

in the study of Indian character might do worse than stop at Laramie for a few days. The writer had seen sufficient in Vancouver Island, British Columbia, and Alaska, to know that where so much whisky must exist, the Indian would be a very

&c., is almost invariably standing hard by it. The wigwam, like a large number of dwellings common to native tribes, is usually full of smoke, and the floor is the only durable part of it. The Sioux in their natural state are hunters, ride excellent horses,

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SIoux VILLAGE NEAR FORT TARAME.

and require a vast amount of prairie for their wandering life: hence the demoralisation which follows when they suddenly leave that kind of existence to settle on a circumscribed "reservation." Many other tribes—the Crows, Arapahoes, and Cheyennes—assemble on certain occasions at Laramie; but there is little difference in their habits and fashions. "Manners they have none, and their customs are nasty," as the old sailor concisely put it, when asked rather vaguely about the "natives" of the various countries he had visited during a long life.

The Sioux adopt the mode of burying their dead common to the natives of Vancouver Island, and, in a modified form, to those of Northern Alaska—that of placing them in boxes in the trees, or by placing the coffins on four stakes, as the case may be. They frequently have to travel hundreds of miles on the plains, to find any trees for the purpose. In warfare, the Sioux—and, indeed, all the neighbouring tribes—are especially cruel. Having secured and scalped a prisoner, it has often been their delight to torture and kill him, by placing him bound on the ground, then lighting a fire on his stomach, and dancing round their victim whilst he writhes in his agony.

A most important discovery has been made on the line of the Pacific Railroad, west of Laramie. A coal-field, almost unlimited in extent, showing indications—"out-croppings"—for 300 miles on the road, has been "struck" in the very heart, as it were, of the Rocky Mountains. It was the great objection urged at first against the Pacific Railroad that it passed through so much barren, worthless, treeless, coalless country. Behold! here is the answer. The locomotives of the Union Pacific Company are now running almost exclusively on coal worked by themselves, or purchased of contractors working for them. The Company, according to the usual system in the United States, received a grant of "alternate sections" of land for fifteen miles back on either side of the line. That land has not yet been surveyed. The country generally is most barren and alkaline on the surface, hence the Railroad Company has had the thing pretty much to itself. Where strangers had "located" lots, the Company has usually bought them out.

This part of the country may yet be known as the great "Rocky Mountain Coal-field"—may become as celebrated as that of Pennsylvania, and, like it, may become a centre of manufactures. When I came over the line, there were six mines in working order, and others just opening, at points as far apart as 300 miles. The extent of the field, however broken, is probably much larger. Coal is found on the road to Denver, 80 miles south of Cheyenne. On the other hand, coal has been worked by the Mormons at Colville (six miles from Echo City, Utah) for some time past, and there are good indications of the mineral near Weber City. Four hundred and eighty miles intervene between Cheyenne and Echo City, but the mines now profitably worked on the railroad between those places seem to show that it is all one vast field. The coal is that of the tertiary period of geologists, and on this account the great extent of the deposit is the more remarkable.

I paid a special visit to Carbon Station, where the principal mine of the series is situated. Carbon is eighty-four miles west of Laramie, and is in Wyoming territory. This mine had yielded as much as 1,300 tons and upwards in a week. A little town of 250 inhabitants has sprung up round

it, although it dates its existence only from August, 1868. The mine has a shaft, with the usual gear, pumps, &c., worked by steam-power. The drifts are extensive: I walked through one 540 feet in length, and they are, of course, extending every day. The thickest part of the seam was then nine feet through. Neither fire nor choke-damp had given trouble; the water was easily pumped out. The miners—a large number of them Welsh, Cornish, or Irish men—were earning \$7 to \$12 per day (currency, about 21s. to 36s.), and, it is needless to observe, grumbling at that.

The coal is of good quality. An analysis by Dr. Torrey, the eminent American chemist and botanist, gives the following results:—

	per cent.
Carbon	59.2
Water in combination	12.0
Volatile matter expelled at red heat	26.0
Ash	2.8
	100.0

This coal is singularly free from either sulphur or slate, and from its nature is likely to be very generally known by the name which was specially invented for it—"Anthra-lignite."

Coal sold last winter at Omaha, on the Missouri—comparatively near civilisation—at as high a rate as £4 5s. 6d. a ton (\$27 50c. currency). At Salt Lake City, where it had to be hauled by teams, it sells in summer at from \$20 to \$25 (£3 to £3 15s. per ton); in winter, it has gone up to \$60! (in "greenback" currency, £9 approximately). At such a rate, it was nearly unattainable, except by the wealthy. Now, the discovery of this vast field, on the very course of a great railroad, will enable all to use it: they will obtain it at moderate prices. At Rawlins, Black Buttes, Point of Rocks, Rock Springs, and Evanstown stations, there are important coal-mines now open: they are all immediately close to the line of the Pacific Railroad. All those just named are worked by tunnels or "drifts" in the hill-sides, no shafts, at present, being necessary.

And almost side by side with these great coal-fields are vast deposits of iron ore. Especially is this true of the Black Hills. There are fields of the red oxide and black magnetic ore combined. Professor Hayden (U.S. geologist for Nebraska, Colorado, and Wyoming, in 1867), inspected all these iron as well as coal fields. He considered that there was iron enough to be found in boulders to supply the western side of the American continent with iron for the next generation. Companies have already been making preparations to start iron-works in this country; and we may live to witness these otherwise undesirable wilds peopled with an industrious race of manufacturers and mechanics.

For, except to the artist, and he one dealing only in the grotesque and terrible, the country is, indeed, little better than a desert, broken by huge and towering crags ("buttes"), cliffs, and isolated rocks, provoking a weary smile once and again as the traveller observes, or fancies he does, the forms of odd-looking heads and animals carved in them ages ago by nature. Now it is a rock-dog sitting on his haunches, rising far above the alkaline drifts which lie all around, white as the driven snow; now the "butte" has the form of a church, of a dial, of a pyramid; now some comical-looking old gentleman's head is plainly cut out on the surface of the rock. These rocks, in bygone days, have had their uses: many of them were land-

marks for the overland emigrants, and as such were welcomed, and may be so again, for the wagon-trains are far from extinct. We saw such—as we sped past them in the train at the rate of twenty-five or thirty miles an hour—slowly toiling along, glad, indeed, if they could make as much distance in a complete day. At sunset we saw others preparing for camp—the wagons arranged in a circle, the men looking to the mules or oxen, the women to their cooking, the children at play, chasing each other and the prairie-dogs through the sage-brush. Happy childhood—happy anywhere!

During the progress of a cutting on the railroad in this section of the country, some shale suddenly fired up, whether by artificial or natural means no one knew. The workmen were nearly frightened out of their senses. A dense cloud of black smoke gathered over the spot, and at night the works were illumined by the fitful glare. Every one there believes in the existence of "ile," which, if found, will add one more valuable product to compensate for the sterility of the great treeless desert.

The most remarkable of the rock and "butte" formations commences at and around the valley of Green river (840 miles west of the Missouri), itself a tributary of the almost unknown "Colorado of the West," of whose fearful gorges and rapid waters, hidden as it were in the bowels of the earth for several hundred miles, the readers of the "ILLUSTRATED TRAVELS" have already received a graphic account, and which are now being explored by Major Powell. Gustave Doré is the only artist who would be able to do justice to the eccentric, grotesque, yet wonderfully grand scenery of this neighbourhood. Long ranges of cliffs, sometimes built as regularly as a wall; crags, turrets, towers, and castellated masses of rock rising above them; huge buttresses and bastions jutting from them; forts, domes, and pinnacles—in short, every possible form that rock will take, and of almost every colour, reddish, green, or neutral greys.

Green River is so named from the tint its waters take from the shale formation of its banks, which they wash down. It boasted a "city" once; alas, it has "moved on" with the railroad, and both itself and Bryan, a canvas and board town, a dozen miles further, are "to let." Soon we were in the heart of the Wahsatch Mountains, where the line makes many a detour. Some parts of the road there were, when I passed over it, in very bad order; it had been built up hastily, much of it in winter time, when the embankments were necessarily formed of frozen soil; and when the spring came, they thawed into a bed of putty, the sleepers sinking in all directions. In a distance of 300 miles east of Ogden, in the territory of Utah, I counted the wrecks of *nine* freight and construction trains, including one in which a locomotive was lying upside down, half buried in the earth.

The reader intending to make the trip across the New World need not feel any alarm at all this; the road has been long since got into order, and trains run constantly at good speed over it. Again, at Wahsatch I passed over a "temporary track" on the mountain side, built in the form of a letter Z—that is to say, in three distinct lines; the engine *backing* us down the middle stroke, and preceding us on the others. That device, also, is now done away with; a tunnel through the mountain, now completed, avoids the necessity of any temporary expedients.

Soon after passing this spot, at a distance from the Missouri

river of 972 miles, we entered the most interesting part of the whole line, that passing through the very gates of Mormonism, Echo and Weber Cañons. There is both grandeur and beauty to be found there. The rock scenery is wonderful. There is a cliff near Echo city, 1,000 feet high, which overhangs its base more than fifty feet. A great gap enables one to stand under it in apparent security. Then the detached rocks have often very odd forms, and sometimes appear to be balancing on little or nothing. The Weber gorge is still better, for there rocks, trees, and rivers combine to make a charming scene, attaining, in the gap known as the Devil's Gate, the acme of grandeur. Further on, after passing through some tunnels, you emerge into a beautiful and level valley, where the Mormons have founded the prosperous town of Morgan. Weber valley is surrounded by snow-capped mountains; the river, so peacefully winding through it, does not much resemble the boiling, impetuous torrent which cleaves its way through the two cañons above-mentioned, but it is the same stream.

I have made no mention of the temporary tracks used in these narrow gorges at the time I passed over. Some of them, with their wooden trestle-work bridges, and narrow and irregular embankments, were wonderful pieces of temporary engineering, yet many of our passengers preferred to walk over them. This they could do, and I have known times when passengers who had walked ahead of the train were found smoking peacefully, seated on a heap of stones waiting for it to come up. The trains were allowed to pass these frail bridges and viaducts at a snail's pace only. But I say little about them, for the sufficient reason that the road is now open to daily traffic, and ladies and children, as well as men, leave New York for San Francisco without thinking any more of the journey than many at home would of one to Paris or Brussels. The young children, I should imagine, think less. Why, an eight-weeks old babe made the trip the other day. The fact deserves to be recorded, as we shall probably find some who, relying on the distance from home of *either* end of the line, will, as our cousins say, "pile on the agony" pretty considerably, and try to make out that six or seven days in a "Pullman Palace Sleeping Car" is a great hardship. Commercial and other excursion parties have recently come through to San Francisco—the gay city in which this article is written—from Chicago and elsewhere, who have been accommodated with "hotel" cars in addition, where every luxury was served. Such cars carry wine-cellar, ice-house, and kitchen complete. They are promised to be attached to every train very shortly, when the Pacific Railroad will be the most luxurious in the world, and the journey of 3,200 miles from ocean to ocean will be simply a holiday excursion.

It has been very commonly stated that the Pacific Railroad passed through Salt Lake City. It does not, however, actually pass within less than forty miles. There we connection by stage when I visited the "City of the Saints": a branch railroad is now in course of construction. Ogden Station is the "junction." On our arrival there, finding that the regular stage would be late, I, with some fellow-travellers, chartered a light wagon—a kind of packing-box on wheels—and started in the early morning for the city, *viâ* the great valley. The jolting and shaking we got was probably good for us, but the alkaline dust which got into our eyes and noses was not appreciated. For the rest, the day was

charming, and the ride delightful. The road passes through some four or five Mormon villages, in all of which the peach, apricot, and apple blossoms were out in full force. Every house had a garden or orchard round it. We stopped at one roadside house for dinner. A sour-looking and somewhat elderly vestal came forward when we asked for it. In the back-ground were several younger and decidedly prettier ladies; we confidently expected that the first-named was going to deny dinner to us, on the ground of "too much trouble," when some one made a complimentary remark to the lady (*not* on her personal appearance), and the vinegar melted into honey. She instantly set about the preparations. My inference was, that she was wife No. 1 in the house, accustomed to great deference, and that we appeared to her altogether too much wanting in respect, to come in confidently expecting to get what we wanted in a public inn! I found out afterwards, however, that it was one not usually patronised by the stage passengers. On my way back I dined in a stable! At both these places the fare, though simple, was excellent—fowls, eggs, good cream, and preserved peaches. Oh, those peaches of Utah! They are luscious to the last degree, beating all other American peaches; those of California are certainly not equal to them in flavour.

The substantial nature of nearly everything in the Mormon country will strike a stranger, however accustomed to the West. "Frame" buildings of board and shingle are hardly ever seen, this being greatly due to the scarcity of timber. There are many good stone houses; the larger number are constructed of adobes (sun-dried bricks); the high price of fuel renders ordinary bricks an almost unattainable luxury. Adobes last nearly as long in a warm climate; but the hidden meaning of all this solidity is that the Mormons, having found the Promised Land, mean to stick to it. Elsewhere in the West, things are in a constantly shifting, restless condition; men are always moving from place to place in search of something better.

From the Ogden road the Great Salt Lake is everywhere visible; in some places we approached it within half a mile. The saline nature of its waters is shown by the half dried and drying alkali lying round its somewhat swampy edges. By analysis, it is found that in 100 parts of Salt Lake water there is $22\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of salts. The water of the Dead Sea is about 2 per cent. saltier. Salt Lake exceeds the Dead Sea in size: the former is 40 miles wide by 120 in length—the latter

only 40 by 10. The leaden colour attributed to Salt Lake by some writers is simply nonsense. It has the colour of sea-water, and varies, as does the sea, with the light brought to bear on it. When first I observed Salt Lake, it was of an azure blue; I saw it afterwards of a delicate green, and on a dull day of a neutral grey. A small steamer, the *Kate Conner*, now makes occasional trips on its waters; it was employed in bringing supplies to the railroad (which passes close to the northern end), while in course of construction. The same little vessel has recently made a voyage from the lake, up Bear River, to the new town of Corinne (also on the Pacific Railroad). Future travellers may possibly get the chance of a steamboat ride on the great lake. The snow-peaks of the Wahsatch range which surround it, especially those beyond the city, are grand in the extreme. This range of lofty peaks runs in a direction nearly due north and south, to the east and south-east of the city. It forms one of



A CHEYENNE CHIEF.

the culminating ridges of the great Rocky Mountain plateau—ridges which lie without any regular order over the whole extent of these elevated table lands. A continuous chain there is not in the Rocky Mountain system. That there are glaciers among these mountains, I cannot doubt. An avalanche last spring, in the mountains of Utah, swept away two houses and a mill, killed three persons, and injured others.

My next communication will include some notes on the Mormons; and then we will proceed in company to California, the bright land of the West.

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KAZAN: THE MOAT OF THE OLD CITY

A Journey on the Volga.—II.

BY NICHOLAS ROWE, B.A. OXON.

WE arrived at Kazan at half-past four in the afternoon. The city is seven versts, or nearly five miles, from the port, which wears a busy aspect. We set off in a drosky, and were taken en route to see the state barge in which the Empress Catherine made her memorable voyage down the Volga in 1762, when impromptu villages sprang forth into life all along her course, and conveyed to her an idea of population and prosperity which had no foundation save in the ingenuity of her ministers. The barge is 100 feet long, by 22½ feet wide, and draws 3½ feet of water. There are a dozen small rooms in the stern, opening one out of the other, and twenty-four benches for the rowers. The bed Catherine used is still shown on the quarter-deck. The barge is adorned on the prow, stern, and sides with richly carved and gilt figures of mermaids, nymphs, &c. In another shed of the Admiralty, which was founded by Peter the Great, but is no longer employed, is preserved the row-boat of Paul Petrovitch; it has, however, nothing remarkable about it.

The next object of interest was the monument erected by the Emperor Alexander I. to commemorate the conquest of the Tartars in 1552. It is a very ugly affair, and consists of a huge pyramid covered with slates, and having its sides broken by four porticoes, sustained each by two columns of no particular order of architecture, and adorned with very poor plaster casts of trophies of arms. The interior forms a church, and beneath is a vault filled with the bones of the Russians who fell in the siege of the city, and for the repose of whose souls mass is celebrated here every Saturday and Sunday. Kazan is built on an elevated plateau, and its kremlin has a very striking appearance, with its peculiar towers, one of which strongly reminded us of St. Bride's in Fleet Street. The interior aspect of the city, but for the number of Tartars in the streets, some on handsome horses, and some in well-appointed droskies, differed in no respect from the dreary dullness of other Russian towns. The chief street runs along the crest of the ridge on which the town is built, and from the corners of the intersecting streets affords capital vistas, while from the kremlin are obtained magnificent views over the river and the surrounding country in all directions. As we walked about, several Tartars, believing us from our puggrees to be some sort of co-religionists, saluted us in their national fashion by placing the palm of the hand on the breast, mouth, and forehead; a piece of politeness we were careful to acknowledge in the same way.

Kazan was founded by the Tartar Khan Batu in the thirteenth century. In 1296 it was razed to the ground by the Russians; but, after lying waste for some years, was rebuilt by the Khan Ula Mahomet. Long wars ensued, and it was finally taken by Ivan the Terrible in 1552. It was destroyed by Pugachev, and has so frequently suffered from fires that nothing remains of the old town except the Suyumbek Tower in the kremlin. There was a belief common among the Tartars that the cupola of this tower contained some valuable and mysterious papers, having reference to themselves; but the cupola, on being examined by order of the Empress Anne, was found to be empty. There are many

factories here of tallow, wax, and stearine candles, potash, and other things; but the chief staple of industry is leather, for which Kazan has been famous from its earliest days. The population is 60,000, of whom only 7,000 are Tartars, the great majority of that people preferring to live in villages apart from the town. These villages form a remarkable contrast to the Russian by their neatness and cleanliness. The Tartars are more civilised than the Russians, and any one who cannot read and write is despised by his fellow-countrymen. Their children at an early age are sent to the school attached to each mosque, where they are taught by the mollahs, or priests, and the cost of their education is defrayed by their wealthier brethren. Even the women are taught to read and embroider leather, in which they become great adepts. They marry young, and soon fade. The women of the rich Tartars are carefully secluded, but those of the lower orders lead a much freer life, and go about with unveiled faces; and we saw many young girls of most graceful figure and tolerably good looks. The Tartars are on the same footing as their Russian neighbours, but they do not amalgamate with them. They have two festivals yearly, which last a week each, when they give themselves up entirely to gaiety; and wrestling, horse-racing, singing, and dancing are the order of the day. Every one we saw had a well-to-do and contented look, and a Tartar beggar is a thing unknown.

On our way back through the outskirts of the town we noticed workmen repairing the causeway. It is generally washed away every year when the Kazanka and the Volga overflow their banks, and cover all the low-lying ground between the port and the city. Months after the waters have subsided, the authorities begin to talk of repairs, and men are set to work, who contrive to finish the causeway just in time—to be washed away again. A great deal of the water lies stagnant all the year round, rendering Kazan unhealthy, and we found the air very oppressive and the water undrinkable. We learnt, on returning, that the steamer had been examined, and ordered to remain here for repairs, and that the passengers' baggage had been transferred to the *Putnyk*, which was to sail on the following morning.

Having settled accounts with the steward, we paid a visit to one of the tea-houses here, a sort of music-hall. We entered a large room on the first-floor, with balconies looking on the river, and furnished with little tables set out with tea equipages, at which various groups of customers were busily employed. The teapots and cups were of white ware, and there were several samovars, or urns, in different parts of the room. Milk was to be obtained, but very few persons patronised it, the orthodox thing in Russia being to put a slice of lemon in each cup instead. Cups are a modern innovation, and are but slowly making their way against the old-fashioned glass tumbler. An entertainment of great variety was provided for the amusement of the guests while discussing their tea. First of all, there was an orchestration, which we thought we recognised as having figured at the Great Exhibition in 1862, and which ground out, among other things, the overtures to "Egmont" and "Zampa." There were three or four girls who sang without accompaniment very

well; one in particular had a magnificent contralto voice. Then there were instrumental performances by a small band, consisting of a harp, a violin, and a clarinet. But most interesting of all was the chorus of fifteen male voices singing national songs, the clarinet keeping up an odd sort of accompaniment. At the end of the song came a dance. A very small boy rushed into the middle of the circle formed by the singers, made the circuit slowly two or three times, and then commenced a series of evolutions which can be best described as a compound of a sailor's hornpipe and the Highland fling. When he began to flag, a bigger boy took his place, and then another bigger still, until the whole affair was brought to a sudden close by a loud thump on the tambourine—which had been maintaining a vigorous accompaniment the whole time—and a long and loud laugh from all the performers.

We started next morning in the *Putnyk* at three a.m. The right bank still consists of lofty, tree-clad hills, but decreasing in height as we ascend. The river is considerably narrower, but there is more activity and movement upon it, the exchange of traffic between Kazan and Nijni Novgorod being very great. At some distance we passed Svajje, a small town which is only remarkable as having been founded by Ivan the Terrible while on his march against Kazan. He here ascended a high hill, and, struck with the beauty of the prospect before him, exclaimed, "On this spot I will build a Christian town; Kazan shall be beleaguered, and God will deliver it into our hands." A year later a town was actually built and fortified here in the short space of four weeks.

We passed several unimportant villages to-day, one of which, Isadij (of which a view is given on page 48), will serve as the representative of all. At the next station the wood was brought on board by Chuvashes, a tribe of Mongolian origin. They are a very remarkable-looking people, with a distinct type of Tartar features. Their dress—men and women alike—consisted of a white caftan, or tunic, fitting close at the neck and reaching to the knees. The men wore very comical hats, exactly like dice-boxes. The long black hair of the women hung in tangled masses upon their shoulders, intertwined with strings of gold coins, and they wore suspended from their necks a sort of breastplate, also formed of coins. One of them was in fête costume, and had arranged her hair under a sort of bonnet of very remarkable shape. They are a very peaceable, orderly people, living in neat cottages, which, unlike the Russians, they surround with trees. They are very fond of agriculture, keep bees, and breed cattle. Their principal food is barley bread, sour milk, and salted herrings. They retain a great number of their ancient customs, among others that of purchasing their wives. When the wife is brought to her husband's house she remains for a short time in retirement, after which she is conducted into the room where her husband, surrounded by his friends, awaits her. She then walks three times round the apartment, and her husband removes her veil and puts on her head the cap, the badge of the married woman. She in return takes off her husband's boots, in token of her subservience to him; and the marriage ceremony is over.

The Chuvashes have several gods with different attributes. The name of the principal deity is Tora, and that of his wife, the mother of all the other gods, Tora-Amysh. They recognise a devil, whom they call, like the Arabs, Chaitan, and their priests they style Djemmas. They have an implicit belief in

ghosts, and stand in mortal dread of their visitations. In order to keep the dead quiet in their graves, they bury with them food and good clothes; and afterwards, from time to time, bring offerings of the same nature to their graves, repeating these words: "We pray to the great Tora for you. Do not visit us, and do not quarrel among yourselves." At these prayers for the dead great crowds of Russians assemble, who, when the ceremonies are over, and the Chuvashes departed, soon carry off all that is left. This practice, although common, is considered very disgraceful, and no greater insult can be offered to a Russian of those parts than to say: "It is quite evident that thou wearest a shirt taken from the grave of a Chuvash."

Another similar tribe, once nomad, but now settled in the government of Kazan, along the banks of the Volga, are the Cherenisscs. The language, manners, and customs resemble those of the Chuvashes, but they never intermarry or mix in any way with them. They always make the entrance to their houses face the east. They are skilful agriculturists, and fence their fields and gardens with turf walls. There are never more than thirty houses in one village, and several villages form one commune. This regulation is closely connected with their religious observances, as upon the commune devolves the ancient practice of offering sacrifices. The holy trees beneath which these sacrifices are made all bear the name of Karamat. Their sorcerers are treated with great honour, and take an important part in many of their ceremonies. Although these people preserve their ancient customs and oppose all innovations, they profess the Christian religion, but at the same time cling to their old superstitions. Their language is Finnish, with a mixture of Tartar and Russian words. They are a well-built race, of middle stature, with fair complexions, but turned-up noses, and broad, flat faces. The men dress very much like the Russians, but the women wear a white caftan with a black border.

Another tribe of Finnish origin settled in the governments of Kazan and Nijni Novgorod, is the Mordva. These people are divided into two tribes, the Eastern or Makshan, and the Western or Arzan, differing somewhat in language and dress. Formerly a very warlike and powerful race, keeping the Russians in constant dread of their attacks, they have declined into an extremely peaceable and quiet people, asking nothing more than to be left alone in their dirt, and to enjoy their huts in the society of their poultry and their pigs. They profess Christianity, to which they were converted about a hundred years ago; but they still continue to observe their ancient customs and religious rites as strictly as in the olden times. Agriculture is quite in its infancy with them, and no persuasion can induce a Mordva to adopt anything new. Their principal food consists of peas and sour milk, and they prefer the flesh of the hare to any other meat. The dress of the men differs but little from that of the Russians. The women wear a long white linen dress trimmed with red—for these are their national colours—and with short sleeves. Over this they wear a long white caftan fastened at the waist by a red girdle. Round their necks they wear strings of copper or lead coins. The marriages of the Mordva are, even to the present day, often celebrated according to their heathenish rites. When a young man has taken a fancy to a girl, he asks her to marry him, and if she consents, appoints a place of meeting, to which she comes without her parents' knowledge. The lover meanwhile acquaints his parents and the priest, and the girl is led

away from the place of meeting to be married by that functionary. After the ceremony, the bridegroom has to do battle with his friends for the bride, and a free fight takes place. At the present day these quarrels are only got up to keep alive the ancient customs, and are soon settled amicably, by the bridegroom purchasing his bride with a certain quantity of vodka, on which everybody gets, to say the least, extremely merry. In most respects the customs and superstitions of the Mordva are identical with those of the Chuvashes, and they perform nearly the same rites at their graves.

Above Kazan the river is, in places, extremely shallow, and the captain's talk was ever and anon of pericarts, or sand-banks which are continually shifting. Two men were kept constantly employed, with long poles having the measure marked on them in different colours, sounding the depth from the bows. At each plunge of the pole they announced the result, in a not unmusical singsong tone, to the captain, who occasionally ordered the speed to be slackened until the sounders sang out a more satisfactory number. Once or twice we bumped or grazed the bottom, but, fortunately, never stuck fast. The mate, to-day, got some dirt on his hands from a brass railing on the deck. He called the sailor whose duty it was to keep the railing clean, and after giving him a good scolding not unmingled with sonorous oaths, deliberately wiped his fingers on the delinquent's face!

Another place at which we stopped for wood was Cheboksary, a town with 400 inhabitants and fourteen churches. One of the bell-towers is considerably more out of the perpendicular than the famous Leaning Tower at Pisa. The village was embosomed in trees and gardens, and its situation was altogether prettier than any we had yet seen. Shortly afterwards we came to a village with an utterly unpronounceable name, built on the top of a steep bank, and having long flights of wooden steps leading to the water. The people were engaged in fishing, under the inspection of innumerable flocks of sand-martins, whose dwellings were in the precipitous banks hard by.

Our next place of stoppage was Vasil Soursk, a little village of 2,500 inhabitants, almost as beautifully situated as Cheboksary. We were informed that a magnificent grove of oaks,

which challenged the attention here, had been planted by Peter the Great. This is the head-quarters of the mosquitoes on the Volga, but nevertheless we were not troubled by them. The captain being very anxious to get to Nijni Novgorod in good time on the following day, pushed on in the moonlight until half-past eleven, and moored for the night at Ivanda, a very small village on the right bank. It boasted a "Vauxhall," where the musical entertainment consisted of a barrel organ

with cracked pipes and a woman with a cracked voice. The character of the place was unmistakable at a glance, and we beat a hasty retreat.

The only place of note we passed on the following morning was Makarieff, where there is a famous monastery, founded in 1364, by Makaria, a monk from Nijni Novgorod. It is of great size, surrounded by splendid trees, and commands a magnificent prospect of the river. The adjoining town was formerly the scene of the renowned fair, now transferred to Nijni Novgorod; and the fame of the monastery and of the fair acted and reacted upon each other to the great profit of both. But now everything is going to decay: the river is undermining the town; most of the houses are uninhabited; pilgrims are few and far between; nearly all the monks have abandoned the monastery, and the cupola of its cathedral has fallen in ruins to the ground.

The river was swarming with barges, pashaliks, rechievaks, and other boats, bound to the great fair. We reached Nijni Novgorod at half-past nine a.m., and, while packing up our traps, were much amused at hearing the Russian captain of a steamer moored alongside, after swearing at his men in Russ, introduce

a little variety by continuing his objurgations in sonorous English, of the true salt-water type. On our addressing him, he informed us that English beat every other language hollow for swearing purposes.

The port was alive with vessels of all descriptions, some of which had come from the Baltic, and others from Perm and Astrakhan, to interchange the products of the East and the West at the great annual centre of trade. The appearance of Nijni Novgorod from the river is most striking. Built on a range of lofty hills, intersected by deep ravines clothed with forest trees, the upper town, with its gilded domes and



CHUVASHES AND THEIR COSTUMES.

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WAYSIDE INN IN RUSSIA.

spires, and the dazzling white walls of its kremlin form a picture which few cities in the world can surpass. Engaging a drosky, we made our way through the teeming streets with great difficulty, to the Hotel Lobashev, near the kremlin, where we were lucky enough to obtain a small room, although at an enormous price. Our first visit was, of course, to the fair-town, where we wandered about for hours, gazing in at the various shops, but more interested in the human throng which crowded its busy avenues. And here let it be at once confessed that we were disappointed; there was scarcely one national costume with which we were unacquainted. Europeans of all nations, Greeks, Armenians, Tartars of various tribes, Georgians, and Circassians were there in abundance, but, though we explored the Kitaiski Riad, or Chinese Row, most carefully, where the leather boxes of tea were piled up in myriads, not a single pigtail was visible. The reason of this, we afterwards learned, was that all the tea is transferred at Kiakhta, the frontier town of the Russian Empire. One street was devoted to the jewellers, where gems, cut and uncut, of almost fabulous worth, were displayed, and cunning goldsmiths' work of various countries, European and Asiatic, tempted the purchaser at every step. Another street exhibited shawls and carpets from the looms of India and Persia, and each fresh stall seemed to boast fabrics more exquisite in design, and more gorgeous in colouring, than the preceding one. A third street was given up to the dealers in cutlery and hardware; and here Sheffield and Birmingham beat native industry altogether out of the field. Street after street succeeded, and alley after alley, each with its particular class of wares, until, eye-tired and weary, we sought refuge in a restaurant underneath the governor's residence, in the centre of the fair. Here we were served with an excellent dinner, and regaled while the white band, the strains of a very good band. Refreshed with our meal, we again sallied out into the outskirts of the fair. Here miles upon miles of wooden shanties, close packed, stretch along the canal, filled for the most part with native produce—fruit, eatables, &c., and goods of a more perishable character. Heaps upon heaps of water-melons, and fruits, and vegetables of every kind regaled the sense of smell and of sight, and more excitement seemed to be displayed in the chaffring for the materials of the evening meal, than in the transfer of goods of comparatively priceless value in the central avenues. Tons upon tons of iron and other metals lay piled upon the ground, almost as far as the eye could reach, interspersed with an interminable string of carts and other vehicles.

But it was not all mere dry business that met the eye. Jugglers, tumblers, acrobats, gipsies, itinerant musicians of all kinds, with all varieties of instruments, from the apollonicon to the hurdy-gurdy, crossed our path at every turn; and loathsome beggars who begged for themselves, and slovenly, greasy monks who—ostensibly, at least—begged for others, jostled us at every corner. Nor were exhibitions and amusements of a more permanent kind wanting. The fat lady and the learned pig, the unequalled giant and the unsurpassed dwarf were there, snugly ensconced in lumbering caravans. The Russian Wombwell, too, with his marvellous collection of wild animals, was present, and peep-shows in great number, where, for the small sum of one copeck, the gaping mujik was permitted to behold the gorgeously over-coloured glories of the coronation of the Tsar and the defeat of the allied armies of Europe by the sons of Holy Russia, in the Crimean war!

The commerce of Russia has been carried on from the earliest times by means of fairs. One used to be held at Nijni Novgorod as early as 1366. About the same period a fair was held at Kazan, but Vassily Ivanovitch forbade the Russians to attend, and started an opposition at Vassily Soursk. Thence it was transferred to Makarief, and that town having been burnt in 1816, the government determined to remove the fair to Nijni Novgorod, as its situation, on the confluence of the Oka and the Volga, was better suited to the vast trade. Suitable buildings were accordingly commenced in 1817, and finished in 1824, on a triangular space formed by the left bank of the Oka and the right bank of the Volga. In the principal avenues these are either of stone or brick, with the first floor projecting over the ground, so as to form a sheltered footway for passengers. As a precaution against fire, the fair-town is surrounded by a canal, and underneath the streets are galleries and sewers, open to the public, and flooded twice a day from the canals. These sanitary precautions are altogether necessary, and quite successful, since, notwithstanding the enormous concourse of people, an outbreak of epidemics is unknown. The numerous avenues of buildings which, owing to the demand for shops, have sprung up outside the canals and original buildings, are of wood, and fires are of frequent occurrence. These fires do not, however, happen so much while the fair lasts, as about a month or so before it begins. Such a fire had occurred shortly before our visit, and our informant told us that, when first discovered, it was burning vigorously in three distinct quarters of the town. As the fair must be opened on a fixed day, it is imperative to get the buildings restored on these occasions as soon as possible. Workmen are summoned from all directions, and wages rise considerably; at the time of our visit they were still busily engaged in the work of rebuilding.

On the opening of the fair, on the 15th of July, the clergy and civil authorities repair to the cathedral in the midst of the fair-town, from whence they issue in procession, with crosses and banners, and make their way along the principal line of shops to the bridge over the Oka, joining the fair-town to Nijni Novgorod proper, on both sides of which are placed lofty poles, to be used as flagstaves. Here a solemn service is performed, the waters are blessed, and prayers are offered up for the imperial family; the flags are then hoisted and the fair declared to be open. It does not, however, actually commence from this moment; little activity in trade is as yet displayed, and every one is employed in making preparations. On the 25th of July the festival of St. Makaria, or Makarius, the patron of the cathedral in the fair-town, is celebrated, when the archbishop, accompanied by his clergy and the holy images, makes the circuit of the fair. Business now begins to be transacted, but goods are still arriving, and prices are not yet settled; a retail trade only is carried on, and that in a spasmodic uncertain manner. This inactivity is directly dependent on the market of wholesale goods, particularly tea; in fact, everything may be said to remain in abeyance until the tea sales are completed. As soon as the tea is sold—and that which has not found a purchaser at Moscow during the past year, is brought back to the fair and disposed of before the new tea is opened—the Kiakhta traders receive their money, and commence buying goods for future transactions with Siberia and China. They pay their debts to cloth and cotton manufacturers; money passes from hand to hand, prices become established, and the

greatest activity prevails. Such is the condition of matters between the 25th of July and the 10th of August. From the 10th of August the fair is at its zenith. At the dawn of day traffic commences. The bridge of boats is blocked by carts several files deep, amongst which mounted Cossacks vainly endeavour to keep order, and transit for foot passengers seems almost a hopeless affair. The fair nominally closes on the 25th of August, but really continues until the middle of September, when it often happens that the last lingering traders are driven away by force, and the streets given over once more to the pigeons, the starlings, and the jackdaws.

The wharves extend nearly ten miles along the Oka and the Volga. The Siberian wharf alone is a mile long, stretching from the Oka up the right bank of the Volga. Goods lie here piled mountains high. The tea, packed in bales and covered with matting, lies in the open air, and occupies a space of about the third of a mile. Close by are the huts of matting, erected by the persons in charge of the tea. Here, also, stand lines of licensed *caravans* for the transportation of the goods. Iron from the Oural, cotton, wool, flax, hemp, potash, and other raw produce, here lie heaped up in enormous masses. The corn wharf comes next, groaning under tons upon tons of corn and salt.

The greatest portion of the sales is effected on credit, and only a small quantity is sold for ready money. Hawkers receive their goods very often without making any payment whatever, and after the lapse of a year appear again for fresh supplies, although their old accounts are still unsettled. These debts, increasing from year to year, amount to a large sum, and must necessarily operate disadvantageously to the consumer. There is a spacious exchange in the fair-town, of which the merchants avail themselves but little, resorting rather to the taverns for the transaction of their business. Here, over a cup of tea, they establish the prices for the year, and settle their most important affairs with a profound air of mystery. After the business of the day is over, the merchants again resort to the taverns, whose name is legion, and there, listening with intense delight to the strains of a cracked harp or violin, or a gipsy song, they forget their cares, and give themselves up entirely to merriment and dissipation. An old Russian adage says: "One goes to the fair of Makaria for two purposes—a good carouse and a good bargain."

It is difficult to determine the number of daily visitors to the fair, but it may be safely put down at from 150,000 to 200,000 during the busiest time. The total value of goods sold usually amounts to about a hundred millions of roubles, of which one tenth is paid for tea alone. European and colonial goods amount to about another tenth, and the interior produce of the empire represents the remainder, excepting about four millions' worth of goods from Persia, Georgia, Khiva, and Bokhara. The capital in circulation is estimated at one hundred and five millions of roubles, or fifteen millions sterling.

The glories of the fair are, however, departing. The increase of railway communication deals it one severe blow, and the importation of tea direct from China by sea, another. At the present time of writing, too, we learn that Kiakhta, the Russian frontier town, has been entirely destroyed, and Maimatchin, its Chinese neighbour, has been severely injured by fire—a most unfortunate circumstance for the overland tea trade. Nevertheless, the position of Nijni Novgorod must

always cause it to remain an important market for Oural, Siberian, and Asiatic goods generally.

Nijni (or "Lower") Novgorod, to distinguish it from Novgorod on the Volkhof, was founded by the Prince of Vladimir in 1222, and in its early days was frequently taken and pillaged by the Tartars. The kremlin was erected by Dmitri Constantinovitch towards the end of the fourteenth century. It contains the governor's palace, the courts of justice, prison, barracks and arsenal, and a monument to the patriots Minin and Pojarski, who rescued their country from the Poles in 1612. Minin, the serf, is represented as adjuring the Boyar, or Noble Pojarski, to attempt the liberation of their common fatherland. There are more than fifty orthodox churches in the city, besides eight others devoted to Roman Catholics, Lutherans, Armenians, &c. The chief of these are those of the Transfiguration, the Archangel, and the Nativity of Our Lady. This last was built by one of the Stroganoff family in 1719, and is of a very strange order of architecture, and painted in all the colours of the rainbow, resembling somewhat the famous church of St. Basil at Moscow. Close by are shown the remains of the house in which Peter the Great lived with his wife Catherine. The church attached to the monastery of the Assumption possesses one of the most ancient pictures of the Blessed Virgin in Russia. A Greek inscription sets forth that it was painted by one Simeon in the year 993, that is to say, five years after the conversion of Vladimir to Christianity. The fixed population of the city is 40,000.

Having thoroughly explored the city and the fair, we took the first opportunity for departing for Tver. The scenery hence was generally flat and uninteresting, but occasionally noble pine forests came down to the water's edge and broke the monotony of the apparently interminable plain. Our first stoppage was at Balakhna, a small town, once the residence of Helena, the mother of Ivan the Terrible, and now only noticeable for its trade in steamboat and barge building. The next was Gorodetz, the whilom abode of the founder of Nijni Novgorod and his successors. Popular superstition says that lights burn nightly on the spot where lie their forgotten graves. The most remarkable building here is a monastery founded in 1149, where Russia's great hero-saint, Alexander-Nevsky, ended his days. The town is famous at the present day as being the head-quarters of the Russian dissenters; and its inhabitants, amounting to 7,500, trade in leather, iron, and corn.

The next place was Katunki, famous for its leather manufactures and the preparation of cats' skins, of which 50,000 are annually dressed and exported. Shortly after leaving this we stuck on a sand-bank, but after a short delay got off again without any damage. We were much amused to-day by a Russian gentleman, who looked almost an idiot. He talked to one of the mujik passengers for upwards of an hour, and in the course of his conversation repeated the same question at least twenty times, "Does your wife please you?" and the peasant's reply was invariably the same, "Glory be to God, little father, she pleases me!"

The next town was Yurief Povoljski. It is situated on the most elevated part of the right bank of the Volga we had passed since leaving Nijni Novgorod, and which here descends to the water's edge in a series of ledges. The story of the founding of this town in 1225, is as follows: the Prince of

Vladimir, on one of his journeys, stopped for the night at the mouth of the Unja, which falls into the Volga opposite the town. During the darkness he saw on the hill on the opposite side of the Volga, an image of St. George with a taper burning before it, and in commemoration of this apparition he founded the town which now bears his name.

Thirty-five miles further on is Kineshma, a small town of 2,500 inhabitants, very prettily situated on a high bank sloping to the river, and embosomed in gardens. There is a large linen factory here with Jacquard looms, and its productions

joins the Volga. Michael Romanoff, the founder of the present dynasty, fled for refuge hither, and accepted the crown in 1613. His rooms are still shown, with their furniture complete, just as he occupied them. At Karabanov, a village in the neighbourhood on the estates of the Romanoff family, the events took place on which the Russian composer, Glinka, founded his opera, "Life for the Tsar." A peasant—Ivan Susanin by name—was seized by the invading Poles, and ordered to guide them to the place where the young Tsar lay concealed. He feigned compliance, but having led the army



ISLAND ON THE VOLGA

are in great demand throughout the country. At Ples, the next town, there is another large linen factory, and we took in some bales of goods for conveyance to St. Petersburg.

Kostroma, the next place at which the steamer stopped, is a town of 20,000 inhabitants, and possesses great historical interest. It owes its origin to George Dolgoruki—"the Long Armed"—younger son of Vladimir Monomachus, who, having quarrelled with his brothers, quitted Kiev, and founded an independent principality here in 1152. In 1271 Nijni Novgorod acknowledged the authority of the Prince of Kostroma, which then became for some six years the capital of Russia, but in 1302 passed under the dominion of Daniel, Grand Duke of Moscow. It suffered repeatedly from the incursions of the Tartars, and was taken by the Poles, under Lisofski in 1608. The monastery of Ipatief is situated just outside the town, on the banks of the Kostroma, which here

into the midst of a forest in a totally different direction, he coolly informed his enemies that he brought them there to perish. Threats and entreaties alike failed to induce him to give any information, or to budge an inch farther as their guide. This heroic man was beaten to death, and a great number of the Poles perished miserably from cold and hunger. Those who survived, wandering about in twos and threes, became an easy prey to the Russians. A handsome monument commemorates Susanin's self-sacrifice. It consists of a splendid column of red Finland granite erected on a stone pedestal, and surmounted by a bust of the Tsar. In front of the column is a bronze statue of Susanin kneeling and praying for his country, while on the pedestal below is a large bas-relief, also in bronze, representing his death. Great rewards and privileges were bestowed upon his family and descendants, and the village of Karabanov was for ever

exempted from taxes and the conscription. These immunities have, however, been recently forfeited.

There is a very ancient cathedral at Kostroma, dedicated as usual to the Assumption. It was built in 1239, and all the altars within it face the north instead of the east. The reason of this is that it was in the north that a miraculous image of the Virgin appeared to Prince Basil when out hunting. The high road from St. Petersburg to Siberia passes through Kostroma, and its inhabitants trade chiefly in corn, flax, and leather.

The next long stoppage was at Yaroslaf, which was founded by a prince of that name, between 1025 and 1036. The

some stone houses. The population is 35,000, and the commerce consists chiefly of corn and iron; but there are also a large linen factory, the oldest in Russia, dating from 1722, and factories of silk and tobacco. Twenty-four miles above Yaroslaf we stopped at Romanoff-Borisoglebok. Romanoff originally stood on the left bank, but at the commencement of the present century was moved to its present position on the right bank, and joined to Borisoglebok. It has a population of 6,000 souls, who are engaged in the preparation of flax and sheepskins, for the latter of which especially they have a great reputation.

The sandbanks continued to be very troublesome, and we



OUGLITCH.

tradition of its origin is that the prince being accidentally separated from his attendants at the spot where the Kotorosta falls into the Volga, had an encounter with a she-bear, whom he killed with his hatchet. In remembrance of this event he built the town, and called it by his own name. It is divided into two parts, called "the chopped town" and "the earthen town." The former is so called, as being the spot which the prince cleared of trees, and the latter takes its name from the earthworks which surrounded it, and repelled an attack of the Poles at the commencement of the seventeenth century.

The first English merchants ever settled in Russia established a factory here, in the reign of Ivan the Terrible, the same amiable sovereign who made an offer of marriage to good Queen Bess. It is, for Russia, a busy bustling place, with an immense number of churches, and a great many hand-

had to endure several bumps and temporary stoppages before we got to Rybinsk, which is built at the confluence of the Sheksna with the Volga. After Nijni Novgorod and Astrakhan, this is the most important town on the river as far as trade is concerned. The Mariinsk Canal System, as it is called, begins here, connecting the Volga with the Baltic. About 1,000 vessels arrive and depart annually from this port, with cargoes valued at ten millions sterling. It is the great entrepôt for the trans-shipment of corn, and finds employment for about 100,000 labourers. The quays which extend along the Volga and the Sheksna for a mile and a-half in length have a very busy appearance. The cargoes of grain from the corn-growing districts of the Volga arrive here about the end of April or middle of May, but do not generally reach St. Petersburg until July. It frequently happens, owing to the lowness of the

river, and the warping system of transport, that the grain is nearly two years old before it finds its way to the Baltic. We had a long detention here which was very tedious, as the town is extremely dirty and presents nothing of interest.

Twenty miles beyond is Mologa, where the river, which has been flowing in a N.E. direction, begins to turn to the S.E. It is a small town of 5,000 inhabitants, and the only building of any pretension is the prison. The river Mologa here flows into the Volga, and forms the intermediate link of the Tikhvin Canal System. Thirty-five miles further we stopped at Myshkin, only noticeable as being situated on the left bank, which is rather high here. The next place of stoppage, Uglich, is a town of great historical interest. It dates from as far back as the middle of the tenth century. It formed a part of the dominions of the princes of Vladimir, and was finally incorporated in the dominions of the grand dukes of Moscow at the commencement of the sixteenth century. On the death of Ivan the Terrible, in 1584, his widow was banished by the Council of Nobles to Uglich, and here her son Dmitri was assassinated. On the spot where he fell, a church stands dedicated to his memory, and containing his remains in a silver coffin. The shroud his mother made for him is also shown, and is a curious and magnificent specimen of the embroidery of those days. Uglich has repeatedly suffered from the attacks of the Tartars, and from the great foe of Russian towns—fire. In the middle of the seventeenth century it was utterly destroyed by the Poles, who are said to have massacred 20,000 of its inhabitants, and burnt them in one huge bonfire. The present population, amounting to 11,000, carries on an extensive trade in linen, leather, and ship-building. Between Yaroslaf and Tver, which enjoy a daily communication by steamboat, the distance is 125 miles,

but the scenery presents nothing of interest. We stopped at several towns and villages, the chief of which were Kaliazin, with 7,500 inhabitants, and Korchef, with 3,000 engaged in the corn trade.

Tver is a busy place, with a population of 26,000. Its chief industry is the manufacture of iron brought hither in vast quantities from the Oural, and a great deal of it sent back again in the form of nails. The situation of the town is very picturesque, stretching along both sides of the Volga, which is here contracted to a width of 200 yards, and flows between banks rising to the height of 175 feet above the level of its waters. Tver was founded by the Grand Duke Vladimir in 1182, and was governed by its own princes until the beginning of the fifteenth century, when it was absorbed into the Muscovite kingdom. During the period of its separate existence it suffered greatly from the incursions of Tartars, Poles, and Lithuanians. In the middle of the fifteenth century it was devastated by famine and pestilence, and after many destructive conflagrations, was reduced to ashes in 1763. There is a very fine palace belonging to the Emperor, which is chiefly remarkable as having been the scene of Karamsin's reading the first part of his History of Russia to Alexander I. The handsomest church in the town is the Transfiguration, which has a highly curious set of pictures representing the tortures to which the Grand Duke Michael was subjected by the Tartars in 1319. The remains of the unfortunate prince are preserved here in a silver shrine.

We had now reached the end of our voyage of 2,150 miles, having found the latter portion tedious and uninteresting, and, after one day's stay in Tver, were by no means sorry to find ourselves snugly ensconced in a first-class railway-carriage on our way to Moscow.

The Regions of the Cazembe, and Dr. Livingstone's Recent Explorations.—I.

BY CHARLES T. BEKE, PH. D., F.S.A., ETC.

AFTER a silence so long as to have caused serious concern and anxiety to the numerous friends and admirers of our great African traveller, Dr. Livingstone, the gratifying intelligence has at length been received, not only of his safety, but of his having accomplished a successful exploration of the extensive regions in South Central Africa, lying to the south and west of the great Lake Tanganyika, visited in 1858 by Captains Borton and Speke.

From the absence of any detailed narrative of the journeys of Dr. Livingstone in regions of which our knowledge, hitherto derived from Portuguese sources, has been most indefinite and imperfect, it is not possible at the present moment to give anything like a satisfactory account of the results of his important and most valuable explorations and discoveries. For this we must be content to await, as patiently as we can, the traveller's return to his native country, to relate to us in person his glorious achievements. But, in anticipation of that great treat, I think I cannot do better than avail myself of such information as we already possess for the purpose of

enlightening the public in some small degree respecting the regions visited by him, which, except to those few who happen to have made them the subject of special study, must be regarded as absolutely dark and unknown.

Besides the extraordinary—or, as they should rather be called, the ordinary—occurrences which in all cases befall the traveller in remote and uncivilised countries, there is attached to the recent explorations of Dr. Livingstone a peculiar interest and charm, arising from the announcement made by him officially to the Earl of Clarendon, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, in a letter dated near Lake Bangweolo, July 8th, 1868, that he thinks he “may safely assert that the chief sources of the Nile arise between ten degrees and twelve degrees of south latitude, or nearly in the position assigned to them by Ptolemy, whose river Rhaptus is probably the Rovuma.”

This announcement, as may well be imagined, has given occasion to much discussion and difference of opinion. *Nili caput querere* has in all ages been proverbial: its old English equivalent is “to look for a needle in a bottle of hay,” the

search being considered to be as fruitless in the one case as in the other. And when we reflect on the number of travellers in Africa, who, during the last quarter of a century only, have disputed with the celebrated Scottish traveller, Bruce, the honour of being the discoverer of the Source of the Nile, which he claimed just one hundred years ago, we may well be chary in admitting without the fullest investigation the pretension of Bruce's now more celebrated countryman to have finally solved the great problem of African, and, indeed, of all geography.

Bruce, it is well known, believed the source of the Nile to be situate at the foot of Mount Giesh, in south-western Abyssinia, within a few miles of which spot Mr. Rassam had his first interview with the ill-fated King Theodore; and the mountains of Amidamid, described by the Laird of Kinnaird as "a triple range of mountains, disposed one range beyond the other in form of portions of three concentric circles," suggested to him "an idea that they were the Mountains of the Moon, or the *Montes Lunæ* of antiquity, at the foot of which the Nile was said to rise."

Before proceeding further, it is expedient to show what is really meant by these "Mountains of the Moon," which appear to be inseparably associated with the sources of the Nile. All writers, whether Eastern or European, mention them; all travellers in Africa hear of them; and yet so indefinite, so various, so contradictory are the statements respecting them, that no satisfactory conclusion has yet been arrived at as regards their magnitude, their extent, or even their locality. It is, however, certain that all that has ever been written or said on the subject of these famous mountains, and of their containing the hidden sources of the Nile—and Livingstone's present assertion is only a corroboration of the truth of what I am saying—is founded on the statement of the celebrated mathematician, astronomer, and geographer, Claudius Ptolemy of Pelusium, who flourished in the second century of the Christian era; such statement being that round the Barbarian Gulf, on the east coast of Africa, in which was the river Rhaptus, with the town and port of Rhapta on its banks some little distance inland, "dwell the man-eating Ethiopians, from the west of whom extend the Mountains (or mountain-range) of the Moon—τὸ τῆς Σελήνης ὄρος—from which the lakes of the Nile receive the snows." And ever since the time of Ptolemy, or at all events from the time of El Masudi, the earliest and most eminent of the Arabian historians, who flourished about the middle of the tenth century of our era, the sources of the Nile in the Mountains of the Moon, with their snows, lakes, and cannibals, have been established and prominent features of African geography. Hence, every traveller in the interior of that continent, who may inquire after the sources of the Nile, is sure to be told in the same breath of the Mountains of the Moon and their ferocious inhabitants, the *Nyam-nyam* or man-eaters. Or should he fancy, like Bruce, that he has discovered the source of the Nile, he is of course bound, like him, to place it in or near the Mountains of the Moon, and to adduce some reason why those mountains acquired their peculiar designation.

Bruce, then, placed his source of the Nile near the moon-shaped mountains of Amidamid, in Abyssinia. After him, but with an interval of three quarters of a century, came M. D'Abbadie, who announced that in January, 1846, he and his brother "succeeded in planting the tricoloured flag of

"Travels to Discover the Source of the Nile." 3rd edit., vol. v., p. 255

France at the source of the White Nile,"* which honour he claimed for one of the heads of the river Gibbe, in the kingdom of Enarea, south of Abyssinia; though more than two years previously he had described that source as being at the foot of a large tree, situated "between two high hills, wooded to the summit, called Boshi and Doshi, in the country of Gimira or Gamru," adjoining the more southerly kingdom of Kaffa; and from these mountains in Gamru he conjectured the Arabs derived their *Djebel el Gamr* or *Kamr*, signifying "Mountains of the Moon."† It is true that El Masudi expressly says he got the name from a map which he saw in the *fighrafia* of *El Fīlasūf*—that is to say, the "Geography" of the "Philosopher," as Ptolemy was called in the Middle Ages. Mais ça n'empêche pas!

Twelve years later, namely, in February, 1858, Captain Burton, accompanied by the late Captain Speke, discovered the great Lake Tanganyika, the "Zambre" of Delille and D'Anville; and in August of the same year Captain Speke alone visited the more northern Lake Victoria Nyanza, which he subsequently explored in company with Captain Grant, proclaiming that he had thereby "settled the Nile" by hitting it on the head! But even this feat could not be considered complete without the identification of the inevitable Mountains of the Moon, which were accordingly marked by Captain Speke on his map, in the shape of a horseshoe or half-moon, round the north end of Lake Tanganyika; whilst Captain Burton, without claiming to have discovered a rival *Caput Nili*, contented himself with disputing his companion's mountains, and asserting the Victoria Nyanza to be "a gap in the irregular chain which, running from Usambara and Kilimanjaro to Karagweh, represents the formation anciently termed the Mountains of the Moon."

When, in 1864, Mr. (now Sir Samuel) Baker discovered what he regarded merely as "a great reservoir of the Nile," and named Albert Nyanza—though it now appears to be the main body of the river—he made no pretension to have discovered the source, and therefore he had no need to appeal to Ptolemy and his Mountains of the Moon. But Dr. Livingstone cannot avoid the fate of all discoverers of the sources; and though he does not expressly mention the Mountains of the Moon, his allusion to their author in connection with those sources, shows that he had them in contemplation. How deeply rooted these Ptolemaic ideas are, is proved by our traveller's recent announcement from Ujiji that round the "unvisited lake" west or south-west of that place are a nation of cannibals called *Man-yema*, who are evidently the old *Nyam-nyam* in a new place.

But his own solid discoveries, apart from their special intrinsic value, have done to the comparative geography of Africa the inestimable benefit of showing the futility of all such applications of the statements of the Pelusian philosopher to localities to which they do not belong. He has established the incontrovertible fact that the sources of the Nile, though situated in the southern latitude where they happen to have been placed by Ptolemy, do not rise in any lofty snowy mountains, or in fact in any large mountains at all, but are found in a plain country of comparatively low elevation, covered with lakes, marshes, and swamps. And as such snowy mountains, with streams flowing from them into the lakes of the Nile, are distinguishing and essential portions of Ptolemy's description,

* "Comptes Rendus de l'Académie des Sciences," tom. xxv., p. 485.

† "Bulletin de la Société de Géographie," 3me Série, tom. iii., pp. 313-315.

the conclusion is irresistible that that eminent geographer fell into the error, common to geographers and cartographers of all ages and all countries, of mapping incorrectly, for want of sufficient data, the correct information he had obtained—as, in fact, I have long contended.* And this error his own materials, with our present more extensive and precise knowledge, enable us to rectify in the following most simple manner:—

In the passage cited above it is stated that the sources of the Nile are in the snowy Mountains of the Moon, which mountains are situated to the west of the Barbarian Gulf, and that the rivers from those mountains flow into the lakes of the Nile, which lakes are in about the same latitude as Rhapta.

same. It will be seen that the snowy Mountains of the Moon are there; they being the mountain-range running along the eastern side of the basin of the Nile, and forming the water-parting between it and the rivers flowing towards the Indian Ocean; which range appears to extend southwards, and to unite with the Lupata Mountains of our old maps, the *Espinhaço do Mundo*, or "Spine of the World," of the Portuguese. At the extremity of this range is the Serra Muchinga, crossed on the road from Tete to the country of the Cazembe, which is said to have an elevation of a Portuguese league, or over 20,000 feet; but this is manifestly an exaggeration, as at that height there would be perpetual snow, of which we hear no mention. But



A QUIET NOOK ON THE CHAMBEZE RIVER.

From another passage of the same author we learn that in the said Barbarian Gulf is the island of Menuthias, which is indisputably either Zanzibar or the adjoining island of Pemba. Now the reader has only to look at any map of Africa containing the recent discoveries of Burton, Speke, Grant, Baker, and Livingstone—of course not including those now under consideration of the last-named traveller—and on comparing that map with Ptolemy's statements, without any thought of latitudes and longitudes, or any preconceived ideas whatsoever, he will not fail to perceive that that geographer was substantially correct in his information, however erroneously he may have mapped the

some of the peaks of this range, and precisely those situate to the west of the Barbarian Gulf, such as Kenia and Kilimanjaro, are known to be capped with perpetual snow; and in these Mountains of the Moon are, even if they are not yet all discovered, the sources of the various streams that go to form the lakes of the Nile. The great geographer of Pelusium was therefore quite right in his information, though mistaken in the manner of placing it on the map.

Nevertheless, Ptolemy's sources of the Nile in the Mountains of the Moon are no more entitled to be called the true sources—that is to say, the head-streams—of that great river, than are the rivers that flow from the snowy Alps of Switzerland into the Italian lakes communicating with the Po to be regarded as the sources or head-streams of this latter river. These sources or head-streams have, on the contrary, to be looked for

* See a paper "On the Mountains forming the Eastern Side of the Basin of the Nile," read at the Manchester Meeting of the British Association, 1861, and printed in the *Edinburgh New Phil. Journal*, vol. xiv., pp. 240-254.

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LAKE SCENERY IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

in the opposite direction; that is to say, in the Cottian and Maritime Alps, at the extremity of the basin of the Po, where the heads of its tributaries, the Tanaro and Bormida, approach within a few miles of the Mediterranean. And, in like manner, the head-sources of the Nile are situated at the uttermost extremity of that river's basin, where, in fact, Dr. Livingstone has determined them to be; the most westerly and remotest of all being, as I believe, the Kasá, Kassávi, or Loke, which river rises within 300 geographical miles of the Atlantic Ocean, and of which the upper course, at a short distance from its source, was visited by Dr. Livingstone on February 27th, 1854, and described by him in page 332 of his "Missionary Travels."

Thus it is seen that Dr. Livingstone's discoveries have nothing to do with Ptolemy's sources of the Nile, which are situated in the lofty snow-capped Mountains of the Moon, along the eastern side of the river's basin; whereas those explored by our countryman—*Livingstone's Sources of the Nile*—are at the southern extremity of that basin, in regions of comparatively low elevation.

It is to this distinguished traveller that we are indebted for the light thus diffused over what before was in almost utter darkness. In his former journeys he discovered the great western extension of the river Zambesi, which flows into the Indian Ocean; and now, by determining the position of the sources of that river, at the water-parting between them and the sources of the Chambeze explored by him, he has absolutely shut the Nile in, and rendered the existence of any head-streams further to the south a physical impossibility. But, in so doing, he has actually carried the head of this wonderful river, the Nile of Egypt, to within 1,500 miles of the Cape of Good Hope, and has ascertained that it stretches over more than three-and-forty degrees of latitude, or nearly one-eighth of the entire circumference of our globe.

We may now proceed to the consideration more in detail of Dr. Livingstone's explorations and discoveries. The traveller's approach to the extensive regions watered by the Chambeze and its tributaries, which river he has now made his own, as he had made the Upper Zambesi on his former explorations, was by the valley of the Loangwa or Aroango, which river joins the Zambesi at Zumbo in about $15^{\circ} 30'$ south latitude, and $30^{\circ} 45'$ east longitude. Leaving this, he climbed up what seemed to be a great mountain mass, though it turned out to be the edge of the elevated table-land of south-eastern Africa, through which the Chambeze flows, and which is now found to form the south-easternmost portion of the basin of the Nile. This elevated region, which lies from 6,000 to 3,000 feet above the level of the sea, is roughly estimated by the traveller to cover a space south of Lake Tanganyika of some 350 miles square. It is clothed with dense or open forest; has an undulating, sometimes hilly surface and a rich soil; is well watered by numerous rivulets; and, for Africa, is cold. It slopes towards the north and west; but no part of it was found to be under 3,000 feet of altitude.

When reading this description of the upper country visited by Dr. Livingstone, I was struck with its general resemblance to that given by myself in 1846 of that portion of the eastern side of the basin of the Nile which had then come within my personal knowledge. My words were, "As a whole, this table-land may be described as a succession of undulating plains, declining very gently towards the west and north-west, and

being intersected by numerous streams."* To this I added that those streams, "after a short course on the level of the plateau, fall abruptly into deep-cut valleys, in which they soon reach a depression of 3,000 or 4,000 feet below the general level of the table-land;" as our troops experienced two years ago in their arduous and glorious march to Magdala. The upper basin of the Nile does not, however, appear to retain, to the same extent, this peculiarity of the lower portion; the reason being that as the level of the bed of the river rises gently and indeed almost imperceptibly in its extension southwards, the general level of the country through which it flows falls in like degree; so that eventually the waters spread themselves over the surface of the land, which has now become so nearly horizontal as to afford them scarcely the means of running off from it. In 1846 I described the main stream of the Nile as being the *sink* into which its various affluents are received, "its current being sluggish, and (as would seem) almost stagnant in the upper part of its course, except during the floods. In the dry season its bed would, indeed, almost seem to consist of a succession of lakes and swamps, rather than to be the channel of a running stream." The reports of travellers since that period, and now more especially those of Dr. Livingstone, establish the correctness of the views then enunciated. Indeed the description given by the present traveller of the regions traversed by him, is even more conclusive as to the fact of their absolute flatness. For he states that he found the table-land to have an elevation of 6,000 to 3,000 feet; from which it is a necessary inference that the drainage level of the whole of this distant portion of the African continent cannot exceed these same 3,000 feet. In other words, the head-waters of the Nile, which river discharges itself into the Mediterranean in $31^{\circ} 30'$ north latitude, have in 11° south latitude no greater elevation than 3,000 feet, which gives a fall to the river's course, in its entire length, of one foot per statute mile at the very utmost; which, taking into account the windings of the stream, would of course come to considerably less; and this is leaving out of the calculation the numerous cataracts and rapids, which would reduce much more the general fall of the river's bed. And a peculiarity of the Nile is that, unlike the Amazons and other rivers, the rate of fall does not increase in its upper course, but on the contrary diminishes.

This remarkable fact enables us to understand the nature and character of the immense lakes and marshes along the course of the Upper Nile, which do not, as might at first be imagined, arise from an excess of rain—always heavy everywhere within the tropics—so much as from the inability of the rain-water to escape after it has fallen; so that it spreads itself over the flat country, and there remains for months almost stagnant, in the manner described by travellers in the countries within the Upper Nile Basin. We experience the same, though in an infinitesimally less degree, in our own marshes and fens, where (it needs scarcely to be said) the rains are not greater than on the higher lands, if so great, only the waters cannot immediately escape for want of sufficient drainage.

The following picture of this overflowing of the waters of the Chambeze, and of the discomfiture thereby occasioned to him, is given by Dr. Livingstone:—

"To give an idea of the inundation, which in a small way enacts the part of the Nile lower down, I had to cross two rivulets, which flow into the north end of the Moero: one was thirty, the other forty yards broad, crossed by bridges: one

* "Journal of the Royal Geographical Society," vol. xvii., p. 78.

had a quarter, the other half a mile of flood on each side. Moreover, the one, the Luao, had covered a plain abreast of Moero, so that the water on a great part reached from the knees to the upper part of the chest. The plain was of black mud, with grass higher than our heads. We had to follow the path which in places the feet of passengers had worn into deep ruts. Into these we every now and then plunged, and fell over the ankles in soft mud, while hundreds of bubbles rushed up, and bursting emitted a frightful odour. We had four hours of this wading and plunging. The last mile was the worst; and right glad were we to get out of it, and bathe in the clear, tepid [limpid?] waters and sandy beach of Moero."

Before descending into these comparatively low regions, the traveller passed through the country of U-Sango, the eastern portion of the upland already mentioned, which he describes as a fertile region, affording pasturage to the immense herds of cattle of the Ba-Sango, a remarkably light-coloured race, very friendly to strangers. Dr. Kirk, when forwarding to Bombay Dr. Livingstone's letters received by him at Zanzibar, spoke of the tanned healthy complexion of the native traders who had brought these letters down from the interior. At this I have heard surprise expressed; but the truth is that Africa is a widely different country from what it is generally supposed to be, owing to our defective knowledge of the interior. Africa is proverbial for its arid deserts; yet in its hottest parts it possesses an abundance, nay, an excess, of water. It is said to be inhabited by savage negroes; and experience teaches us that the negroes, many of whom are far removed from the degraded savage state of those with whom we are best acquainted, may almost be regarded as the exceptional race; for they are indigenous only on the sea-coast and in the valleys of the large rivers, where the effects of the great heat and moisture combined are manifested not less in the physical character of the inhabitants than in the rank vegetation of the country.

These Ba-Sango, then, inhabiting the highlands at the upper end of the valley of the Chambeze, are not a negro but a light-coloured people. Dr. Livingstone explains that they "are known by the initial *Ba* instead of the initial *Lo* or *U* for country;" and he adds that "the Arabs soften *Ba* into *Wa*, in accordance with their Suaheli dialect," but that "the natives never do." The late Captain Speke made a similar remark respecting the people further north; among whom, he said, "*Wa* prefixed to the essential word of a country means men or people; *M* prefixed means man or individual; *U*, in the same way, means place or locality; and *Ki* prefixed indicates the language."*

This system of prefixes is common to the languages spoken throughout the greater portion of the continent of Africa south of the equator, among the native races belonging to what is denominated the Caffre or Kafir class or family. It has been commented on by Mr. Edwin Norris, in his valuable edition of Dr. Prichard's "Natural History of Man," in which work, whilst remarking that different dialects have different particles, the editor shows that, in that which he styles Chuana, a native of the country is a Mo-Chuana; two are Ba-Chuana; the people generally are the Bi-Chuana; and the language is Si-Chuana. This system of prefixes, he observes, causes the puzzlement of readers of African intelligence; and, there-

fore, in order to remedy the evil as far as possible, he omits the Kafir particle wherever it has not become part and parcel of the English appellation. Bishop Colenso has done the same in the case of the people formerly known as the Amazulus, but whom he has rendered famous under the now familiar denomination of Zulus. It is to be hoped that Dr. Livingstone will afford his powerful aid to check this unnecessary and mystifying system of prefixes. Even if the Kafir particle were not omitted altogether, it might, at all events, be separated by a hyphen from the radical; so that in the present instance we should speak of the country as U-Sango, and of the people inhabiting it as the Ba-Sango.

The traveller then tells us that on April 2nd, 1867, he discovered Lake Liemba, on the northern slope of the upland, lying in a hollow with precipitous banks 2,000 feet high, which, as this gives to the country an elevation of 5,000 feet or maybe more, proves that it is at some distance from the plain regions.

Of this lovely mountain lake he writes:—"It is extremely beautiful; the sides, top and bottom, being covered with trees and other vegetation. Elephants, buffaloes, and antelopes feed on the steep slopes, while hippopotami, crocodiles, and fish swarm in the waters. Guns being unknown, the elephants, unless sometimes deceived into a pitfall, have it all their own way. It is as perfect a natural paradise as Xenophon could have desired. On two rocky islands men till the land, rear goats, and catch fish; the villages ashore are embowered in the palm-oil palms of the west coast of Africa. Four considerable streams flow into Liemba, and a number of brooks (Scotticè, 'trout-burns'), from twelve to fifteen feet broad, leap down the steep, bright red, clay-schist rocks, and form splendid cascades, that made the duller of my attendants pause and remark with wonder. I measured one of the streams, the Lofu, fifty miles from its confluence, and found it at a ford 294 feet, say 100 yards, broad, thigh and waist deep, and flowing fast over hard sandstone flag in September; the last rain had fallen on the 12th of May. Elsewhere the Lofu requires canoes. The Lonza drives a large body of smooth water into Liemba, bearing on its surface duckweed and grassy islands: this body of water was ten fathoms deep. Another of the four streams is said to be larger than Lofu; but an over-officious headman prevented me seeing more of it and another than their mouths. The lake is not large, from eighteen to twenty miles broad, and from thirty-five to forty long. It goes off north-north-west, in a river-like prolongation two miles wide, it is said, to Tanganyika. I would have set it down as an arm of that lake, but that its surface is 2,800 feet above the level of the sea, while Speke makes it [Tanganyika] 1,844 feet only."

This objection had already been met by Mr. A. G. Findlay, in the "Journal of the Royal Geographical Society" (vol. xxxvii., p. 210, *seq.*); he having, from a comparison of the observations of Captain Speke with those of Sir Samuel Baker, shown almost for a certainty that the elevation of Lake Tanganyika is 2,844 instead of 1,844 feet, whereby its level is brought up precisely to what is requisite to make Lake Liemba a prolongation of it. What becomes afterwards of the waters of Lake Tanganyika itself is a question not likely to be definitively answered till Dr. Livingstone has visited its northern extremity.

Proceeding westwards, as would seem, the traveller came to the Chambeze, which river he crossed in 10° 34' S. lat., as

* "Journal of the Discovery of the Source of the Nile" (1863), page 31.

likewise several of its confluent south and north, as large as the Isis at Oxford, but running faster and having hippopotami in them. On this fact he makes the following practical comment:—"I mention these animals, because, in navigating the Zambesi, I could always steer the steamer boldly to where they lay, secure of finding not less than eight feet of water." And he then gives the following description of the lower course of the Chambeze and the lakes formed by it, which has caused no small perplexity to those who, like myself, have attempted to lay the same down on the map. We have in this a practical example of the difficulty Claudius Ptolemy must have experienced in laying down his lakes of the Nile and the Mountains of the Moon.

The Chambeze, Dr. Livingstone says, runs into Lake Bangwelo, and on coming out of it assumes the name of Luapula. The Luapula flows down north past the town of Cazembe, and twelve miles below it enters Lake Moero—the clear, limpid lake in which the traveller bathed after wading through the mud and water, as already described. On leaving Moero at its northern end by a rent in the mountains of Rua, the river, which we have seen was previously called Luapula, takes the name of Lualaba, and passing on north-north-west forms Ulenge in the country west of Tanganyika. Dr. Livingstone adds: "I have seen it"—that is to say, the Lualaba—"only where it leaves Moero, and where it comes out of the crack in the mountains of Rua; but I am quite satisfied that even before it receives the river Sofunso from Marungu, and the Soburi from the Ba-Loba country, it is quite sufficient to form Ulenge, whether that is a lake with many islands, as some assert, or a division into several branches, as is maintained by others."

When we obtain the key to this information, there is little doubt of its all becoming quite clear and intelligible. But it is far from being so in its present state; and the matter is rendered more obscure by what follows: namely, that these branches of Ulenge, whatever they may be, are all gathered up by the Lufira—a large river which, by many confluent, drains the western side of the great valley; by which must be understood the great valley or plain of which the Chambeze drains the eastern portion. The Lufira, he says, he did not see; but when he was at some place situated in 11° S. lat., otherwise not described, the river was pointed out to him as being at some distance west of where he then stood, and as being in that latitude so large as always to require canoes; for so I read his somewhat ambiguous words, "pointed out west of 11° S., it is there asserted always to require canoes."

What becomes of the Lufira, thus made to be the recipient of the Chambeze, Luapula, or Lualaba, it would be most difficult to decide. Dr. Livingstone himself remarks—"Some intelligent men assert that when Lufira takes up the waters of Ulenge, it flows north-north-west into Lake Chowambe, which I conjecture to be that discovered by Mr. Baker. Others think that it goes into Lake Tanganyika at Uvira, and still passes northward into Chowambe, by a river named Loanda," elsewhere called by him Locunda. He adds that he has still to follow down the Lualaba, and see whether, as the natives assert, it passes Tanganyika to the west, or enters it and finds an exit by the Loanda. Meanwhile, he reserves his judgment on this knotty point.

I should be inclined to follow our traveller's example, were it not that, in the course of my reference to various

authorities respecting the countries visited by him and the rivers flowing through and near the same, I have lighted on some curious facts respecting another large river further west, beyond the Lufira, known as the Kasáí, Kassávi, or Loke, whose sources are in the forests of Quiboque, or Kibokoe, through which country Dr. Livingstone passed in his adventurous journey across the continent from east to west in the years 1854-56, and the upper course of which river was visited and described by him, as I have already mentioned. The Kassávi, or Kasáí, is generally supposed to be a tributary of the Kuango, or Congo, the well-known river of the west coast of Africa, and it is so laid down on all our maps; but I have reason to believe it to be the main-stream of the Nile, and as having its course north-eastward, to join Baker's "Albert Nyanza." Should this prove to be the case, the Kassávi would become the recipient of the Lufira, and of the Chambeze or Lualaba.*

Respecting the Cazembe, the mysterious potentate, of whom men's ideas much resemble those entertained in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries respecting Prester John, the traveller maintains a tantalising silence. We learn, however, incidentally that he was in the first instance forty days at Cazembe—the same term being used, apparently, to designate the prince, his residence, and his people, and in our maps of Africa being given to the country likewise; and that after some wanderings, which it is hopeless to attempt to trace, Dr. Livingstone went back again to the Cazembe. But how long he remained with that prince, and what occurred whilst he was at his Court or elsewhere, we have absolutely no means of knowing, neither do we possess a word descriptive of that potentate or his people.

Knowing the interest that is universally felt in all these subjects, I purpose availing myself of the accounts given of the two Portuguese Missions to the Court of the Cazembe in 1792 and 1831, to give to the British public some idea of the same. My performance of this task must necessarily be very incomplete; but it may serve to allay in some small degree the thirst for information on this recondite subject, and it will at the same time enable the public mind better to appreciate and relish the description which Dr. Livingstone himself will give of his most interesting adventures among these extraordinary people in the unknown interior of Southern Africa.

In his latest letter to Dr. Kirk, dated Ujiji, May 30th, 1869, Dr. Livingstone writes:—"As to the work to be done by me, it is only to connect the sources, which I have discovered from five to seven hundred miles south of Speke and Baker's, with their Nile. The volume of water which flows north from latitude 12° S. is so large, that I suspect I have been working at the sources of the Congo [Kuango or Congo] as well as those of the Nile. I have to go down the eastern line of drainage to Baker's turning-point. Tanganyika [and] Nyige Chowambe (Baker's?) are one water, and the head of it is three hundred miles south of this. The western and central lines of drainage converge into an unvisited lake west or south-west of this. The outflow of this, whether to Congo or Nile, I have to ascertain."

"Only" this work remains to be done by the undaunted traveller! We can only recommend him to the continued care of the Providence that has hitherto so signally protected him.

* In a number of the *Athenæum*, of January, 1869, is given the "Solution of the Problem *Nili caput querere*."

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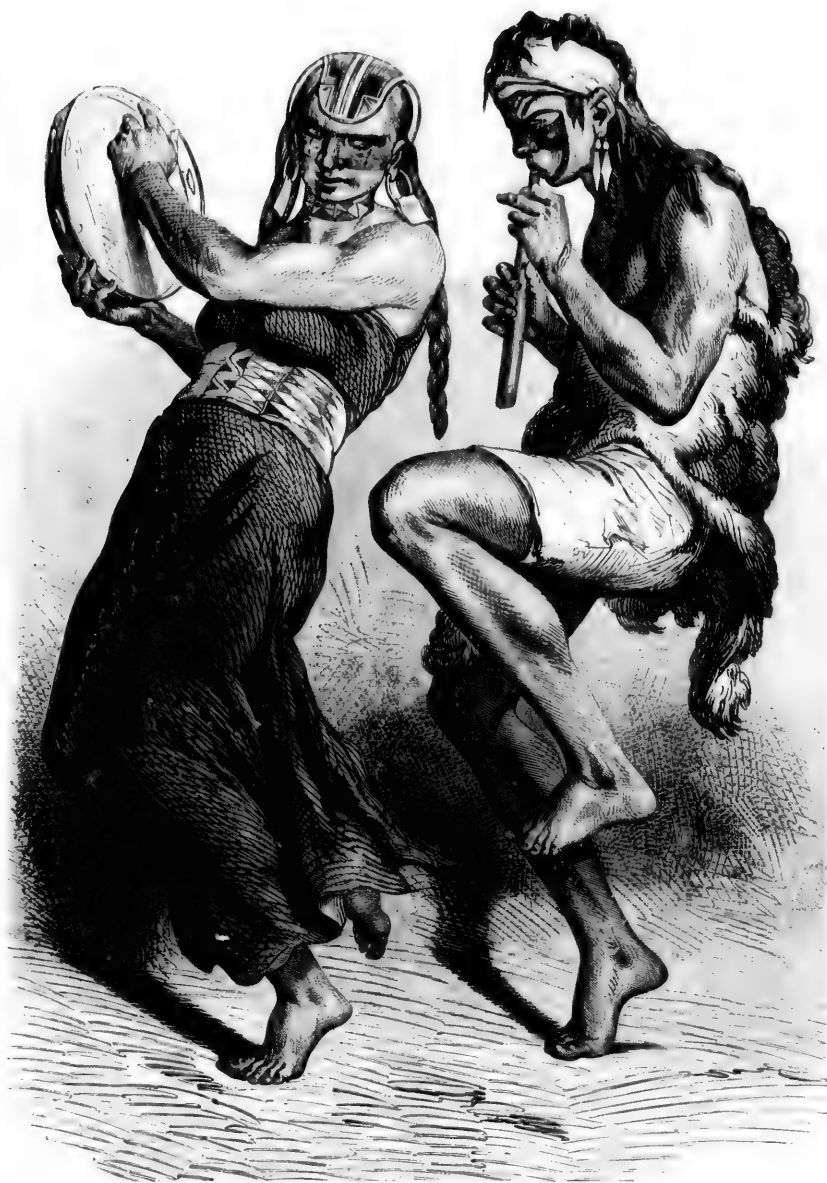
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PATAGONIAN DANCERS.

Patagonia and the Patagonians.

DURING the recent survey of the Straits of Magellan by Her Majesty's Ship *Nassau*, which was instituted with a view to the examination of passages and harbours suitable to the much larger class of ships now following that route to the Pacific, and which terminated last May, the commander, Captain R. C. Mayne, renewed acquaintance with our old friends the Patagonians, the stories of whose gigantic stature and grim customs, given in the account of Commodore Byron's voyage, and other early narratives, impressed us all in our boyish days. The statements about their great height were contradicted by subsequent voyagers, but have been again confirmed. Bourne, the unfortunate American who was entrapped ashore from his vessel in the Straits, in 1849, and spent three months in captivity amongst them, states in his narrative that, although his own stature was five feet ten inches, he could stand freely under the arms of many of the savages he met with, and that there were no men less than a head taller than himself. He judged their average height to be six and a half feet, and estimated some of them as little less than seven feet. Captain Mayne had not so large a number to judge from as Bourne, who travelled over a great part of the country, and saw many hundreds, but he applied the measuring tape, and gives us decisive results. Among a number of men he found only one who reached the height of six feet ten and a half inches, several measured six feet four inches, but the average was five feet ten or five feet eleven. For a community of savages, living in a barren region like Patagonia, exposed to the inclemencies of the Magellanic climate and frequent periods of famine, this bodily stature is a surprising fact, exceeding as it does by some four or five inches the average height of Englishmen. The muscular strength of these people, according to Bourne, is in proportion to their height and bulk—that is, when extraordinary circumstances arise which rouse them to exertion; for, like the rest of the South American tribes, they are naturally indolent and lethargic in temperament. They have broad shoulders, full and well-developed chests, and frames muscular and finely proportioned.

All who have visited and written about the Patagonians agree in the conclusion that they belong to the same Red Indian race as the other aboriginal inhabitants of America. They have large heads, high cheek-bones, black eyes, expressive of savage cunning, and an abundance of straight, coarse, black hair, resembling the Indians of North America. Their peculiarities of physique, mental disposition, and habits must have been, therefore, in some way brought about by the physical conditions under which they have lived, doubtless for countless generations. It is curious that all travellers have remarked the striking difference existing between them and their near neighbours the Fuegians, or natives of Tierra del Fuego, who are confined to the southern shores of the Strait of Magellan, in the eastern part of the strait, and both shores where they become wooded at the western end of the same waters. At the eastern end a narrow passage is in some places the only line of division between the territories of the two peoples. Captain Mayne says, "The Fuegians differ in almost every respect from the Patagonians. Instead of being above the ordinary stature of man, and of fine, robust figure, they are usually short, badly-shaped, and ugly in features.

They take readily to the water, and construct sea-worthy canoes of the branches and bark of birch-trees, which grow abundantly in their dense forests; whilst the Patagonians have no canoes, and much dislike going afloat. They abhor wine and spirits; the Patagonians have an inordinate craving for both. In fact, it is chiefly their insatiable passion for rum which induces them to come down to the shore and hold conferences with the boats' crews of surveying and other passing vessels. The Fuegians, however, belong to the same race as their gigantic neighbours, and both peoples are pretty nearly on the same low level as regards civilisation or capacity for improvement. In the latter respect they are on a par with all Indians of the plains, both in South and North America. It was only the inhabitants of the Andean plateaux and valleys, from Southern Peru to Northern Mexico, who showed any flexibility of character in this respect. As a consequence of this, they attained a high degree of social and political organisation, built cities, and left their mark in many a work of architectural and engineering art over the face of the country."

The tract of country inhabited, or rather wandered over, by the Patagonians, is 840 miles in length, and averages about 200 in width. It commences on the north at the Rio Negro, which traverses the region about the fortieth parallel of latitude, and forms a convenient boundary line to the Argentine Republic. To the south it terminates, as we have said, on the northern shore of the Strait of Magellan; but it does not extend further west than Punta Arenas, a small penal settlement belonging to Chili. The western limit of the territory is the Andes, and the wary savages on the slopes of these mountains oppose every attempt on the part of the pioneers of Chilean settlement to advance to the Indian side of the range.

The whole of this great region is desert; scarcely a tree is to be seen; stunted, thorny brushwood, coarse herbage, and grasses are all it presents in the way of vegetation. The few rivers which traverse it form no alluvial valleys in their course; they flow with great rapidity over beds of pebbles; and no flocks of water-fowl relieve the general aspect of sterility. The soil is everywhere sand and gravel; in many districts a covering of small, rounded, water-worn pebbles, like the shingle of the sea shore, extends over the dreary level of the country for several days' march. The formation of the plains is most singular, and without example elsewhere in the world. The whole region forms a succession of plains, descending by steps, like terraces, from the foot of the Andes to the Atlantic; the direction of the steps, which resemble lines of cliffs along a sea shore, being generally parallel to the line of mountains. According to Mr. Darwin, who first elucidated the singular geological formation of the country, in his "Natural History of the Voyage of the *Beagle*," there are eight of these successive terraces, the lowest plain, near the Atlantic, being 90 feet and the highest 950 feet—the latter being much less level, and sloping up to the Andes. By the discovery of fossil shells in various places, Mr. Darwin was enabled to fix the period in which these plains were formed as that of the tertiary epoch of geology—a distance of time quite recent as compared with the mass of the South American continent. The descending plains were each in succession

the bottom of a shallow sea, during periods of rest, and the vertical edges of the terraces formed the cliffs of the successive sea shores. The pebbles which cover the country for hundreds of miles, were once blocks of rock detached from the Andes, broken and rolled into their present form by the waves of the restless Southern Ocean, and left as a worthless legacy when its waters retired, at the next upheaval of the land by subterranean forces.

Such are the grim features of the country of the Patagonians. The plains have no charms of climate to relieve their chilling melancholy. Fitful winds and storms of sleet and snow blow over the unsheltered waste during the greater part of the year, and the summer sun only serves to wither up the scanty vegetation which the rainfall of the other seasons has stimulated. Towards the north, the gravelly soil and terrace-formation are prolonged close to the Andes, for 300 miles beyond the Patagonian frontier, as far as Mendoza, and form the western limit of the Pampas; but the rest of the great plain between the river Colorado and the Parana is of a very different nature. Over this portion—constituting the Pampas proper—old river-beds of the Plata and its estuary have left, by the retreating of the muddy waters, a thick coating of alluvium, which is capable of supporting a rich vegetation. The northern tribes of mounted Patagonians have, until recently, had possession of a great portion of this country, and still occasionally pay hurried visits to the frontier farms of the republic, destroying the fruits of months of industry, and carrying off the flocks and herds. The Pampas thistle and nutritious grasses, with richer vegetation round the numerous pools, are the chief growths on these plains, but towards the centre of the region, along the Leofu and Salado rivers, belts of woodland diversify their monotony. On both banks of the Rio Negro, and throughout the whole of the interior for more than 800 miles to the Straits, the Patagonian is lord of the soil.

Before the settlement of Buenos Ayres and Chili by the Spaniards, and the introduction of the horse, the Patagonians were restricted to their own powers of locomotion in their wanderings and in the chase of the guanaco (a ruminant quadruped allied to the llama), which abounds on the plains, and is their chief article of food. For many generations past they have possessed horses, and have become expert equestrians. Their herds of this animal chiefly consist of reclaimed individuals from the plains, where they have run wild since the early days of Spanish colonisation. Bourne describes them as small wiry animals, with shaggy hides; but almost every little chief has one or more of a superior breed, stolen during raids on the farms of settlers. They spend whole days in the saddle, and throw the *bolos* to capture cattle, guanaco, or ostrich, when riding at full speed, with almost as much dexterity as the Gauchos of the Pampas. In the north they possess also cattle, and a few sheep and goats, which they have stolen from the settlers. Their weapons—at least, among the northern tribes—are long spears, ornamented with ostrich-feathers; and every man possesses a cutlass or large knife, bought from traders in the outlying settlements. Fire-arms and the bow and arrow are unknown. They have dogs, and the country, barren as it is, supports a considerable number of quadrupeds besides the guanaco. The puma roams throughout the whole region as far as the Straits, and the number and variety of small rodents is very great, particularly different

kinds of field-mice, with long soft fur, which abound in thorny thickets. Two species of American ostrich—the *Rhat Americana* and the *Rhat Darwinii*—course over the plains, the former in Northern and the latter in Southern Patagonia. Wild foxes are found, differing much in length of tail from the European fox, and, in fact, being to some extent intermediate between this and the jackal.

The wanderings of the people in groups of families and small tribes over their uninviting domain, are directed on no system. Unlike the periodic movements of the Bedouin Arabs, or the Kirghizes of the steppes of Tartary—who take their flocks and herds to the warm plains in spring, to pasture on the young grass, and resort to the cooler uplands in summer—they move from place to place in search of game, or as the whim seizes them. Their only habitation is a rudely-constructed tent, formed of a framework of stakes covered over with guanaco skins, sewn together with the sinews of the ostrich, and secured round the edges to the ground by strong pegs. Guanaco skins, again, constitute the chief material of their dress. Two or three skins sewn together form a mantle, which fits closely round the neck and extends below the knee. In the coldest weather, a kind of shoe made of the hind hoof, and a portion of the skin above it, of the same animal, is worn to protect their lower extremities. Their tents and persons are filthy in the extreme; it is difficult to see the natural colour of their skin except where the coating of dirt has cracked and peeled off. In fact, charcoal is used as a cosmetic with both sexes; and, in addition, they bedaub their faces and breasts with a kind of red earth. A broad line of red, alternating with a stripe of black in various fantastic figures, is a favourite style of decoration. Their habit of keeping their fires and cooking their meals inside the tent, adds to their sooty covering; and they live for hours in an atmosphere of thick, greasy smoke, that would produce suffocation in almost any other ordinary person. A troop of Patagonian horsemen galloping across the plains in chase of guanaco, with their long black hair streaming in the wind, colossal figures, and soot-begrimed faces and breasts, resembles a procession of furies rather than of human beings.

Each chief possesses three or four wives, but polygamy is a privilege belonging to them alone, the subject members of a tribe being restricted each to one wife, and no young man is allowed to marry without the consent of the chief. The women are in stature proportionally smaller than the men, and rather inclined to corpulence. They erect the tents, provide the fuel, and cook the meat, if this term can be applied to the process, which consists simply of broiling the slabs of flesh over the fire, the savages preferring their food half raw, and devouring it with the avidity of carnivorous animals. As in all savage tribes, they are treated as slaves; but are contented with their lot, even when their lords, excited by gambling, to which all Patagonians are addicted, or baulked in some nefarious scheme, wreak their fury on their defenceless heads. Many of them are of jealous temperaments, and fight with their rivals like tigers. They are passionately fond of rude trinkets, such as bits of brass and copper and beads. A few of them have their ears pierced, and wear brass or copper earrings. They love to deck out their children in similar finery. It is said that many of them would not be ill-looking if their charms were not so effectually disguised by accumulated filth and barbarous ornaments.



PATAGONIAN CAMPMENT.

The tribe among which Bourne spent his three months of captivity, and which numbered about a thousand souls, seemed to him to possess no religious ideas whatever. But religious ceremonies were witnessed by Guinnard, a Frenchman who lived for a long time as a captive among the Poyuches tribe, in Northern Patagonia, along the banks of the Rio Negro. He says they believe in two great spirits, one called Vita-uentra, the spirit of good, and the other Huacuru, the spirit of evil. A festival in honour of each is held every year, that of Vita-uentra being held in the spring, and being more joyous than the other, which is held in the autumn, and has for object the propitiation of the spirit that he may abstain from visiting them with sickness or ill-luck. In the spring, the chiefs of the tribes having announced the joyful day, all busy themselves with preparations. Fresh paint is applied to their skins, and all the new patterns laid on with extra care; the horses' hides are well greased, and the various articles of wearing apparel, stolen in their recent raids on the civilised settlements, fetched from their hiding-places, and prepared for adding to the pomp of the ceremonial. On the morning, all who possess them dress themselves in these foreign garments: some have, maybe, only a chemise, which they are careful to wear outside their own mantles of guanaco skin; others put on a rich velvet mantle,

or a flowered waistcoat or trousers, each being worn singly, as though it were a complete dress or suit, and the trousers are generally put on front side behind, the gravity of the wearers adding to the comicality of their appearance. A grand dance commences the festival, the men forming one long line and the women another, and the movement consisting in gliding alternately to the right and to the left. The women, meantime, chant a monotonous chorus, beating time on rude tambourines, which they make by stretching the skin of the wild cat across a circle of tough wood. The dance is carried on facing the east, and the lances of the warriors are all arranged symmetrically in front of the place. As the exercise proceeds the excitement becomes intensified, and the dancers break off into couples and smaller groups. Many of the men are provided with a rude fife made of a thick reed, and capable of producing three or four most unmusical notes. They blow this with might and main, skipping about and pirouetting all the time with unflagging vigour. At length, the chief who presides at the festival, gives a signal, and the scene changes. All the men leap on their horses, and a grand cavalcade is formed, which is the commencement of various feats and displays of horsemanship. The proceedings are interrupted now and then for refreshments; but the same ceremonies or amusements are continued all day for several days in succession.



VIEW OF GOREE.

Journey from the Senegal to the Niger.—I.

FROM THE FRENCH OF LIEUTENANT MAUG.

CHAPTER I.

OBJECT OF THE JOURNEY—DEPARTURE FROM FRANCE—FIRST PREPARATIONS—FORMATION OF MY ESCORT—DIFFICULTIES—GENERAL OPINION OF THE FATE WHICH AWAITED US—INSTRUCTIONS.

"To connect Senegal with Algeria, across at least twelve hundred miles of desert, whatever route may be followed, is a thing impossible, or, at all events, it cannot lead to very great results, so enormous would be the cost of transport on the backs of camels.

"To appropriate the important commerce of the Soudan, especially the cotton (the long-staple cotton of the Southern States), which, if we may believe the reports of travellers, is to be procured in great abundance and at a low price, it would be requisite to take possession of the Upper Niger, by

establishing a line of posts to connect it with the Senegal, between Medina and Bamakoo."

Such were the conclusions of the important work, under the significant title of "The Future of Sahara," published by M. Faidherbe, the last governor but one of Senegal.

Such were also the first words in the project of exploration of the Niger, which I submitted to the Minister of the Navy and Colonies, in the month of February, 1863. I viewed this as a great and noble mission, a real service to be rendered to my country; and these considerations led me to brave the dangers which must always be connected with such enterprises, to impose on my family and myself the trials of a long absence, and to inflict on my young wife the distress of a first and possibly of a final separation.

In reply to my proposal, I received, after a time, the official

announcement that Colonel Faidherbe, who had been recalled to the government of Senegal with the rank of general, wished that the country between the French settlements on the upper part of the river and the Upper Niger should be explored by land, and that he had done me the honour of mentioning me as a suitable person for undertaking this mission.

I immediately accepted the offer, and on the 25th of June I left Bordeaux by steamer.

M. Quintin, a naval surgeon, who had already resided in Senegal for three years, and was returning thither at the same time as myself, begged permission to accompany me. At first, moved by his apparent feebleness of constitution, I tried to dissuade him from it, but on his insisting, I seconded his request to the governor, who gave a favourable reply. I was far from realising at the time that in this apparently feeble body I should find great energy and indomitable courage, added to a rectitude of purpose which proved invaluable during our long and painful wanderings.

On the 10th of July we were at Goree, on the 12th at St. Louis, and I there landed to prosecute the studies essential to our undertaking. I had already served five years at Senegal, and two years on the naval coasting station. There were few places on the coast that I did not know. A residence of nine months amongst the blacks of the upper river at Makhana,* and a difficult journey to the oasis of Tagant, amongst the Douaichs, had been a valuable preparation. I knew the character both of the negroes and of the Moors, and the best manner of treating them. I was tolerably well acquainted with most books of travels in Africa, but still I deemed it wise to read once again Raffinell, Caillé, Mungo Park, and even Barth, though he does not speak of the same regions. It was especially important that I should study the maps of these parts, compare them with the accounts of travellers, and reconcile the most important differences; in a word, that I should make myself thoroughly master of the geographical question. I applied myself to this work with great interest, for though I felt deeply the trials I should have to undergo in this mission, I had gone too far to draw back, however great might be the difficulties which awaited me.

The farther I proceeded in my researches the more astonished I became at the ignorance which existed, even with reference to the places bordering on our own colony. Above Medina the only information to be obtained was from the travels of M. Pascal, who had advanced but a short distance beyond Gouina.

When I left St. Louis, after receiving a letter from my family—the last that was likely to reach me for many a long day—the farewells of my many companions showed very plainly that they little expected ever to see me again. Some days previous to my departure, a man whom I had engaged to accompany me, a native of Bambara, became dangerously ill, and I requested M. Quintin to visit him. He found him dead, and on leaving the house he mentioned the fact to one of my colleagues. "What," he exclaimed, "one dead

* Makhana, a great village of Sarracolels Bakiri, half way between Bakel and Medina, had been destroyed by El Hadj Omar. The greater part of its inhabitants had been massacred; the rest had found an asylum in the fort of Bakel, where they had assisted in our struggle against the conquering Marabout. In 1859, after the expedition of Guémoa, the governor, to encourage them to rebuild their village, sent the gunship *Condorcet*, which I commanded, to be stationary at Makhana, and nine months afterwards a large village had sprung up.

already!" Of course, it implied pretty plainly that, in his opinion, the same fate awaited us all; and, thanks to this pretty general impression, I found it a matter of the greatest difficulty to meet with men willing to accompany me on my expedition. Although amongst the crews of the flotilla there were many personally devoted to me, it frequently happened that, after having expressed a wish to accompany me, their families had entreated them to give up the idea, and they had yielded to these entreaties.

Many Europeans, subalterns in the marine corps, Senegal Sharpshooters,* and others, offered me their services; but, considering the slender resources at my disposal, I could not think of allowing these white men to accompany me, little sensible as they were of the sufferings and privations which awaited us; for, in all probability, they would soon have got disheartened, and been a burden instead of a help to me.

The greater number of them imagined that, having gone through some privations in the ordinary expeditions to Senegal, they were quite prepared to endure all that lay before us. I had no time to enlighten them on the real difficulties of the expedition; it would have been simply dishonest to take them without, so I preferred dispensing with their services altogether.

The Governor had given me *carte blanche* in the choice of men, authorising me to select the best of the whole corps. I decided on the following plan, after consulting with him. I intended to form my escort entirely of blacks who had been in the service for a considerable time, selecting, as far as possible, those who had taken rank either in the local marine corps or the sharpshooters, so that I might combine in them men of action, if we had to be on our defence, strong and skilled workmen, able to meet the various wants which would arise in our travels, and, besides that, capable of serving as interpreters for all the different dialects I should meet with.

Bakary Guéye, one of my old fellow-travellers in Tagant, was the first man whom I chose. Without even knowing where I was going, but finding that I had returned to Senegal for the purpose of making another expedition, he had left a vessel where he was engaged as engineer's mate, and come with me as a simple lapot,† at thirty francs a month. This man was faithful throughout the whole time. A Woloff,‡ of Guet, N'dar, he had the advantage over his fellow-citizens of having been ten years in the service, of having spent some months in France, of being only half a Mussulman, and of speaking French with tolerable accuracy; besides this, he spoke Woloff very perfectly, and understood Toucouleur. His bravery was beyond question. He was, indeed, slightly fool-

* The Senegal Sharpshooters, a similar corps to the "Turcos," composed of negroes from the African coast and from the basin of the Senegal and the Niger.

† The blacks engaged as sailors in the service at the Senegal station go by the name of *lapots*. They are engaged by the year. They may attain the rank of native quarter-master, and, when they acquire sufficient experience in the pilotage of the river, that of second pilot-master of the second and first class, more frequently called "captains of rivers" of the second and first class.

‡ Woloff, or Woloff, the name of a race and language, and of a negro empire formerly very powerful, but now dismembered; it was composed of Woloff, of Oualo, and of Cayor. Woloff is spoken by the negroes at St. Louis. Guet N'dar is a village, consisting of fishermen and pilots, on the tongue of land which extends for several leagues opposite St. Louis, between the river and the ocean.

hardly when with other blacks, but very prudent where I was concerned, and singularly gentle in his intercourse with me.

For some time I charged him to gain information about the men who offered to accompany me. If they were brave, I was sure he would eagerly recommend them; but, in common with other blacks, he had the inconvenient propensity of concealing any faults they might have.

He first brought me one of his great friends, Boubakary Gnian, a "Toucouleur" * of Fouta—a very intelligent-looking fellow. Boubakary Gnian fulfilled the office of native quartermaster on board one of the vessels of the flotilla, and he was coxswain of the captain's whale-boat. He gave up the twofold advantage of his situation to accompany me as an attendant, at thirty francs a month. He understood French well, and, as a Toucouleur, he became eventually a most valuable interpreter of the Poul and Soninké dialects, which he had known from his infancy.

I afterwards engaged several men, whose worth I had long known, having had them under my command. They were Déthié N'diaye, quartermaster of the first rank, a Sérère by birth, speaking French, Woloff, and Poul very well; Latir Sène, a Woloff, of Dakar, quartermaster, and well known for his honesty; Samba Yoro, a river captain of the first class, a Poul of Bonouo, who in his youth had spent three years in France. He was very intelligent, an indefatigable worker, and fairly brave. He spoke French perfectly, and was my principal interpreter during our travels. When my discussions with the chiefs were not too violent, he acquitted himself very well; but when they became hot, either in spite of myself, or designedly, I was obliged to have recourse to Boubakary Gnian, who, with his Toucouleur tact, spoke loudly and forcibly, when Samba Yoro was frightened.

I then engaged Alioum Penda, an old slave of Fouta, who, having deserted his master, had come to St. Louis to obtain his freedom. He was one of the best men I have ever known. Although a devout Mussulman, he was sincerely attached to the whites. He was just married. He was destined never again to see St. Louis!

Two other men, Sidy Khassonké and Bara Samba, a laptot from Medina, having been recommended to me, joined our party. Shortly afterwards one of the men, who had formerly served under me on board the *Couteurine*, Issa by name, an indefatigable walker, begged to accompany me. He was a Saracolet, a marabout of Dramané.†

Finally, to fill up my number of ten, I engaged a Senegal sergeant, a sharpshooter named Mamboye, and a Yollof of Cayor, who had served ten years. When a prisoner among the Moors, who had carried him as a child to Cayor, he had learned Arabic. Recaptured afterwards by the French in 1854, he had signed an engagement of fourteen years to regain his freedom. He was a valiant soldier, and in the Cayor war, at the Diatti expedition, he had gained the military medal, and was looked upon as the best man in the battalion.

* Toucouleur, a name given to the inhabitants of Fouta—a mixture of Poul, Yollofs, and different races, amongst whom the Soninkés appear to predominate. This intelligent people—warriors and agriculturists, Mussulmans and fanatics—are always more or less at variance with the local government of Senegal, and have furnished to El Hadj the soldiers by whom he has made all his conquests.

† Dramané or Daraméné, a small village, destroyed and rebuilt at the same time as Makhana, to which it is near.

Whilst I was thus engaged in selecting my men I did not neglect my other arrangements. Agreeably to the plan I had fixed on with the Governor, I had a very light four-oared canoe built to explore the Senegal above Medina, which, if I found this river navigable, might be transported to the basin of the Niger by means of a cart so constructed that it could be taken to pieces and put on board the canoe. I had tried this mode of transport at St. Louis, and found that when once the canoe was in the water it was perfectly easy to place the cart on it. It took eight men to put the canoe on the cart and to remove it.

Two mules were lent me to draw this apparatus, and I intended to buy a third. With regard to horses, I was not so fortunate. The generally received opinion at Senegal, that the Arab horses cannot live on the Upper Senegal, prevented the Governor placing at my disposal horses of the sipahi cavalry of the colony. As for buying horses of the Moors, the price demanded, from six to eight hundred francs apiece, made it impossible to think of it with my small resources. I was, therefore, forced to purchase at Cayor two wretched animals, lean and broken-kneed, for which I paid, for one thirty-six, and for the other sixty francs.

These purchases made, I had but little left of the £200 (5,000 francs) which had been granted for the journey. Some of the money I had expended in articles much in request in the interior, of more use than money, and these being higher in value in the country I was about to traverse, I had thus increased my slender means.

I had hoped for a much larger sum, and, notwithstanding my fixed purpose to die rather than abandon my project, I did shrink from the thought of the sufferings that such a scanty provision would be likely to entail, and I could but fear lest I should not have sufficient strength to endure them. I had written on this subject to a friend I must not mention, but who will perhaps be recognised, if I say that his unceasing kindness to the sailors equals his high administrative position. He communicated this letter to the colonial minister, who gave me additional credit for 4,000 francs (£160); but when this good news reached the colony I had already started, and did not hear of it until my arrival at Bafoulabé. Meanwhile, I had received from the Governor of the colony my detailed instructions; I make some extracts, as an indispensable complement to these preliminaries of my journey, which will show the great object I was to keep in view:—

"Your mission is to explore the line which connects our settlements on the Upper Senegal with the Upper Niger, especially with Bamakoo, which seems to be the nearest point at which the Niger is likely to present no serious obstacles to navigation, as far as the Falls of Bousa.

"The main object in view is, to be prepared, as soon as the French Government shall think fit to give the order, to form a line of posts, at intervals of about thirty leagues, between Medina and Bamakoo, or any other place on the Upper Niger, which seems more favourable as a commercial centre on this river.

"It would probably be necessary to establish three intermediate posts between Bafoulabé and Bamakoo.

"If by means of these posts, which would serve as warehouses for the merchandise and natural products, and would afford protection to the caravans, we could form a commercial highway between Senegal and the Upper Niger, may

we not hope by this means to supplant the commerce of Morocco with the Soudan?

"The merchandise going from Soueyra to supply the Soudan has to be conveyed four hundred leagues on the backs of beasts of burden, across a desert without provision and without water, before arriving at the Niger. For every eight or ten hundredweight there must be five camels, and at least one guide, travelling for at least three months.

"The commerce of Morocco with the Soudan is now chiefly profitable to England, and it encourages slavery in Morocco. We should then have a double advantage in suppressing it.

"To carry out this project, it will be necessary to secure

made to El Hadj Omar or his successors, being accomplished, you may either descend the Niger to its mouth, or proceed to Algeria, Morocco, or Tripoli.

(Signed) "L. FAIDHERBE."

Finally, two months before my departure, two black couriers had been sent to Ségou with the following despatch:—

"General Faidherbe to El Hadj Omar.

"Glory to God alone. May all blessing rest on those who desire only what is right and good.

"The general Governor of St. Louis and its dependencies to El Hadj Omar, Prince of the faithful, Sultan of the Central Soudan.



ST. LOUIS, SENEGAL, VIEWED FROM THE NORTH.

the friendship of a great chief, such as El Hadj Omar is now, in the central Soudan. This Marabout, who formerly put so many obstacles in our way, might in the future bring about changes the most advantageous to the Soudan and to ourselves, if only he would enter into our views. And for himself, he might realise great profits from this trade on the Upper Niger.

"I send you, then, as ambassador, to El Hadj Omar. It seems certain that lately this chief was master of Kaarta, of Ségou, and its tributary provinces, including Timbuctoo—that is to say, master of the whole course of the Upper Niger between Fouta Diallon and Timbuctoo. It is now reported by some that he is dead; by others that he is all-powerful in Macina. If you find on your arrival that he is dead, you will address yourself in my name to his successor, or, if his empire is dismembered, to the chiefs of the countries through which you will pass. I will give you all the necessary letters.

"Your mission with regard to the posts to be established between Bakouba and Banakou, and the proposals to be

"This letter is to announce to you that immediately after the rainy season I shall send to you one of my chiefs, as you formerly desired.

"This officer, a very distinguished man, possesses my entire confidence. He will speak to you on matters of mutual interest, and will make some important proposals to you on the subject of a commerce, which would probably bring in to you considerable profits.

"He will present you a letter from me, in order that you may not doubt that he is my ambassador. It is for you to give orders that he and his men may pass freely through your territory, which they will cross by the route of Djawarras and Fouta Dougou, and that they may not be stopped, nor in any way annoyed. Farewell.

"The Governor,

(Signed) "L. FAIDHERBE."

"St. Louis, the 30th of July, 1863."



STREET IN SALT LAKE CITY.

From Ocean to Ocean—The Pacific Railroad.—III.

BY FREDERICK WHYMPER.

SALT LAKE CITY TO SAN FRANCISCO.

THE territory of Utah takes its name from that of an Indian tribe, signifying *Mountain-dwellers*. It is a country of mountains, and there is much alkaline and worthless land; yet some of its valleys are charmingly fresh, green, and fruitful. In certain parts of Utah the grape thrives, and the Mormons have commenced the manufacture of wine.

Salt Lake City is a perfect paradise; rather a city of villas and cottages with gardens and orchards—and, if the term were not somewhat a contradictory one, a city of suburbs—than one of much commerce or business. In these latter respects it much resembles provincial cities in Europe. It is simply a central market-town for the outlying settlements. Among the most pleasing features, too, of Salt Lake City are the little watercourses in every street, through which the clear waters of "City Creek Cañon" flow to the great lake. They have, however, been the cause of trouble on at least one occasion. A drunken Mormon lawyer, returning home from his orgies late at night, fell into one of these brooks, and was found dead, with his head 'down stream.' What a theme for a temperance lecturer! Happily, the Mormons are, as a whole, a sober race. There are less than half a dozen bar-rooms in Salt Lake City, nor will the authorities grant more licences. This, in the

"West," where there is usually a "saloon" to every few dozen inhabitants, is really a noticeable fact. Salt Lake City has, too, 27,000 inhabitants; and, however much may be urged against the Mormon system, no one can fail to note their industry and sobriety. The city has eighteen Sunday-schools, attended by 2,500 scholars.* Sabbath in the city is one of the most tranquil of days, and every Mormon store is closed.

At the date of my visit to the "City of the Saints," President Brigham Young, with a large part of the prominent Mormons, was absent on a tour through the southern settlements of Utah. I had the pleasure of an interview with President George A. Smith, the "Historian" (Recorder) of the Mormons, and that gentleman complained much of the misrepresentation and injustice done to his sect by the members of the press, and, said he, "it seriously interfered with their willingness to show hospitality to strangers." In Smith's office are the materials for a complete history of this singular movement, but when I suggested that he was the proper

* There is a "Gentile" church and school also. Richardson, in his work, "Beyond the Mississippi," says: "Even Jews, who are quite numerous, contribute to this church; and in excited moments talk earnestly about 'us Shentiles.' All the brethren are Saints; all the outsiders are sinners, and all the Jews are Gentiles!"

person to give the world a history of the Saints from a Mormon point of view, he said that constant engagements and his failing eyesight would probably prevent any such undertaking.

Although there is much fanaticism and nonsense in the religion revealed to the world by Joe Smith, it has its good points. The practice of polygamy is its great curse; the rest might safely be left to the individual conscience of the man who professed to believe the doctrines. The Saint's Creed, said poor Artemus Ward, "is singular; his wives are plural;" and the changes, I believe, which will very rapidly come about in the system will all aim at this matter of the plurality of wives. Some have believed that Brigham Young would, sooner or later, receive a revelation abolishing polygamy. It is a pity that he has not done so ere this, for, by the latest telegraphic accounts, David Hiram and William Alexander, sons of the original Joseph Smith, are doing their best to disorganise the "church," by preaching, right under the nose of the present "Prophet," that he and the leaders of the sect were living in sin and transgression, and that polygamy is an abomination. They have formed a settlement at Plano, Illinois. Many of the Utah Mormons are siding with them, and the sect is fast becoming "a house divided against itself," and its end is probably near. It is a significant fact that the Prophet Joseph Smith prophesied, before going to Carthage, where he met his death, that a son would be born to him to be named David. He moreover said that son, then as yet unborn, would live to do a great work among the children of men. David Smith is now taking advantage of his father's predictions, and a large number of the Mormons support his pretensions. Brigham Young is much enraged, and has held meetings denouncing the Smiths.

The evils of polygamy are, of course, patent to every one. A system which permits the marriage of a widowed mother and her daughter to one man; which allows—nay, recommends—the marriage of several sisters to one individual, asserting that they are more apt to live in peace together; which has committed even worse enormities than these—is an insult to humanity, and especially to womanhood; and it is questionable whether in these days it would have been possible at all, had not the women generally been selected from a very inferior class. I say this in full knowledge of the fact that there are some highly-intelligent, refined, and accomplished ladies in Salt Lake City. That is the metropolis; we might reasonably expect to find such women in the central city of the territory. But the average standard is undoubtedly low. The women selected have rarely been above the condition of small farmers', mechanics', or tradesmen's daughters, and frequently were of an inferior grade in life. Few *native* American women are to be found among the number; they are almost entirely of English, Welsh, Scotch, and Scandinavian parentage. They are of a class to whom the social amenities of life are unknown. It is possible that they do not miss the respect of their husbands—a thing almost unknown in Utah—to the extent which women of a higher grade would do. Young Mormon ladies, who attend "Gentile" balls for the first time, are astonished when their partners bow to them, offer their arms to cross the room, or show that they esteem it a privilege to be permitted to bring an ice or a glass of lemonade. The Mormons constantly speak of their wives as their "women," and apply even worse phrases—because more brutal and animal—to those whom in other communities it is man's highest ambition to love

and cherish. Woman's position in Utah is that of a "white slave." And let not the reader suppose that I am writing of imaginary evils. I had an opportunity of observing their social position, for not merely was I introduced into several families, but later, on my way to California, met an intelligent woman, who had deserted the Mormons on being promised honourable marriage by a Gentile mechanic. The promise was fulfilled, and I found her happy with husband and child, keeping a roadside restaurant, and looking forward to a speedy removal to California. Her history is like that of other Mormon women, and will be often repeated. By birth she was Welsh. Her parents, still in Wales, had been perverted to Mormonism, and had compelled her to join a band leaving England for the Salt Lake. She went, became one of the wives of a Mormon, and from her bitterness I should infer that either she had never been No. 1, or at least had not retained that position long. This woman told me that hundreds more of the girls in Salt Lake City, and in Utah generally, would do exactly the same, if they could only see the way clear before them; but that many of them were ignorant even of reading and writing—were kept by their husbands purposely in the dark regarding the outer world, and their escape became an impossibility. But the construction of the Utah Central Railroad (a branch of the Pacific Railway) will, perhaps, give many of them the opportunity which they seek.

That many of the women bitterly feel their bondage, may be inferred from the want of life and spirits which characterises them, as well as a certain inattention to the duties of the toilet, most unusual to females. Mr. Dilke has well described their appearance as full of an "unconscious melancholy," and I can confirm his statement from my own observations, made in the theatre, the great "Tabernacle," and other places, where they congregated in full force.

But what, meanwhile, is the position of the man? First, home is a meaningless word to him. A reliable writer tells us an amusing story of a man with two wives, who was repudiated by both, and obliged to do his own cooking, sewing, mending, and washing, while his spouses looked on, agreeing at least in one thing—their hatred for the man who had put them in a false position. That many a Mormon has cursed polygamy from his inmost soul, is more than probable; but it is not, nor in the nature of things can it be, so galling a bondage to the man as to the woman. Richardson, in the work before quoted, tells us of a lady who came to President Young for advice: "Let me see, sister—I forget your name," said Young. "My name!" was the indignant reply; "why, I am your wife!" "When did I marry you?" said the President. The lady informed him, and finding, on reference to his books, that it was perfectly true, he coolly remarked, "Well, I believe you are right! I *knew* your face was familiar!" But Brigham Young does not even pretend to know all his wives; many of them are "sealed" for the next world, rather than for this.*

In closing this part of my subject, I must assert that quite a large proportion of the men have very animal features—thick lips and sensual eyes. Such men may have chosen Mormonism

* Those who are familiar with the numerous works on Mormon life, will remember the name of Heber C. Kimball, a prominent Saint, deceased a year or two ago. His will has just been filed, and his bequests acknowledge forty-one children, the value of his estate being set down at only \$59,000 (paper "greenbacks" equal to £8,850), or about £220 apiece, if distributed evenly.

for the licence it allows, or may have acquired their vicious looks from the practice of sensuality; but the fact remains, and will be observed by all who do not become blinded, by the better features which may characterise it, to the obvious evils of this strange community.

A movement has been started in Mormondom, which, if successful, will drive nearly every "Gentile" from the territory. An association has been formed, modelled after the Civil Service Co-operative Stores in London, and for the same purpose—that of supplying the Mormons, from one main establishment, and from a large number of branch stores, with the goods they may require, at a considerable reduction in price. It is known as "Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Association," and every petty shopkeeper among the Saints must purchase his goods from the central warehouse in Salt Lake City, on pain of expulsion from the church. The Mormon consumer would, of course, get his supplies at a considerable reduction in price, and in a city where 25 cents (paper—say 9d.) is the smallest sum that any one will look at, whether for blacking your boots or selling you a villanous cigar, this is doubtless a boon to the community. Each shop and store under the new arrangement has a signboard, with the All-seeing Eye painted on it, and the title of the association below: above both are the words, "Holiness to the Lord!"

The great temple of which we have all heard is still unfinished—its foundations alone laid. From the appearance of things, it is questionable whether it will be completed for a long period. It was never intended as a place of meeting, but rather for the performance of Mormon rites. The marriages would probably keep it well employed! Hard by it is the Tabernacle, known by the irreverent as the great "Egg-shell," from the form of its shingle roof. Formerly the Saints worshipped during summer in the "Bowery," an erection of poles, green boughs, and vines, open to the sky; but now the Tabernacle is used exclusively for their Sunday and other gatherings. I attended one service, at which several missionaries, "called" to travel and preach in benighted Europe, bade farewell to the church. When Brigham Young chooses, he calls on some one of his followers—usually a wealthy man is selected—and he has at once to leave his business or whatever else he may be engaged in, and go to England, Sweden, or elsewhere, to preach the Mormon gospel. Although at home the general public is little acquainted with these efforts for its conversion, there is no mystery made of it at Salt Lake. In the columns of the *Deseret News* I saw several letters from the "brethren" labouring in Europe, detailing the number of proselytes made, the prospects of their particular fields, and so on. The Tabernacle is capable of holding nearly 10,000 persons when closely packed; I question whether more than 2,000, or 3,000 at the most, were present when my visit was made. The service was composed of prayers, several addresses by prominent Mormons, and, in this case, by the missionaries about to leave the city, and some rather indifferent singing. The great organ—the second largest in the United States—was under repair, and I therefore missed the opportunity of hearing it.

I also visited the great theatre, the tiers of boxes in which are reserved for "Gentiles." The pit was full of Mormons with their wives and children; a special balcony, slightly raised above it, was overflowing with Brigham Young's wives and families; for, as poor Artemus Ward said, he "is an indulgent

father but a numerous husband." The stock company of the theatre is composed of Mormon amateurs, most of whom follow some other employment during the day. The epoch of "payment in kind" at the doors of this theatre—corn, peaches, or knitted stockings—is pretty well over. A recent American paper tells us that "the receipts at John McCullough's benefit consisted principally of sweet potatoes, corn in the ear, white mice, home-made pies, a litter of pigs, and 200 axe-handles," and that a prominent Mormon, seeing "no standing-room" advertised at the doors, offered "a three-year-old bull" for a stage box; but there is not a word of truth in it.

In the neighbourhood of Salt Lake City, there are several hot and sulphur springs, one of which has been utilised for bathing purposes. It is the one which was owned by Dr. Robinson, a Gentile—who was brutally murdered by some Mormons of earlier days—they asserting a prior claim to the land on which it is situated. Even now the property is in litigation. Some of the springs are too hot for bathing; one would stand a great chance of getting boiled in them. Indeed, a United States soldier,* somewhat inebriated, once lost his life this way; he swore boastfully that he could do anything which a — Mormon could do. He had somehow obtained the idea that the boiling-hot spring in question was a favourite bathing-place of theirs. He stripped and plunged in, and that was the last of him. He was sucked under the rock from which the spring emerges, by a whirlpool current, and, shrieking and struggling, was hurried to his last account. His body was never more seen.

Rejoining the Pacific Railroad at Ogden, I passed through a vast quantity of the desolate lands lying round the head of Great Salt Lake. There are miles upon miles of alkaline tracts, looking like a badly-frosted cake; and the deserted camps of the railroad builders, with their *débris* of tin cans, bottles—always bottles—boxes and packing-cases, disabled stoves and pots, skeletons of slaughtered beasts and over-worked mules—ay, and human skeletons too—do not add any attractions to the picture. And yet wherever Nature has given the Mormons a chance, there you may observe neat farms, with orchards, gardens, and fields. The Saints' strength lies in irrigation—with it they make the desert to "blossom as the rose;" one might fancy that they all hailed from Holland. A little further on, at Corinne, on Bear River, situated in a much better country than that just described, a "city" of some 3,000 people grew up last spring in a few weeks, built very much on the strength of its becoming the point of junction for the Union and Central Pacific lines (which together form the Pacific Railroad), but also from the fact that it is a *dépot* for distant mines in Idaho. As I saw it, it was a town of tents and board and canvas houses. I took my repasts and slept in such a house, the floor being that provided by Nature. A bank and a newspaper office, as well as dozens of stores and drinking-saloons, were being carried on in tents also. Since my visit, some board and shingle and also adobe houses have been constructed, and Corinne promises to become a permanent settlement.

About the next day's travel I shall say little. The line was not then quite finished; in less than a week it was open to traffic, and trains passing regularly on their way to California. I went over between the two companies' tracks (*i.e.* between the

* There is a large military station, Camp Douglas, in the immediate vicinity of Salt Lake City. Its guns command the latter place.

terminal points of the Union and Central Pacific Railroads) by stage, passing several canvas towns, some of them already deserted, and in one or two cases smoking and burning, they having been intentionally destroyed by their late inhabitants. I passed the spot sacred to the "great track-laying feat," as it was known at the time. When the "Central" Railroad people had laid six miles of rails in a day, the "Union" Company

to the twenty-dollar piece—the handsomest coin in the world—and its strong determination to have nothing to do with paper money, at least till the days of its depreciation shall be over, I was neither surprised nor disappointed to find, on reaching the end of the "Central Pacific" track (a Californian enterprise), that gold prices commenced there.* I slept in a railroad "car," there being no accommodation outside; a motley crew



SAW MILL IN A FOREST OF PINES.

beat them by laying upwards of seven miles. But the Centralies eventually came out triumphantly by laying *ten miles and a half* in one day. The contest was looked upon as one between California and the Atlantic States, and the former was very proud of her achievement. I furthermore saw the spot where the "last rail" was laid, the "last spike" driven, on the 10th of May, when the railroad was virtually open from Atlantic to Pacific.

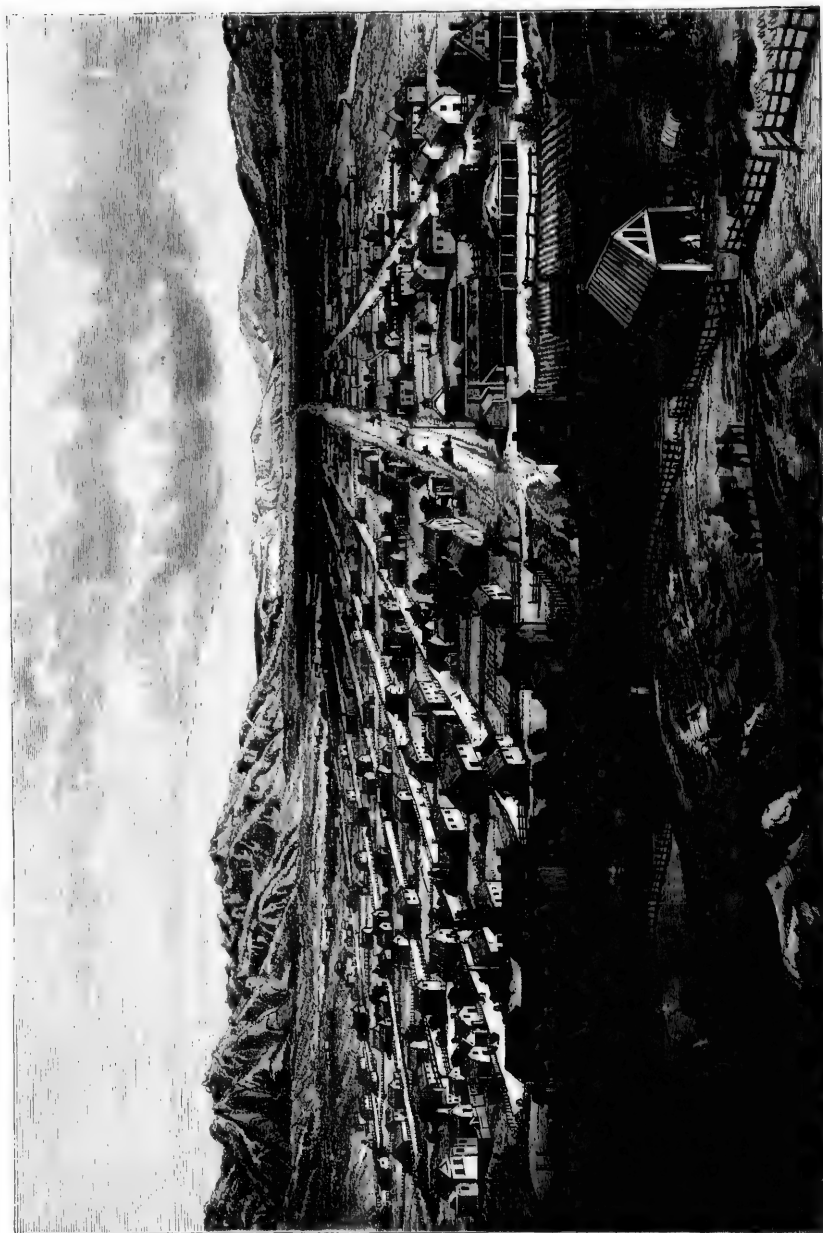
Having been previously pretty familiar with California and its love of honest "hard cash," from the modest ten-cent piece

of rowdies, blackguards, gamblers, and abandoned women, made night hideous with their drunken orgies. A few days afterwards this camp ceased to exist. We were almost in sight of Salt Lake. No fresh water was to be found on the spot; it was brought from a distance in metal tanks on wheels, for the use of locomotives. Morning came at length, and our train started on the way through Nevada to California. The first mile of our ride convinced me that we were on a well-

* It may be interesting to some future traveller to learn that "green-backs" are taken there at 75 cents on the dollar.

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SALT LAKE CITY.

built road, and subsequent experience compels me to add, that the Central Pacific Railroad is, besides being in its way, as I shall presently show, one of the wonders of the world, a safe and honestly constructed line throughout.

A few years ago California and Nevada were not well provided with railroads; but the discovery of the celebrated Washoe and other silver mines, with the rapid development of the country in other respects, rendered their construction imperative. The Central Pacific Company, in proposing to build towards Utah, had a hard task before them—that of penetrating the great Sierra Nevada range of mountains, and two years of preliminary explorations were found necessary. At length the Donner Lake Pass was selected as the most favourable and direct route through the mountains. The work of construction was commenced in 1863. It took four years to build to and over the Sierra summit—a distance of 106 miles from Sacramento, California.

On our way we passed numerous "construction trains," on which hundreds of Chinese labourers boarded and slept, being conveyed from place to place as their services were required. They were veritable camps on wheels; each house though roughly constructed of planks, and carried on flat freight "cars," had a reasonable appearance of comfort, and from each a stove-pipe protruded, showing that the celestial "inner man" was not disregarded by the company.

Soon we were in the Humboldt country—one pleasantly varied, and watered by the river of the same name. Here, quite recently, an old mining "excitement" has been revived; and the silver mines of the Cope district, not more than sixty or seventy miles distant from the Pacific Railroad, are proving extremely rich. But the discovery of greatest importance, made since the construction of this portion of the Pacific Railroad, is undoubtedly that of the White Pine silver mines. Nothing has caused so much attention to be directed to Nevada since the discovery of the Virginia mines. The district is 110 miles from the railroad, and the developments so far made, have caused the erection of quite large towns at Elko and Carlin, the stations for White Pine. Vast deposits of chlorides, bromides, and sulphides, "ruby" and "horn" silver have been found, and the ore yields from \$100 to \$25,000 (£20 to £5,000) per ton. Of a visit to the Eberhardt, the most celebrated of these mines, a reliable writer, says:—"Descending the shaft on a rope, we found ourselves among men engaged in breaking down silver by the ton. The light of our candles disclosed great black sparkling masses of silver on every side. The walls were silver, the roof over our heads silver, the very dust which filled our lungs and covered our boots and clothing with a grey coating, was fine silver. We are told that in this chamber a million dollars' worth of silver lies exposed to the eye, and our observation confirms the statement. How much may be back of it Heaven only knows. Astounded, bewildered, and confounded, we picked up a handful of the precious metal and returned to the light of day. But for the bars of solid silver since shown us, we should be inclined to doubt the evidence of our senses, and look upon the whole scene in the chambers of the Eberhardt mine as the work of a disordered fancy, the baseless fabric of a vision." The White Piners, however, have to endure a climate worse than Alaska. Snow-storms, fogs, rain, succeed each other rapidly; pulmonary complaints have carried off hundreds; the silver extracted is well and hardly earned. On

the 20th of May, 1869, the thermometer stood at 32° Fah. at noon; and at a later date men lost fingers and toes by frost-bite. The altitude of Treasure Hill, where the principal deposits have been found, is close on 9,000 feet above the sea level.

Beyond Elko the road passes through a magnificent gorge, but is usually uninteresting. At Argenta and Winnemucca (the latter a station for Idaho), the altitude is about 4,500 feet, increasing gradually, with occasional descents, till at Truckee, a height of 5,866 feet is attained; and with increased elevation the scenery improves. Snow peaks, mountain torrents, and forests of gigantic pine herald the approach to the Sierras. Numerous saw-mills, usually worked by water power, are seen on every hand; and the "lumber" they produce is valuable in California, where timber is, in general terms, rather scarce. And here, too, commences that great line of "snow sheds"—veritable wooden tunnels—built to protect the railroad from the snow-drifts and avalanches which otherwise would stop all traffic in winter time. Fifteen feet and upwards of snow, in 1868, filled up the neighbouring gulches. The only objection to the "sheds" is that they hide some of the finest mountain scenery on the route.

"Summit" Station is the highest point on the Central Pacific Railroad. Its elevation is 7,042 feet, and the great difficulty in reaching that height—the very heart of the Sierra Nevada Range—was found in the fact that it was within 100 miles of the tidal waters of the Pacific. The grades had to be distributed over a comparatively short distance, and there was a considerable number of surveys made before the present route was chosen. The valleys formed by the streams on the west slope of the Sierras are too broken, tortuous, and, precipitous for railroad purposes, and it was necessary to have recourse rather to the outlying ridges. The grades on the mountain division range from 75 to 116 feet to the mile. There are altogether fifteen tunnels on this part of the line: the great "Summit Tunnel," driven through hard granite, is 1,700 yards in length.

As the locomotive, puffing and snorting, emerges from one of these mountain tunnels, it passes a spot made memorable in the early history of California. In 1846, Captain Donner, with a pioneer band of some eighty emigrants, entered the Pass, now named after their leader, and through which the railroad now cleaves its way. A terrible snow-storm completely hemmed them in, and thirty-seven persons of the little band perished miserably from starvation and cold. As the shipwrecked mariner has sometimes resorted to the last terrible alternative—that of sustaining existence by cannibalism—so did some members of this unfortunate party. At the recent "Pacific Railroad Celebration" at Sacramento, William Murphy, a member of this very band, himself a child at the time, and whose mother died at Donner Pass, alluded in broken accents to the sufferings they endured. Nor was there, at the conclusion of his address, a dry eye among all the hardy men who listened to him; men, be it observed, who knew from experience the difficulties encountered in the early days; men who would smile contemptuously at many of our travellers' yarns. The very spot which witnessed the occurrence of this tragedy is now a favourite summer resort for Californians, and at the neighbouring Donner Lake there is an excellent hotel. So moves the world.

The grandeur of this Sierra region cannot be overstated.

It is much more the "Switzerland of America" than some other localities to which the title has been applied. Grand snow-peaks and forest-covered hills; blue lakes and tarns; cataracts, torrents, and quieter streams succeed one another so rapidly, that the hasty railroad traveller much regrets his inability to stop among these—to him—fleeing scenes. There is, however, no difficulty in making a halt among the Sierras. Not merely are there many settlements, with decent hotel accommodations, but in summer one can lead the life of an independent tourist, and, taking tent and supplies, spend a delightful time in the open air. There is plenty of good shooting—from grisly bears to grouse—and fishing in the mountain tarns is profitable sport.

On the western slope of the Sierras one can see, from the railroad, some most glorious landscapes. "Emigrant Gap," "Bear Valley," "Yuba and Blue Cañons," are localities which would be attractive to the most ambitious artist. Steep walls and cliffs of rock, enclosing verdant gorges and smiling valleys; the Sierra peaks in the distance; far below the railroad embankment—down, maybe, many hundred feet—a river or torrent, so distant that it looks like a silver thread; foaming cataracts and mountain waterfalls; here and there a settler's house, rude but picturesque—all these features combine to present the traveller with an ever-changing panorama of attractive views. And amid these scenes the practical side is ever prominent in the evidences of present or past mining activity. "Flumes" and "ditches," for the purpose of conveying water from a distance to the mining camps, are constantly seen, and the road passes through some old mining towns, to which a certain interest attaches itself, although our space will not permit of any allusions thereto.

At length the charming and highly-cultivated valley of the Sacramento was reached, and in the legislative, swampy capital of California the journey may be considered ended. A steamboat ride down the Sacramento River and San Francisco

Bay to San Francisco, or a railroad ride to Vallejo, thence taking boat to the "Hay City" completes the trip from Atlantic to Pacific.* It is now regularly made in seven days, and letters reach San Francisco from London in seventeen to eighteen days. Of California I shall not now speak. In an early number of the "ILLUSTRATED TRAVELS" I recorded the impression left on my mind in a previous visit, and now, writing directly from that country, I see no reason to change my views. I know no land so attractive at the present moment—attractive equally for the poor emigrant or for the wealthy capitalist. Time will prove my views correct. Yet this, one of the most splendid countries in the globe, is languishing for population. California could well support 20,000,000 souls; her present population does not exceed 650,000 to 700,000. In some future article I hope to resume this subject, and at the present moment can recommend California to all who are seeking a new country wherein to increase and multiply. The Pacific Railroad has rendered it an accessible territory, and the wise will go to it now, while land is yet to be obtained at the Government prices. For young farmers it is undoubtedly the paradise of the United States. In conclusion, and to make this article of practical use, I would briefly mention the present rate of fares between New York and San Francisco. A first-class through ticket on the railroad costs \$150 (paper currency, £22 10s.) This does not include the cost of "sleeping-cars" and meals on the road, which will run up to about £8 more. Second-class tickets for the same journey are now sold for \$70 (say £11). The steamers, *via* Panama, have also greatly reduced their rates owing to the opposition. First-class "through" is 20 guineas; steerage, about 10 guineas. To the above charges the reader has but to add the passage from England to New York to find the total cost of a trip to the Golden State.

* A new railroad will connect the legislative and commercial capitals of California at a period not far distant.

Journey from the Senegal to the Niger.—II.

FROM THE FRENCH OF LIEUTENANT MAGE.

CHAPTER II.

FROM ST. LOUIS TO BAKEL—LAST INSTRUCTIONS OF GENERAL FAIDHERBE—FROM BAKEL TO MEDINA—INCIDENT AT KOTÉRE—SENEGAL BETWEEN FÉLOU AND GOUÏNA—FINAL DEPARTURE FROM MEDINA, ON THE 24TH OF NOVEMBER, 1863—MANNER OF MARCHING—POLITICS OF KHASSO, OF LOGO, AND OF NATIAGA—VISIT TO ALTINEY-SEGA—CLIMBING A MOUNTAIN—ASPECT OF THE COUNTRY—ROUTE FROM MEDINA TO GOUÏNA—ATTACK OF FEVER—ENCAMPMENT AT GOUÏNA—TRIAL OF NAVIGATION ABOVE THIS POINT—ITS FAILURE—DEPARTURE OF THE OFFICERS OF MEDINA—THE GUIDE SENT BACK—WE ARE ALONE.

THE river being unusually low in 1863, I left a month earlier than I had intended. I set out on October the 12th, in the gunboat *Coutewring*, taking with me whatever had not been sent on with my lapots, and the instruments I had ordered from France, which had just arrived by the steamer. There was a barometer, two thermometers, a small sextant, artificial horizon,

three pocket-compasses, a watch marking the seconds, and a chronometer. I had also a theodolite, but its size and weight obliged me to leave it at Bakel, where I arrived after inspecting the different posts on the left branch of the Senegal, the Richard Toll, Dagana, Podor, &c. On the 19th I landed at Bakel, and spent some few days there making inquiries for the horses and donkeys which I needed. During this time the governor, General Faidherbe, came to inspect us, and I received his last verbal instructions, which were summed up thus: "Start as soon as possible; get on as quickly as you can before the hot weather begins, and try to reach the Niger." Then thinking, perhaps, that I was wanting in enthusiasm, he added a few words calculated at once to reach the heart of any man of feeling. The next day he left Bakel, with shouts of applause from the Foot Artillery and the ships, and a few days after, on the 26th, I also left for Medina, the last French

station on the river where I could finally make arrangements for a caravan.

I had bought a pretty good horse at Bakel, small but strong, the only one I could find, and for that I paid ten pounds, twice as much as it was worth. Notwithstanding my great desire to obtain a horse for the doctor, I was obliged to abandon the idea, and give him his choice of the two I had bought at St. Louis. Twelve donkeys, which I had been able to procure, seemed to me to be enough to carry our things, which comprised about 800 rations for my blacks, a hundred-weight of powder, 600 cartridges, our clothes, the instruments for observation, the medicines, &c. In order not to over-fatigue the animals, I sent a large quantity of my goods in a canoe as far as Medina, while I travelled with

opposed this was knocked down, and before I could restore order, the whole village came out, attracted by the woman's cries, attacked my men with great sticks, and violently took away their weapons. In vain the chief man of the village and I tried to separate the combatants. Every one was enraged; I myself was threatened with a blow from a dagger, and being knocked over several times, I had need of all the coolness and presence of mind I possessed.

This could not go on; in vain did I recommend my men not to fire, the *Sarracolets** loaded their guns, and I saw that the time was come when there was nothing left for us but to sell our lives as dearly as we could, when, fortunately, I was recognised by some of the villagers, who had been under me in 1859-60, when I was commanding the *Couleuvre* at



VIEW ON THE UPPER SENEGAL.

the unladen animals, being thus able to accomplish about ten leagues a day, and arriving at Medina on the 30th of October.

If the water was too low to allow the steamboats to run to Medina, it was quite high enough to make it very difficult for us to pursue our journey by land. We could not cross at Falémé, where the current is very strong, without the help of the canoe we had brought with us; and it was the same at the ford of Dianou Kholé, and several others. The mud and the steepness of the banks delayed us, and caused many falls, which were sometimes dangerous.

At Kotéré, a hamlet of Kaméra, an incident occurred which nearly put an end to our expedition before it had well begun. When my men arrived they found the road obstructed by a fence, which they wished to remove.* An old woman who

Makhana. They joined me and the chief, and repulsed the younger villagers, while I gathered my men together with the help of my faithful Bakary Gueye. We recaptured the animals who were devouring the grain, made them go out, and peace was restored. Then I entered the village with M. Quintin and a lapot interpreter. I easily got back our arms, and sharply reproved the villagers for their brutality, reminding them that it was a bad thing to use violence against us, and that if we did them any harm, the commander was at Bakel to do them justice and repair any loss. The village chief, who had behaved very well, made excuses for himself, and asked pardon for his people.

The only real damage we sustained was the breaking of the glass of the chronometer in my pocket—no doubt by some blow of which I was not conscious at the time. Henceforth

* At this time of the year the crop of millet has not all been gathered in, and to prevent animals from trespassing, they make hedges of thorns outside the villages.

* The *Sarracolets*, or inhabitants of Kaméra, are of the Soninké race.

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NEGRO ESCORT OF M. MAGE.

we were obliged to carry this instrument in a box, and I could only use it to count the seconds.

At Medina I occupied myself in packing my luggage for the last time, bought provisions and some things we had forgotten at St. Louis, and saw to the lading of the animals. Leaving M. Quintin to finish the last few details, I went to explore the river above the Falls of Félou, in the canoe I had brought with me. When we reached the foot of the cataract, we carried it to land on its cart, and mules drew it till we reached the higher basin. That part of the river between the Falls of Félou and those of Gouina had been visited by M. Pascal, sub-lieutenant of the Marine Infantry in 1859, at the time of his travels in Bambouk. Before him, M. Brossard de Corbigny had gone by land as far as Bagou Kho, in 1858. I went myself, in 1860, by land as far as Gouina, in the dry season. They said, at Bakel, that M. Rey (the late commander of this fort) had gone there by water in a canoe. However, after the first day I was stopped by a barrier of rocks, five of which I crossed the next day, but the size of the sixth obliged me to give it up and return for provisions and a conveyance. In this first expedition, when M. Poutot, then lieutenant in the Engineers, commanding at Medina, accompanied me, I had tried the river in its navigable parts; in my second attempt, when I succeeded in reaching the village of Banganoura, I was accompanied by Dr. L'Helgoual'rh, surgeon of the post. We met with no less than eleven barriers, several of which obliged us to carry the canoe across the rocks; some we could not pass except by the towline;* others, again, only by every one getting into the water and carrying the canoe over the rapids, a work of much difficulty and danger.

At Banganoura, the succession of rapids and the violence of the current would not allow me to advance, so I disembarked, and went to look at the road, to see if we could carry the canoe until we had got beyond the falls, and then continue our exploration of the river. I was about half a league from Gouina; the road, a mere path, lay across a rocky hill and two little ravines, but, with the devotion and skill of my *laptots*, I could overcome these difficulties. Reassured on this point, I admired and sketched the splendid falls, and returned to Medina.

These two excursions, which had taken me five days, left me in very good health, notwithstanding the dreadful fatigue I had undergone. I had traced the exact course of the river from Medina to Gouina, and was sure of being able to continue my expedition above these falls. My enthusiasm increased, but I took care to redouble my precautions, to aid me in surmounting the difficulties I foresaw would arise, in trying to carry so great a weight, with so few men and such small means of conveyance.

When I returned to Medina, I sent the canoe back to Banganoura, loaded with provisions, its little cart, and all it could possibly carry under the circumstances. I entrusted this to Samba-Voro, who had been my companion in my first voyages. He understood all the difficulties, but as he was an enterprising man, he did not hesitate to undertake the charge. When he reached Banganoura, he obtained from the village chief a cottage in which to store my provisions, gave them into Dethié Ndiaye's charge, who stayed with Sidy to take care of the canoe, and returned to me at Medina.

* An operation which consists in drawing the canoe along by means of a rope from the shore.

I left Medina finally on the morning of the 25th of November, 1863. The evening before I had loaded my donkeys, and sent on my caravan to encamp on the bank of the Falls of Félou, thus saving some time, as the first starting is very troublesome; and the blacks do not make it any better, as they are naturally most disorderly. The advice they are given is scarcely listened to, the orders they receive are badly executed, and hardly have they finished loading an animal, when it is necessary to do the whole work over again. This happened to us several times that day. When this accident does occur, the best plan is to stop the whole caravan at once, for generally it takes a long time, and when there are only a few men the difficulty is greater. At these delays, other animals, which are either too heavily or not sufficiently laden, take the opportunity of shaking off their burdens or lying down, so that sometimes the progress is checked for an hour. By degrees the men get more accustomed to it, they girth the saddle-bags and balance the packages more evenly, use the animals less roughly, which makes them consequently go far better, and thus at last it becomes possible to make long marches without any stoppages whatever.

In all these emergencies, I repeat, patience is required, and imperturbable coolness. If the blacks dispute, let them alone; they very seldom come to blows—the tongue is their favourite weapon; but it is impossible to conceive the use they make of it, unless one has heard them. Unfortunately, I did not possess much patience and coolness, and during the first few days I gave way to so much irritability, that it was not very long before I felt the effects of it. From the very first there were symptoms of jealousy and discord amongst my men, which afterwards gave me a good deal of trouble and embarrassment. Things got to such a pitch that I was often obliged to interfere to prevent blows, and several times I was too late. The fact was that I had with me picked men of different classes, all working alike; and those who were accustomed to govern tried to make the others serve them, who having quite as much to do themselves, felt this an imposition; so, what with jealousy and slander, our party did not long keep in perfect harmony.

I do not remember what politician it is who says, "To rule you must divide." This may be true, and with men who are capable of treason I should have congratulated myself on these quarrels; but as it was, they caused me continual difficulties. When I left Medina, Sambala, King of Khasso, had just sent an army into the country, as is the custom amongst the blacks. The object of this campaign was kept a mystery, but before starting, I used every effort to try and learn from Diogou Sambala, the king's cousin, to what place the expedition was destined. At first he pretended to be utterly ignorant, but on my persisting to question him, he told me, under the seal of secrecy, that it was going to Dentilia. Was this true, or was it only a piece of the duplicity so common among the blacks, and of which they are not the least ashamed when they are discovered? However that might be, I believed it, and set out without any distrust.

This expedition had brought the principal chiefs to Medina (the allies of Sambala), and, amongst others, Altiney-Sega, chief of Natiaga, and Nyamody, chief of Logo. Although Natiaga and Logo are really provinces of Khasso, and the inhabitants are Khassonkés, and Sambala receives the title

of King of Khasso, it is quite a mistake to think that he governs all these principalities. The Government of Senegal, recognising an ally in Sambala, did their best to increase his power, and to give him the preponderance over his neighbours; but he could not quite obliterate the traces of the past. Logo became his vassal, but not his tributary; and Nyamody, its chief, took care to fortify himself in the village of Sabouiré, so as to be safe from the caprice of this prince, now an ally of the French, by whom his life had been saved at the siege of Medina, though he now disowned these services, if not openly, at least in private. As to Altiney-Sega, when El Hadj arrived, leaving behind him traces of blood and fire, he thought it prudent to bend before the storm, and, taking his followers with him, he offered to help the prophet to accomplish his project, forsaking Sémonou, who was obliged to fly. He stayed at the head of his own people in a subordinate position, till El Hadj began his struggle with Ségon. Then he went back, saying that El Hadj had authorised them to return to their homes; but in reality he was a deserter from the prophet's army.

Understanding that El Hadj's defeat at Medina, in 1857, had left the supremacy of the country in the hands of the French, he applied to the Governor of Medina for permission to return to his village of Natiaga, which formerly belonged to Mansolah; then thinking that he might perhaps incur the vengeance of Sambala, he established himself in a gorge with natural fortifications, where he founded the village of Tinké at the foot of some rocks which form a sort of "Pass of Thermopylae." When he came to Medina, in obedience to a call from Sambala, he made me promise to go and see him on my journey across Natiaga.

The governor, thinking that he was on good terms with El Hadj, gave orders that he should be well treated, so as to win him over to our interests, and so compensate for the evident ill-will with which Sambala regarded our journey. As for me, I imagined him to be a secret agent of El Hadj's, and as soon as I was encamped on the plain of Natiaga, I went to see him, wishing to give my men a day's rest, and to inform myself of his forces. His contingents had left the day before, and he assured me he did not know where they were gone. He seemed embarrassed, and even tried to avoid seeing me, by saying he was ill; but I forced my way into his house, so that he was obliged to give us an audience. I advised him to keep peace and a good understanding with his neighbours, and also to restore the numerous villages which had been destroyed in the war; and particularly that of Ouâ-Sâlla, on the river-bank, which stood in a good position; and he promised me to set about it the next day. Seeing that he had lost the fear he had shown, I asked him for a guide as far as Batoulabé. He told me that none of his men would be able to conduct me, as they had not been on the road for ten years; however, the next day he sent me one of his Khassonkés; this was in acknowledgment of a present I had previously made him. It was not much, only a velvet cap embroidered with gold, but the effect on the fellow was beyond expression.

The same evening I tried to climb a mountain in the neighbourhood, but could not reach the summit; for after having passed the inclined plains, I reached a perpendicular wall, more than sixty-five feet high, which defied all my attempts to scale it. From there I had a very fine view; the river in all its windings between us and Dinguir, with its rocky barriers,

and falls sparkling in the sun; the magnificent plain of Natiaga, broken by its massive mountain chains, and numerous streams, spreading out far into the distance, and losing itself in narrow valleys, surmounted with numerous peaks—these formed very striking features in the landscape. At my feet was my camp; to the right rose the picturesque Mountains of Maka Gnian, and several chains of mountains formed quite a fairy-like background. I could never tire of admiring this country, where God has lavished his gifts with unwonted prodigality. The ground is fertile to an extent hardly credible; water abounds and furnishes good fish; gold is to be found near the end of the valley to the left; iron, everywhere beneath us in the valley, and on the slopes, and above us in the highest peaks. The river abounds in falls, of which the motive power would be incalculable; but no hand of man has laboured in this world of riches. The natives do not even know how to get clothes with which to dress themselves. Their women are half naked, their habitations miserable, their utensils clumsy, and their most advanced arts, metallurgy and weaving, are still in their infancy.

Such were my meditations. Reflecting that these people, like those in Senegambia, have been more or less in contact with Europeans for nearly two centuries, I asked myself, by what means could they be aroused from the state of apathy in which they were—only applying their strength and intelligence to evil—to war and pillage? However, I was obliged to tear myself away from these thoughts; the hill on which I was standing was exposed to the sun, and I began to feel some symptoms which alarmed me.

The next day, the 27th, I had the luggage packed, and we began our march to Gouina early, where I had resolved we should encamp that night. Our short stay at Mansolah, whence I started, had shown me how profitable a traffic our traders might carry on in buying earth-nuts in this country. With a canoe they could reach thus far at high water; and judging from the price at which I bought them, I should think that they would be able to realise immense profits. I wrote to the governor some days afterwards, and told him that for a couple of yards of long cloth, equivalent to a little more than two francs, we had bought four bushels of earth-nuts—that is to say, about a hundredweight of this vegetable, worth fifteen to twenty francs in France, and ten or twelve francs in the market at St. Louis.

From Medina to Mansolah the road winds along by the river-side, as far as Dinguir; and the river is, in this part, pretty free from barriers. At Dinguir, it leaves the river, which is then a succession of rocks and rapids. When we left Mansolah our route became difficult. The road, passing between high rocks, was rendered intricate by tall grass, among which gazelles and antelopes bounded, flying swiftly as the wind at our approach, and frightening coveys of partridges and pintadoes, which often fell victims to our blows, from their slow and heavy flight. Every tree we passed was the resort of troops of paroquets, the plague of the fields, which they strip, and on every rock a grey monkey chattered and grimaced. But all these things, which at another time would have attracted my attention, now found me cold and impervious. My dull head balanced itself on my shoulders, and I shivered. I felt, to tell the truth, all the symptoms of an attack of fever, and one of the most violent I ever experienced in the whole course of my travels. Wherever there was a break in the thick

clouds which half veiled the heavens, the sun shone on us with an inconceivable heat, and the difficulties of the road, which obliged me constantly to lead my horse, added to my distress. I was tormented with thirst, and the vegetation becoming less and less bushy, left me without any shelter. Three times I was attacked with dizziness, and sliding from my horse, I lay extended under the shade of the brambles. A few drops of water from one of the officer's flasks revived me, but no one who has not suffered from the fevers of Senegal, can comprehend what I endured. After three hours' march in this condition, I reached the Bagoukho, which was fordable at this time. I crossed, and we encamped on its bank till half-past two. This delay gave me time to get a little rest, and the fever passed away. In the evening I encamped in a natural bower, formed by a tree on the edge of the river, 650 feet above the Falls of Gouina.

The next day I sent all my men to Banganoura, to carry the canoe to the upper river above the falls. We had to drag it up an almost perpendicular bank, place it on rollers and clear our way through the bushes and across two ravines. In the afternoon we accomplished our task, and launched the boat on waters where European craft had never floated, and where I do not expect to see another float for many a long year.

So far all had gone well, except my health; but I had had too much experience of the fevers of Senegal to be afraid of a simple attack, however violent it might be. Besides, I was prepared for the second attack, and had already taken physic; the third was so slight that I

saw the fever was conquered by sulphate of quinine. But still I felt very weak for two days—too weak to set out in



THE FALLS OF FÉLOU.

the sun—and not willing to lose such precious time, I spent it in finishing my sketch-map of the river, writing my letters, fixing the exact latitude of Gouina by many observations of the meridian height of the sun, which gave me $14^{\circ} 00' 45''$ north, whilst by calculation, after all reductions were made, I found the longitude $13^{\circ} 30' 14''$ west of Paris.

I had taken a tolerably correct view of the cataract at low tide on my first visit to Gouina. I was now able to add to my first drawing a view of this magnificent landscape at high water. Gouina is then a splendid sight. The river, 1,600 to 1,700 feet wide, falls in sheets, broken by immense masses of rock, so worn and riddled by the stream that it escapes in a thousand elegant threads of water, which add much to the grandeur of the scene. The height of this fall was only forty-seven feet at this time. It reaches to sixty feet when the river is low in the basin under the falls, from which it escapes by a succession of rapids, which in a distance of about eighty yards make a further difference of thirteen feet in the level.

During this time the doctor set out in a canoe with the officers from Medina, who, having accompanied me so far, hoped to see Bafoulabé; but their hopes were disappointed, for after having crossed three little rapids, they were stopped by a fall of water, and were obliged to turn back. They had reached the site of the ancient village of Foukhara, the extreme point of M. Pascal's visit in 1859. When he arrived there, he found the guides afraid of going further, on account of El Hadj's scouts; so he was obliged to retrace his steps, and enter the territory of Bamboouk. To pass this point, therefore, was a step gained in the geography of Senegal, and the governor con-

sidered it of such importance that one day, when I was expressing to him my regret at having so few resources for my journey, he replied, "Do what you can; impossibilities are not asked of you, and even if you do not get farther than Bafoulabé, that in itself would be an important result." Seeing the same obstacles which had stopped M. Pascal rise before me, my guide declaring he only knew the inland road, whilst I wished to follow the course of the river, to see if it were navigable by a canoe, I cut short the difficulty by sending the guide back with the officers, MM. Poutot and Bougel, who returned to Medina. I then took the road to Foukhara, resolved that nothing short of impossibilities should drive me back.

The same evening I encamped at the first bar examined by M. Quintin, and determined to proceed the next day to the second. Things went wrong, however: the men who were sent to reconnoitre the road and to burn the grass could not set it on fire. One mule had already fallen. Two men, having drunk the impure water of a pool, were taken violently sick. We no longer had any guide, and before us was a *terra incognita*. How near should we find inhabited villages? To what people would the inhabitants belong? How would they receive us? All these questions were awaiting their answers; but for myself, the more threatening the prospect seemed the higher my courage rose, and the more firmly I was resolved to go forward, whatever might happen.

A New Zealand Snow-storm.—In Two Parts.

BY FREDERICK NAPIER BROOME.

PART I.

On the 29th of July, 1867, I was living in the province of Canterbury, New Zealand, on a sheep-station in the Malvern Hills. So far the winter had been wonderfully fine, without even the occasional slight falls of snow we were accustomed to. The sheep were in good condition, and the number of lambs greater than I ever remember. My partner, H—, was about to leave for England. We had taken a farewell ride together through the run. There was already some spring in the grass, and on the bare patches of hill-side we noticed the lambs racing and playing by the hundred—a sight to gladden the heart of a sheep-farmer.

On the day I mention, H— and I were to drive down together to Christchurch, where I was to be with him till the 6th of August, when he had to leave Lyttleton, the port town, by the branch steamer to Wellington. There he would take the mail-boat and proceed to England, *via* Panama, a voyage of about fifty days. After breakfast I said good-bye to my wife, promising to return by the 7th, and rode over to H—'s house, about two miles off; there I left my horse, and started with him in a double dog-cart and pair. As we were leaving we noticed a coming change in the weather. A dark bank of clouds advanced slowly from the south-west, the wind shifted to that quarter, and blew very cold. We were half inclined to put off the journey, but as the horses were in, we determined to start, trusting to leave the rain behind us. The station being fifty miles inland, and 1,100 feet above the sea, the whole distance we had to travel (forty-five miles) was a gradual descent, and weather towards the sea-coast often differs from that in the hills. Fortunate it was we did start that morning; had we not done so, on the next day, and for a fortnight afterwards, travelling would have been impossible, and H— would have lost the mail, as well as the moiety of his passage-money already paid.

We reached town that evening. We had, as we anticipated, least most of the rain among the mountains. Across the plains (for thirty miles) the road was good, and the slight drizzle which fell served to keep the horses cool, so that they did their work well and quickly, landing us at the Christchurch Club in good time for dinner. On waking next morning, rain was beating furiously against the window. I looked

towards the hills, but could see nothing; a perfect hurricane was blowing; there was no fog, but a haze of rain almost as dense. H—'s luggage ought to have left the station this morning, in the dray; the weather would prevent this, but we expected a change in a day or so, as such violent bursts are generally short-lived, and there was yet a week before the starting of the steamer.

We passed our time very pleasantly in-doors, played a great many games of billiards, smoked a great many cigars, and otherwise idled through that day, and the next, and the next, and yet no sign of the storm breaking up. At last, very miserably, we went about the town, compelled by business necessary on H—'s departure. The streets were empty of people, the side channels perfect rivers, and still no view whatever towards the hills. We now knew that all the creeks and rivers would be flooded, and H— began to have doubts about his luggage arriving in time. However, with or without it, go he must, as his passage-money was paid. I also had a little anxiety of my own. The English mail arrived the day before we left the station. My letters had gone up country, but I had left instructions, in that case, to have them forwarded to town by the coach passing twelve miles from my house, as I wished particularly to answer them by the packet H— went by. But no coach had come in, or was likely to come in for some time. North, south, and west, communication was interrupted; the telegraphs were broken; there was no news whatever from the country. At Christchurch itself nothing but rain had fallen, but it was known that within ten miles snow was lying on the plains, and that within twenty it was a foot thick. By Friday night I was seriously uneasy. I knew that at home we were out of stores of every sort; that my wife was trusting to the dray sent with H—'s luggage returning at once with a full freight. But where was the dray? If not capsized in a creek, or stuck fast in a snow-drift, probably standing ingloriously at the station, and likely so to stand for another week. I knew also that our heap of firewood was at the last log. I had left orders for more to be cut and carted, but the snow would perhaps render this impossible. Still, having no positive tidings of the weather in the hills, I trusted it might be less severe than that which howled and rained over Christ-

che ch. But in the night of Friday, the storm, which had now raged four days, passed off to the northward, and on Saturday the sun rose in a clear sky. I got up, and my first look was towards the hills. I could see them well, from the lesser ranges in front to the Southern Alps, the backbone of the island, in the far distance; and from north to south there was a clear view of them—a magnificent semicircle of a hundred miles or more. It was a splendid, but, to a flock-owner, an appalling landscape. From base to brow all was a shining white. I did not then know that that snow was the winding-sheet of half a million sheep, but I could tell that it was very deep. There was not so much as one black speck uncovered in all those mountains. The dark juttings of rock, usually blown so bare, were smoothed over. Still H—— and I knew nothing certain, and we hoped for the best. Our run was very sheltered, broken into long valleys running up between the ranges, and our sheep and lambs had in former years weathered snow-storms without any great loss. As yet no mail-coach, riding post, or other traveller, had come in from more than twenty miles beyond Christchurch. The coach offices knew nothing of their coaches; in fact, no news whatever had arrived of the nature and damage of the storm among the sheep-stations. We saw there had been a great snow-fall; beyond this we knew nothing. But on that evening a gentleman, who lived some twenty miles to the north of us, came into the billiard-room where I happened to be. He had just ridden in from his station, fifty-five miles, and was spattered and stained from head to foot. He gave fearful accounts. The snow, he said, had fallen about four feet deep on the level ground, and, as a gale of wind had been blowing all the week, the drifts were tremendous—gullies filled up, creeks bridged over, &c. His horse had been six hours plunging through eight miles of half-frozen snow. On the plains it was not so bad, but among the hills it was terrific. On Sunday a messenger rode in to say that the West Coast Mail lay embedded in the snow half-way up a mountain pass, with its pole broken. This was the coach by which my English letters were to have come! A warm north-west wind set in; all rivers were reported impassable, especially one which I would have to pass going home; so, much as I wished to return and see how things were—how my sheep and lambs (not to mention my wife) had weathered the storm, I determined to remain, see H—— off on Wednesday, and make a push home on Thursday morning.

Wednesday morning came, and no sign either of H——'s luggage or of several friends who had promised to ride down and see him off. We now felt certain that the loss of lambs at least would be heavy. Some news of the state of things had penetrated to Christchurch. There was a paragraph in the paper. It was evident that the whole country, except the immediate seaboard, lay under a depth of water unprecedented in former years. Despite the warm wind, even the lower front hills remained as white and smooth with snow as ever. Still, in the absence of definite intelligence, we trusted to the very sheltered nature of our run to secure us against any heavy loss. At eleven a.m. H—— and I and several friends rode together to the port town, where we lunched. Soon afterwards the steamer ran up her Blue Peter; we went on board, wished H—— a pleasant passage over several bottles of champagne, and left just as the anchor was weighed.

We rode back that afternoon to Christchurch. About

nine in the evening, as I was in the middle of a game of billiards, I was told some one wanted to see me. It was the drayman with H——'s luggage and a letter from my wife. The man gave a bad account of the road. The dray had floated down the river, &c. The warm wind, he said, was taking the snow off the low ground, but the hills were still very deeply covered. My wife's letter contained worse news. They had been without fuel, and with scarcely any food. The house, which lay low, surrounded by hills, had been almost buried; and directly it was possible to stir out, "thousands of sheep and lambs" were found lying smothered in snow or drowned in the creeks. Here, indeed, was definite intelligence with a vengeance. I determined at once to start homewards, and, after winning my game of billiards, I went to a hotel where one of my neighbours, also in town, was staying, and told him the tidings. We agreed to ride together as far as his station that evening; from thence I could go on home early next morning. My horse had already carried me more than twenty miles, over hard roads, at anything but a moderate pace. However, off we started.

In six large streams, and running like a mill-race, we found the river, which ten days back I had crossed in one small channel fetlock deep. Very fortunately, we forded it without mishap. The night was pitch dark—so dark that we could not even see the water. We reached my friend's house, thirty-five miles from town, soon after one a.m.; and here we found the snow lying only where it had drifted against fences, &c., for we were still on the plains, and I had twelve miles further to ride in the morning. My horse, which happened to be a "station-screw" H—— had driven down, had carried me more than fifty-five miles. After making him comfortable, I went to bed.

Early next day I rode home. As I advanced among the hills the drifts were more frequent, until within a mile of my house nothing was thawed except sunny banks; though a hot wind had been at work for three days, there was the same uniformity of snow on the hills. Within half a mile of home, where the road crossed a creek, I came upon some two hundred sheep lying drowned; again, close to my garden I saw a quantity smothered in a drift. This was a good preparation for what was to follow. Not without difficulty I led my horse to the stable, as a great drift, five feet deep and partially frozen over, had to be waded through. Snow-banks, wave-shaped, showed where fences lay. From the level ground snow had almost disappeared, but in hollows and along ridges, where it had drifted, it still remained, and did remain for weeks. But all that I saw gave but a faint idea of what the actual violence of the storm itself had been. For several days there had blown a warm north-west wind; the low lands were sheets of water; all streams were flooded; the snow had melted from sunny slopes, and nothing but the flattened and dishevelled look of the long grass showed it ever had lain there. But on the higher hills there was no change; all was still, white, and shining.

I found my wife in the house alone; all hands were out on the run, skinning dead sheep and digging out survivors. The intrinsic value of live sheep being about fifteen shillings, it was possible, by securing the fleece and the internal fat, to realise about three shillings per head on those destroyed. I was glad to find that the letter sent to Christchurch had been somewhat hastily written. Not "thousands of sheep and lambs," but about five hundred sheep and several hundred

lunbs were all that had been found at present. More there were, no doubt, but how many, it was impossible to say, till sun and wind should bid the snow give up its dead; and even then it would take some time to visit the drifts over many square miles of country. All we could do at present was to set to work on the sheep already found. This we did, and in three days the stock-yard and other railings were well tapestried with skins. It was along a creek the dead sheep lay strewn. It appeared that during the storm they had drifted under its first terraces, and there taken shelter; that the snow, swept by the wind, had showered over the edge and gradually heaped above them; and that at last the flooding of the creek had completed the destruction, by drowning such as were not already smothered. Skinning drowned and frozen sheep is not a pleasant task, especially when standing knee-deep in a slush of snow and water. By evening-time the feet were numb and the fingers stiff and dead. This, however, soon yielded to dry clothes and brandy and water; and sitting round a fire made of the chopped-up fragments of some very neat pigsties not long ago put up, we recounted our mutual experiences of the storm.

According to the narrative given by my wife, it began to rain soon after H— and I left, and at bed-time (ten p.m.) on that day it was pouring. Rain strikes the low shingle roof of a New Zealand sheep-farmer's house like falling shot. The least drop is heard, and this keeps one informed as to the state of the weather: waking at night, one has only to listen if it is raining. On this first night the storm, having rattled away at the roof, seemed to subside after a few hours; but it was a treacherous quiet, and in the morning there was a white world. Sheep, on the approach of bad weather, invariably seek the low grounds; at other times they generally climb the ridges of the hills towards evening, and there camp for the night. On the flat ground near the house abutted two or three spurs leading from the ranges. All Monday, with much bleating, never-ending processions of sheep and lambs were defiling down these, and dispersing over the low country. No one who has never

seen a large flock of ewes and lambs can imagine the noise of bleating which several thousands of these make when they are travelling, and ordinarily this chorus is music in the ears of a sheep-farmer. It speaks to him of his next year's sales, which are to pay off that millstone of a mortgage, whose annual interest of twelve and a half per cent. has so long bound him to the ground.

The cries of the descending sheep and lambs were loud all Monday, but by the middle of Tuesday a dead silence fell over all the hills. It was to be hoped the sheep were safely sheltered somewhere. The snow was now a foot deep, still falling so thickly that the dense mass of sailing flakes obscured all beyond a distance of fifty yards. On Tuesday afternoon the man struggled over on horseback to H—'s house, and brought back a little mutton, all that was there. It may be easy enough in England to keep the turnpike road, even through snow falling and lying a foot deep, but here it was another matter. The road, never anything but a faintly-marked track, was now absolutely no road at all, but a series of concealed creeks and pitfalls. There were no guiding fences, and all landmarks might as well have been a thousand miles off, so dense was the snow-fog; however, the man returned safely about dusk. Had the storm now ceased, all would have been well. Perhaps once in two years we have as much as this. But the worst of the weather was yet to come. On Wednesday morning falling of snow continued as heavily as ever, with the addition of a fierce and freezing south-west wind. Now began the drifting, and the sheep were swallowed up wholesale in gigantic drifts. In the course of the day every sheep on the run (13,000) must, I am certain, have been buried in snow. They were driven on by the wind till they could plunge through it no longer. It was too soft to bear them, and, standing still, they were heaped over in a few hours. This I state from after-knowledge; at the time, nothing was known. It was dangerous to stir fifty yards from the house, and all concerning the sheep was only too correct conjecture.

A Cruise to Soo-chow.

BY A. F. LINDLEY, AUTHOR OF "TI PING TIEN KWOH; THE HISTORY OF THE TAIPING REVOLUTION," ETC.

DURING a roving and adventurous life, I found myself, some years ago, a wanderer on Chinese soil. In the month of October, 1862, it was my lot to visit the famous city of Soo-chow, in the heart of the silk-producing districts, of which, indeed, it was the great metropolis and capital. I say *was*, for, alas! its glories have long since departed. The dogs of war—of civil war—have been let loose upon it. No more do votaries of pleasure flock from the uttermost bounds of the vast "celestial" empire to revel in its gaiety, festivity, and luxuriousness! No more do native bards sing its praises in ecstatic verse. The once ceaseless hum of amusement—the noise of countless theatres and *singsongs*, or tea-houses, where visitors were treated to music (that is to say, what the Chinese call such), have given place to the loud clang, hammer, and din of a huge arsenal.

Shanghai—the largest sea-port town in the province of

Kiang-su, as also the most important of the "treaty-ports" at which foreigners are allowed to trade and to establish themselves—lies some fourteen miles from the mouth of the Wong-po, a good-sized stream which empties itself into the embouchure of the mighty Yang-tze-Kiang, that greatest of all China's great rivers, in latitude 31° N., longitude 122° E.

Early one bright and mellow morn, while the crisp hoarfrost was still lingering on the ground, just as the bells of the numerous European ships which throng the Shanghai anchorage, as they struck the hour of six, were ringing their melodious music over the waters, I and my dear old chum, Jack Esmond—he of the laughing blue eyes, the tawny beard and locks, and the stalwart frame—might have been seen striding across the *bund*, followed by my trusty boy, A-ling, and a couple of coolies well loaded with our travelling paraphernalia.



THE REFUGEES AT KAI-DING.

Proceeding to the F ho wharf, we hailed our boat to come alongside.

"Ningpo Sam," a broad and brawny native of the town, gave his price, but the thumping coxswomen started up as if his crew of men from their terribly confined little "three plank" hole beneath the deck of his craft, and, with a shrill cry, cried:

"Hoi, master! What for wantchee walk—too much too early, go!"

Like a flock of geese, the numerous other boatmen near by joined such a hoarse din by rowing, all together, "only your two Chinamen," such exclamations as, "Hoi, come to boat, star!" "Come 'long, master. Mi see you first!" "Mi *san-fan* more bettah, cap'n!"—that for

some moments we could not hear ourselves speak. At length, however, when these vociferous wretches heard the peremptory tones of our orders, and saw that Ningpo Sam had been engaged by us, they disappeared beneath the mat covers of their boats as suddenly as they had arisen, and left us to embark in peace.

The Shanghai *san-fan* (literally, "three planks") is quite a local and peculiar institution. In shape and form it resembles nothing in the world but half a walnut shell; so as a model of marine architecture, it is unique, to say the least. The pointed end forms the bow, whilst over the stern, working on a hard wood pin which fits into a hole in its centre, projects the broad-bladed *yahu*, or oar, with which the little craft is propelled. Working this on the

screw principle, from side to side, Ningpo Sam began sculling the shallow craft at a goodly speed out among the shipping in mid-stream, so as to take advantage of the strong flood tide. The strange motion—the swaying, rolling, heavy lurching, and rocking from side to side—however, caused by our boatman's exertions, and the round, keel-less bottom of the *san-pan*, would have been anything but agreeable to novices in that mode of travelling.

The boat was gorgeous in its colouring of scarlet, white, and blue, and was, besides, scrupulously clean. The forepart was decked over for about five feet, the space beneath constituting the cabin of her crew; and no one can say that they required too much room, the exact dimensions of their crib being five feet by four, and two and a half high! Aft of this little deck the boat was all open, and snowy-white bottom-boards ran fore and aft. The centre

up to the city, keeping even with the boat as it slowly crept up close inshore against the tide.

Upon reaching the open space stretching from the city walls to the river's bank, never shall I forget the heart-rending scene of horror that opened to our view. A moment before we had been springing along in all the joy of exuberant health and spirits, drinking in huge gulps of fresh country air, and, gun on arm, full of the sportsman's ardour; but now!—now the horrors of a ruthless, sanguinary war were spread suddenly before us.

A hideous, seething multitude of unfortunate wretches were spread grouped and huddled together in every position of death, starvation, and the most loathsome disease. There were some thousands of these poor mortals, and, worse than all, amongst them, scattered here and there, were lying the headless and mutilated bodies of those remaining victims



BRIDGE AT SOO-CHOW.

was covered in with a stout and weather-proof arched mat, some seven feet long, beneath which Jack and I were able to make ourselves very snug and comfortable. Our guns and rifles were slung up to the sides of the mat cover, and our stores of provisions, &c., stowed comfortably away all round our little cabin, upon the deck of which, the thwart being unshipped, we proceeded to spread out our rugs, and take it easy.

This little craft was destined to be our home for several weeks, during the whole of our proposed inland cruise; for water communication exists throughout this part of China.

It was about nine o'clock that morning when the tide began to fall us, and as the keen, invigorating air had wonderfully raised our appetites, we gave the word to pull inshore, and make fast to the bank for *chow-chow*.

The shipping and forest of junk masts lying above Shanghai had long faded out of sight astern, and we were now close to the city of Kah-ding, the massy walls of which, breached in several places, towered up above the paddy-fields ahead. This city had lately been most unjustifiably wrested from the Taipings by a combined British, French, and Imperialist force. After breakfast, I and my comrade walked

not yet cleared away, who had been tortured and put to death by the cruel mandarins. These people were all living peaceably and happy under the settled government of the Taiping insurgents, when foreign intervention came to enable the beaten Imperialists to glut their savage propensities upon the helpless and defenceless Taiping peasantry, after the brave revolutionary soldiers had been driven back by European troops and appliances. I dare not write one tithe of the fearful tales I heard there and in other parts, the revolting barbarities attending the wholesale executions of both men and women, and the shocking treatment to which the latter were subjected. Even young children had not been spared. Having become tired of murdering the unfortunate people, the brutal *marcs* now left the survivors to *save* beneath their walls. Within the Taiping territories the walled cities contained the granaries for the whole country; thus, when these fell into the hands of the Imperialists, and the grain was either retained or destroyed by them, the country people had to starve. Fleeing from the ruthless marauders, who were harrying their peaceful villages with fire and sword, they reached the cities, but only to find there as wretched a fate. There was one poor dying woman,

with a dead child resting against her, just as her powerless arms had let it sink from her bosom, and with others round her yet alive, whose mute but terribly imploring gaze, whose hollow, glaring, spectral eyes, haunt me yet. We ran back to the bank, obtained what food there was cooked in the boat, and took it to her. It came too late: she could not touch it; but the children tore it up like young wolves.

All the way from Kah-ling to Soo-chow—a distance of some eighty or ninety miles—our way led through an endless and seemingly interminable labyrinth of creeks, canals, and lakes, in which the Wong-po river became completely lost. Intersecting and crossing each other in every direction, these water highways were more numerous than the roads in England; and every little bit of a hamlet had a means of communication by boat, in at least several directions. The country in this part is generally flat and low—the hills and rocky formations being few and far between—and the ground is a rich alluvial soil, at one time, no doubt, either covered by the sea, or forming part of the delta of the mighty Yang-tsze-Kiang; most likely the latter, as I never came across any traces of marine deposit either during this trip or any other. Many of the creeks are natural; but so very many are artificial that one pauses, literally overwhelmed with astonishment. The ages during which these canal works must have been in operation; the myriads of labourers whom they must have occupied! It certainly would be impossible to convey by pen any adequate idea of these Chinese canals; of their size, depth, length, and incalculable number. It is a sort of thing that one must personally see to comprehend. And this vast system of water communication extends throughout the whole southern and central provinces of China; being less developed towards the stony and sterile regions of the north. At this period it would be difficult to distinguish many of the natural creeks or canals from those constructed by art, and *vice versa*, for time and neglect have ruined the banks, overgrown and altered them so that they have become nearly all alike; and even the best of the artificial works have fallen into decay. Embankments have given way, bridges have fallen in, and dense masses of dark rank jungle cover over with a shadowy—and, in many places, impenetrable—canopy the silently flowing, and sometimes motionless, waters beneath. Everything in the way of ancient buildings, works of art, or constructions of public utility, is fast falling into utter ruin in “the Flowery Middle Kingdom.” Since the era of the present usurping Tartar dynasty, nothing has been restored, nothing has been preserved, and not one solitary public work has been inaugurated! During the period of their conquest of China the Tartars were simply destroyers; and since then, during the present and previous centuries, they have done nothing but prey upon the rich empire lying prestrate at their mercy. To this day they govern the country by armed force, and retain possession of the crown solely by the support of the Tartar troops of the Eight Banners. No attempt at national or popular government has ever been made by them; no trial to gain the sympathies and confidence of the native Chinese. On the contrary, these unfortunate people are ground down and oppressed by the most sanguinary, corrupt, and gigantic form of tyranny on earth. No wonder China is in a state of chronic rebellion!

The country through which we were passing had been clothed everywhere with rich crops of rice and other produce only a

year or two before; but now the devastation of war had changed its aspect woefully. Fields of grain, rotting and ungathered, trampled into mud by passing armies, or fired by wantonly cruel Imperialist soldiery, extended all around. Scarcely a soul could be seen upon the shore, and numerous decaying bodies lying all about the broken-down and blackened villages told the reason why.

On the fourth morning of our journey from Shanghai we entered the silk districts, and then, far as the eye could reach, extended vast mulberry plantations, of the white species. Something like two hundred square miles of ground in this part of China contain nothing but these mulberry gardens. The trees are carefully pruned down to an average height of six to eight feet, and are heavily manured. This territory we found in a better condition than that adjoining, for it was still under Taiping rule, and had not yet been desolated.

Shortly after noon we came upon the Grand Canal, at the spot where it flows near to the eastern gate of Soo-chow, and is crossed by the handsome Woo-lung-jiao, or “Five Dragon Bridge.”

We have all heard of the Great Wall of China: many of the most persistent stay-at-homes can no doubt tell us all about it; but I should like to know why that eighth wonder of the world—the Grand Canal of China—is never heard of. No people but the industrious, orderly, and indomitably persevering “Celestials” could have designed and executed so truly wondrous and gigantic a work, as the Great Wall. How singularly grotesque is the idea of building a wall as a frontier line over 1,200 miles of country, to prevent invasion! Fancy, then, its execution in one reign, and its present existence—perfect, in most places—as a huge-built rampart fifty feet high and twenty-five feet broad on the summit, throughout that vast length! But let us consider for a moment that other mighty work, originating in a motive almost equally grotesque, I mean the Grand Canal of China.

More than six hundred years ago, during the reign of the mighty Kublai Khan, the first emperor of the Mongol dynasty, great fleets of pirates and rebels infested the coasts of China, and, by preying upon the convoys of grain-junks periodically carrying the produce of the south to the sterile northern provinces, not only often caused famine amongst the unfortunate inhabitants of those parts, but seriously affected the new capital, Pekin, itself. In addition to this, the stormy weather on the wild sea-coast annually caused great havoc among the unwieldy and heavily-laden grain-vessels, as well as a heavy loss of life amongst the mariners of the period. Now, then, see the working of the Chinese mind! Kublai Khan, or his ministers, thought how advantageous it would be to have an inland canal, or water communication, by which the numerous and important grain-fleets might be able to sail from the south to the north in perfect safety from the rebels, pirates, and tempests of the rugged coast! Well, the most astonishing thing is that this unequalled idea was not only conceived but executed. The Suez Canal seems now the wonder of the day; but what comparison does it bear to the Chinese Grand Canal? This astounding work of the great Mongol emperor, although aided by the great rivers, is artificial during a length of at least 650 miles! Originally, throughout nearly the whole of this great distance, its banks were built of marble, whilst the canal itself possessed an average width of more than 100 feet, with a depth of not less than 25 feet!

Since the conquest of China by the present Manchu-Tartar dynasty, this magnificent work has been sadly neglected, and at few places are its marble sides and handsome bridges left remaining. At Hang-chow, the capital city of the Che-kiang province, in latitude $30^{\circ} 30' N.$, and longitude $121^{\circ} E.$, the canal starts from the waters of the Hang-chow bay. Bending and conforming to the features of the country, not the least of the vast difficulties it was made to surmount was the crossing of the mighty Yellow River and the Yang-tze-kiang, two of the largest rivers in the world, and where a most elaborate system of locks and flood-gates had to be created. Away north to the city of Lin-sing, in latitude $38^{\circ} N.$, and longitude $117^{\circ} E.$, trends this mighty work; and here it joins a branch of the Pei-ho river, which connects it directly with the capital, Pekin, by a section of some 150 miles. At frequent intervals throughout its length the canal is no longer navigable. At the four points where it intersects the two great rivers, it has become completely choked up and destroyed. At other places the sluices have long since been neglected; embankments have given way, and the country has been flooded—for many rivers, streams, lakes, and creeks supply its course with water. Besides this, during the late civil war, many of the then remaining bridges were broken down for strategical purposes, and the *débris* now blocks up the channel. Natural causes have been long at work elsewhere, and, wherever a flowing stream crosses the canal, there the silting-up process has assisted to destroy what I cannot but consider the greatest mechanical work of which we have any knowledge.

Turning out of the Grand Canal, we entered the city creek or moat, forty feet wide, flowing completely round the massive, time-worn walls, which, at a height of forty-five feet, with a breadth of twenty on the top, are at least fifteen miles in circumference. But a small portion of the ground within this enclosure now contained the buildings of the city. At its capture by the Taipings it had been set on fire when abandoned by the enemy, and the captors had subsequently utterly demolished all public places and *ya-muns* ever pertaining to the justly-abhorred Tartar government, as well as all the once gorgeous and multitudinous Buddhist and other heathen temples.

Leaving "Ningpo Sam" and his mate to take it easy—recruit their weary frames, or take observations of the, to them, formidable and avenging rebels—Jack, my boy, and I, landing at the East Gate, were permitted to pass through, on showing my passport, and proceeded to the palace of my old friend the Mo-wong—the prince or chief in command of the city—who gave us comfortable quarters, and permission to ramble about at pleasure, Jack having joined me in order to see something of the Taipings.

Strolling about one evening we fell in with a street exhibition of great popularity, a Chinese edition of Punch and Judy. To this we were attracted by the unrestrained merriment of the audience, whose screams of laughter, from both old and young, proved no less infectious than exaggerated. It does not take much to amuse a Chinaman. We found that the show consisted of a man whose upper works were somehow converted into the Punch and Judy institution *à la Chinoise*. Instead of stuffed figures and an open stage, the performer used comical shadows upon a transparent screen. He made these dark little figures go

through all sorts of singular and amusing antics, but *how* he did it, and what were the mechanical appliances he used, deponent sayeth not; for the fellow, when applied to for information, proved very reticent, and seemed rather disposed to favour a belief in the magical.

Piles of bricks and heaps of ruins were the prevailing features of the once magnificent Soo-chow, though in the part of the city left standing, very handsome and well-built palaces were being erected for the Taipings chiefs, as well as churches and barracks for the troops. The followers of this extraordinary movement seemed, to all intents and purposes, a new and very enlightened class. All of them appeared full of energy, ardour, and enthusiasm for their cause; and no resemblance whatever could be seen between them and their countrymen under the incubus of Tartar rule, whose character seems perverted, whose aspirations seem destroyed, and whose intellectual powers seem suppressed. But with these people one could not fail to be struck with the air of freedom, of high religious enthusiasm, and of martial independence they displayed. The idolatry, the ignorant and besotted exclusiveness in which their compatriots had always fortified themselves against modern civilisation, were equally done away with. Christianity was accepted; they threw open their whole territory to Europeans, and welcomed them as brothers. What a contrast to the wretched, stubborn, treacherous, determinedly unfriendly and exclusive Imperialists, who close their country to us except where we compel them by arms to make concessions; who hate us mortally, because they despise us as inferiors, and yet dread the effect of our intercourse with the oppressed people; and who, with unyielding bigotry, term us "outer barbarians" and "foreign devils," and try to treat us as such!

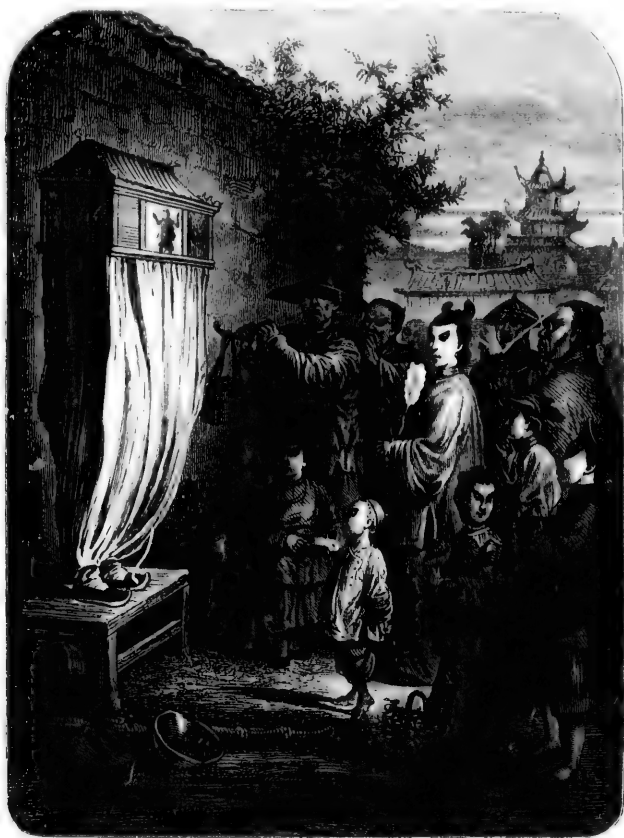
Instead of shaving the head and wearing a pigtail—the badge of slavery and subjection imposed by the Tartar usurpers—the Taipings wore the whole of their long black tresses uncut, plaited into a thick tail with cords of scarlet silk, and then wound round the head like a natural turban; and it would have been impossible to have imagined a more effective head-dress, shading their sparkling black eyes and swarthy, animated features. Immensely wide petticoat trousers, with a preponderance towards scarlet jackets and hoods, seemed the general style of the soldiers' dress; and this, also, made them look quite different from the Imperialists. Buttons, knobs, Tartar hats, mandarin boots, and every article of Tartar style in wearing apparel was most jealously excluded. The higher chieftains and princes alone wore yellow, the Imperial colour. Strict order and rigid discipline pervaded the Taiping population. In their habits and modes of life, they had effected the following alterations and ennobling improvements upon the old barbarous régime:—They married but one wife; the slavery, the buying and selling of women was abolished from among them, also the cruel and frightful custom of cramping the poor wretches' feet. Drunkenness and immorality were rigorously punished and prevented. Opium-smoking was strictly prohibited; and the absurd tail-wearing shaven-headed badge of slavery abandoned. Their religious reform has been referred to, and the improvement in their civil and political code was no less extensive and commendable.

After spending a very pleasant week at Soo-chow, we unfeelingly aroused "Ningpo Sam" from the *dolce far niente* and

opium pipes he had been enjoying, stowed ourselves away in his little craft, and set out on our return to Shanghai.

All went well with us, and no noteworthy incident occurred until we had proceeded about half way back; but then, one afternoon, we fell in with a *chop*, or house-boat, upon a lonely little creek by which our watermen had hoped to cut off a few

holding some sort of a consultation in which we were concerned. Scarcely had we passed by when they ran on board their boat, and the next moment it was cast off from the bank, following in our wake. An elderly, respectable-looking, petty mandarin official now made his appearance, and, bawling after us, began a conversation with my boy A-ling.



THE SHADOW SHOW.

miles. A mandarin gun-boat was lying alongside this craft and, as we approached, it was evident that a furious dispute was taking place between the crews. Both vessels were fast to the bank, and, as we came fairly abreast of them, three young girls were opened out to our view, seated close by upon the shore. They were not only young, but very good-looking; and, moreover, particularly attracted our attention because they were dressed in the Tartar costume, and were evidently of that nation.

These young ladies seemed excited at our sudden appearance, although they did not appear to be afraid. Looking towards us, they began talking together, and, apparently,

Telling "Ningpo Sam" to cease sculling, the *chop* came alongside, and, whilst the three girls kept their bright black eyes fixed upon our Anglo-Saxon physiognomies with a half-fearful, half-trustful sort of expression, A-ling interpreted their spokesman's tale to this effect: they were the daughters of a Tartar officer who had lately fallen during a Taiping attack upon the small city of Cha-poo, of which he had been governor. Reinforcements had been sent from Kah-ding, under command of the officer in the gunboat, and this individual had followed them from Cha-poo, in order to prevent them fulfilling their intention of joining their relatives at Shanghai, by trying to compel them to accompany him to his chief at Kah-ding. The

old servitor said the mandarin's character was well known, and that if his young mistresses once entered the city they would be placed in his harem. He concluded by saying that the ladies begged we would afford them the protection of our company to Shanghai, as they had been told that foreigners behaved well to women.

At night the two boats were moored out towards the centre of a small lake, and close together. I and Jack were old campaigners, and knew Chinese character too well, not to make everything ready and keep a strict watch during the hours of darkness. It was well for us that we did so. Having taken the first watch, I turned in at midnight, being relieved by my

black surface of the silent lake, as the ours were uselessly used to urge the intruders stealthily along. Quietly arousing the rest of our people, I gave "Ningpo Sam" my rifle, and armed his mate with my fowling-piece, then, revolver in hand, awaited the suspicious vessel's action.

Slowly and silently she stole upon us, until we plainly distinguished the gunboat of the afternoon. Still and treacherous, on they came; and we saw eight or ten men standing up, musket in hand.

"Let every one pick out his man," I whispered, "and fire directly I give the word."

The gunboat had now come within half-a-dozen yards, and



THE TARTAR GIRLS.

friend. Rolled well up in my rug, I was just falling asleep, when I felt a vigorous tug, and heard Jack forcibly whisper—

"Jump up, old fellow; jump up! They're upon us!"

At the same time he dragged the clothing off A-ling, and that alert young Asiatic immediately took down the double-barrel (carefully loaded with heavy charges of buck-shot), which had been reserved for him.

"Here! Look here!" whispered Jack, who, rifle in hand, was peering from beneath a corner of our mat awning into the surrounding darkness.

Gazing in the direction indicated, I plainly saw the long black shadow of a boat, apparently motionless, at a distance of perhaps thirty yards, looming through the darkness of the still night. A few moments' close scrutiny convinced me that the strange craft was slowly moving towards us; and now and then we could see the phosphorescent sparkle breaking the smooth

whilst some of her crew silently urged her forward with their oars, the others, standing up, pointed their weapons upon our mat cabin. It was now plain that they intended to murder us in our sleep. Another moment and their balls would have riddled our frail protection and those beneath it through and through, when I roared the word to "fire!" just as Jack cried—

"Leave the man in the bow to me!"

There was a yell of wild alarm, a few moans of agony, and a few startled, ineffectual shots from the gunboat; whilst, by the flash of our volley, the gaunt, ill-favoured officer of the mandarin was recognised in the tall man in the bow, picked out by Jack, as he fell into the water with a bullet through his body.

At dusk the following day we safely reached Shanghai, and took the damsels to their friends in the Chinese city.

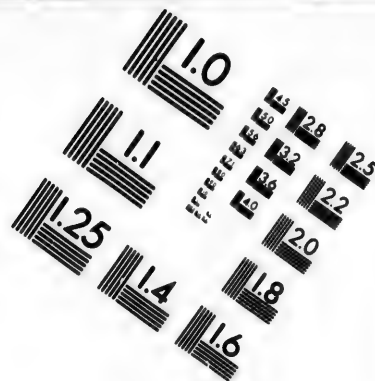
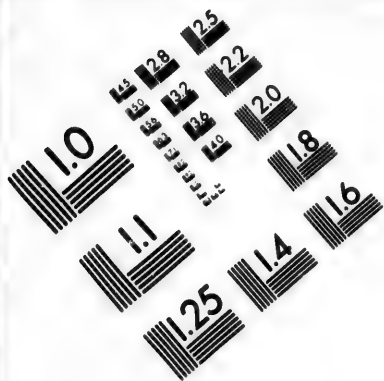
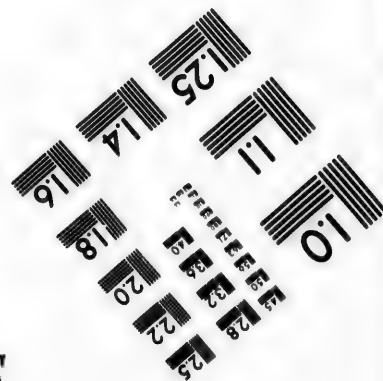
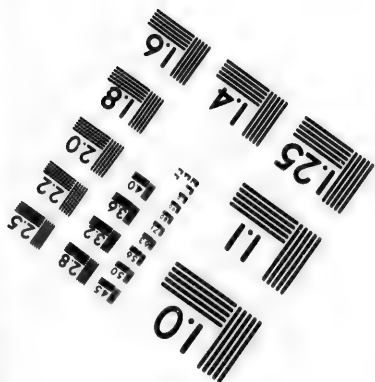
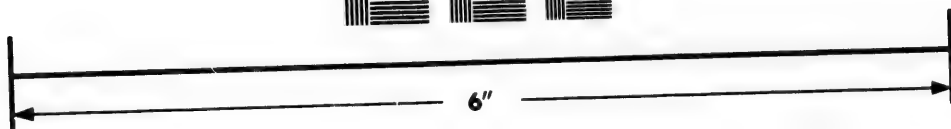
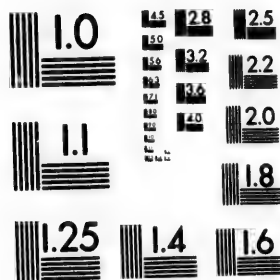


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The Regions of the Cazembe, and Dr. Livingstone's Recent Explorations.—II.

BY CHARLES T. BEKE, PH. D., F.S.A., ETC.

THE country of the Cazembe—that hitherto unexplored portion of the continent of Africa, which has become the field of the achievements of the adventurous Scottish traveller who at the present moment so much occupies the public mind—is inhabited by a negro people generally known by the name of Ba-Londa or Ba-Lunda. Of this compound word the latter portion alone is the designation of the country; the prefix *Ba*—which corresponds to the Suaheli *Wa* and the Chuana *Bi*—being added to signify the people, as has already been explained; * so that Ba-Londa means the inhabitants of Londa. In fact, Dr. Livingstone expressly states, in page 306 of his "Missionary Travels," that "the people of Cazembe are Ba-Londa or Ba-Loi, and the country has been termed Londa, Lunda, or Loi by the Portuguese." Londa or Lunda is, however, no proper name, applicable, in an ethnological, political, or territorial sense, to the regions in question, but is simply an expression descriptive of the physical character of the same; the term being applied by the native traders who dwell on the frontiers of the Portuguese colonies of Loanda and Benguela on the west coast of Africa, and after their example by the Portuguese themselves, to the extensive regions, in great part desert and uninhabited, forming the kingdom of Molúva or Molua, of which the approximate limits may, in general terms, be placed between the 5th and 12th parallels of S. latitude, and the 20th and 30th meridians of E. longitude.

The peculiar characteristic of this country of Molúva, whence it has derived its appellation of "Lunda," must mainly be attributable to the inundations to which it is periodically subjected from the waters of the numerous head-streams of the Nile by which it is traversed; which inundations—though under proper management they might become the means of extreme productiveness—actually render large tracts of country not only unhealthy but absolutely uninhabitable. The native traders of the adjoining countries, who cross this "Lunda," describe it to the Portuguese as impassable for Europeans; and Dr. Livingstone, when mentioning, in his recent letter to Lord Clarendon, that after his forty days' stay at Cazembe he was going north for Ujiji, says that when he got within thirteen days of Tanganyika he was brought to a stand-still by the superabundance of water in the country in front; but that "a native party came through, and described the country as inundated so as often to be thigh and waist deep, with dry sleeping-places difficult to find."

The kingdom of Molúva, of which the territories of the Cazembe nominally form a part, is under the rule of a sovereign, of whom little more is known than his title: of Matiamvo, Muatianfa, or Muata-Yanvo, of which term the form not less than the signification is uncertain. Dr. Livingstone states, in page 317 of his "Missionary Travels," that *Matiamvo* is the hereditary title, *Muata* signifying "Lord" or "Chief." Mr. Cooley says † that "the second word of the royal title, *Muata-Yanvo* or *Yambo*, is a substantive with the prefixed particle *ia* or *ya*, answering to our *of*"—therefore *Muata-ya-Nvo*. But he does not, nor does any one else, as far as I am aware,

give the meaning of this latter portion of the title. I find, moreover, in the Rev. S. W. Koelle's "Polyglotta Africana," that in what he calls the Runda language, spoken by the "Ruunda or Runda, also called Múlôa or Luônda"—that is to say, the people of the country of Molúva or Lunda now under consideration—the word *mōantiāf* (in the plural *antiāf*), signifies "king;" and it is added that this nation is also called Mantiaf or Kings.

Major Gamitto, who wrote a narrative of the mission under Major Monteiro from the Portuguese Governor of the Rios de Sena to the Court of the Cazembe in 1831,* to which in the sequel I shall have to refer more in detail, says that this prince has the title of *Muata*, signifying "Lord," whence he is known as the Muata Cazembe; but that when his courtiers wish to flatter him they style him *Muatianfa*, a designation that he willingly receives, though the use of it is not at all general. From what is thus said it would seem that Matiamvo, Muatianfa, or Muata-Yanvo—whether the word be simple or compound, and whatever may be its true origin, correct spelling, and precise meaning—is the title of the supreme ruler of the empire or kingdom of Molúva, in like manner as *Negus* is that of the Emperor of Ethiopia or Abyssinia; and that the Muata Cazembe, who, like the King of Shoa, was, and nominally still is, a vassal of the empire, desires to be considered as an independent sovereign, and so arrogates to himself the appellation of his suzerain.

As the country of the Cazembe forms, at least nominally, a portion of the kingdom of Molúva under the dominion of the Muatianfa, it will be well, before proceeding to the consideration of the special subject of the former, to offer a few remarks respecting the latter potentate, who is far more unknown and more mysterious than the Muata Cazembe himself. And it is the more advisable to do so, because there exists some confusion between the two rulers, who have not only been taken for one another, but have even been supposed to be one and the same monarch.

The Muatianfa or Muata-Yanvo was first brought prominently to public notice in Europe about forty years ago by M. Douville, who gave out that he had penetrated into his dominions from the west coast of Africa. This notorious individual published in the year 1832 a work in three volumes, under the title of "Voyage au Congo et dans l'Intérieur de l'Afrique Equinoxiale, 1828-30," in which he gave a circumstantial description of his journey to Yanvo, as he called the capital of the Muata-Yanvo, of his country, its inhabitants, their manners and customs, languages, &c.; the whole being so cleverly done as completely to deceive the learned world. His production, which, though based on information collected on the coast, was for the greater part purely imaginary, was unhesitatingly accepted as genuine, and its author had at once accorded to him the large gold medal of the Société de Géographie of Paris, and was nominated an honorary member of the Royal Geographical Society of London. But, through the critical acuteness of Mr. W. D. Cooley in the first instance,

* See page 55, ante.

† "Inner Africa Laid Open," p. 47.

* "O Muata Cazembe." Lisbon, 1854.

and afterwards from the searching investigation of M. Eyriès, Secretary of the Société de Géographie, the entirely fictitious character of M. Douville's narrative was indisputably and completely established.

The first European who appears really to have set foot within the territories or dependencies of this great African potentate was a Hungarian of education and ability, in the service of the Portuguese Government of Benguela, named Ladislaus Magyar, who, in the years 1850 and 1851, penetrated from that colony far into the dominions of the Muatiana, and in 1855 again visited the southern portion of the same. He wrote a narrative of his travels and many years' residence in Western Africa, in three volumes, the first of which, containing only a description of the colony of Benguela, was published at Pesth, in Hungarian and German, in the year 1859. Its author was on the very eve of returning to Europe with the manuscript of his other two volumes for publication, when he unfortunately died at Benguela on November the 19th, 1864. What has become of his valuable manuscript I am unable to say. But several years before his death he sent to Dr. Petermann some interesting particulars respecting the country of Molúva, its inhabitants and their sovereign, the redoubtable Muatyanvo, which were published by that geographer in his "Mittheilungen" for 1860, pages 227—235. From that communication I will extract the following description of the sovereign of Molúva:—"The Government is monarchical and despotic, and is unquestionably the most inhuman and bloodthirsty that ever was exercised over mankind. The prince, whose title is Muatyanvo, is the autocratic master of the lives and property of his subjects—a nation of bondsmen who sigh under his iron rod. The brutish obedience and readiness with which, however, they comply with the tyrant's inhuman commands is astonishing. With perfect resignation, and often without the least cause, they submit to have their noses, ears, or other parts of the body cut off, and then to be flayed alive or beheaded. The subjects have no right of appeal against the absolutely arbitrary violence of their bloodthirsty ruler: on the contrary, the monarch is looked upon as a divine being, in whose presence they creep on all-fours, having their hands full of earth, with which they keep rubbing their breasts and arms, crying out with a loud voice, 'Uvurie! Vurie Kalombo! Vurie! Muatyanvo, vurie!'—'All hail! Hail, O God! Hail! Muatyanvo, hail!'"

Our countryman, Dr. Livingstone, in his successful journey across the continent of Africa in 1854-56, skirted on the south-west, the territories or dependencies of this terrible potentate. The information he there obtained respecting the Matiamvo was, however, too imperfect to be of any real value. But he was told by the people there that the Cazembe was a vassal of their sovereign; and the opinion he was led to entertain respecting the former was that he resembled Schinte or Katema, two of the Matiamvo's chiefs whom he visited, only that he was much more powerful. That this is substantially the case is manifest from the history, based on native information, which Gamitto gives of the origin of the Cazembes—and as he says these people style themselves—and of their prince,

* Dr. Livingstone, who heard of this form of salutation, which he writes "Ave-rie," supposes it to be of Christian origin, a contraction, in fact, of *Ave Maria*, the form of salutation among the Portuguese having, as he suggests, probably travelled further than their faith! Gamitto says that "Averle" means "muito obrigado."

the Muata Cazembe, or Mambo Cazembe, that is to say, the Lord or Prince Cazembe; or simply the Cazembe, as he is often called.*

That history is to the following effect:—To the north-west of the country of the Cazembes there is a great potentate, who in the year 1808 sent an embassy to the Governor of the Portuguese colony of Angola, in which colony he was known by the various titles of Murópe and Muata-Hianvo, or Muata-Yambo, and as King of the Moluas. One of the ancestors of this prince, who was in commercial relations with these Mozungos—that is to say "wise men," as the natives style the Portuguese, and indeed all Europeans—learned from them that there were other Mozungos of the same nation in a country situated to the east of his territories, that is to say, in the Portuguese settlements on the east coast of Africa. The king, being desirous of ascertaining the correctness of this information and of entering into relations with these more distant Europeans, decided on fitting out an expedition for that purpose, the command of which he entrusted to one of his *Kilólos*, or nobles, named Kanyembo, who held the post of Fumo Manceva—by corruption or bad pronunciation usually called Fumo Anceva—whose office it is to take charge of all foreign traders, to communicate to them his master's commands, and to be responsible to him for their conduct.

To this chief, Kanyembo, who was possessed of great bravery and many excellent qualities, was at the same time committed the charge of a son of the sovereign, who was in disfavour with his father on account of his sanguinary disposition and disorderly conduct, and who was placed under the care of Kanyembo with a view to his reformation, the latter being given absolute and irresponsible power over the prince.

The expedition advanced without impediment as far as the district where the capital of the Cazembe now is, to which Gamitto gives the name of Lunda; but here they met with a vigorous resistance from the natives, and a cruel war ensued, which ended in the victory of the Kampokólos, as the conquering people were called—a name which they retain to this day. They did not, however, advance any further, for fear of meeting with fresh obstacles, or, indeed, of experiencing a defeat and consequent destruction. But they there met with certain Muizas—natives of the country beyond the river Chambeze, now occupied by the Muembas—of whom Kanyembo inquired concerning the main object of his expedition, and from them he learned that there really were white people in the east country, only that it was a very long way off.

Taking this information into consideration, as likewise the great enmity which the Messiras, the natives of the conquered country, manifested towards the invaders, and having discovered a conspiracy set on foot against him by the son of the Murópe, which failed solely on account of the love and respect for their leader felt by the Kampokólos, who declared themselves in his favour, Kanyembo deemed it advisable to return to his sovereign's Court, in order that he might make the Murópe acquainted with what had happened, and might explain to him the propriety of retaining possession of the conquered regions, which lay half-way on the road to the eastern Mozungos. Leaving his army during his absence under the command of another Kilólo, in whom he could place confidence, and taking with him the prince

* "O Muata Cazembe," p. 370, *seq.*

of whom he had the charge, Kanyembo reached in safety the presence of the Muatianfa, by whom he was well received, and with whom he had little difficulty in rendering nugatory the intrigues and machinations of the prince, his enemy; and as the result he was sent back with reinforcements, and full powers to govern the countries he had conquered, and to conquer others, taking care to avail himself of every opportunity of corresponding with the whites of the east coast.

On their return journey, on reaching the large river Lu-láo—apparently the Lu-lua, the principal tributary of the Kassávi on its right or eastern bank—which river Gamitto was told is a month's journey to the west of the town of Lunda, and is only passable in boats, the wicked prince profited of the occasion to put into execution the plan he had projected of getting Kanyembo to embark with some of the conspirators, who, when they had reached a suitable place, should drown him, and then say the boat had upset. And this he successfully accomplished. The Kampokólos, who were much grieved at hearing of their chief's death, refused to give the traitor the power he coveted, not less on account of his cruel disposition than because they suspected him of having been the author of the calamity. Finding himself without the support he had looked for, the prince thought he might attain his end by being himself the bearer of the news to his father; but the latter, perceiving too late the error he had committed, and exasperated with his son, ordered him to be put to death.

Meanwhile the Kampokólos continued to extend their conquests, and had entirely subjugated the Messiras, when there arrived another Kilólo, a son of the former one, and, like him, named Kanyembo, who was sent by the Murópue to take the command. The Messiras, who had submitted and continued to be governed by their own chiefs, availed themselves of the arrival of this new commander to rebel. This rendered necessary another war for their subjugation, which was in the end effected; and since then, says Gamitto, no one has ever held any authority who was not a Kampokólo.

Kanyembo II. was on his death succeeded by his son, who bore the same name, which his successors have continued to bear in honour of the first, whose memory is held in great veneration. When the third Kanyembo died he was succeeded by his son, who till then had resided in Angola, as the country of the Murópue is called in those regions further east. This chief, in addition to the name of Kanyembo, which he assumed, retained likewise his previous name of Lekéza (Lequeza), by which he was best known. The Cazembes hold his memory in regretful affection, on account of his valour and humanity, and, above all, his great generosity; and when enumerating his good qualities, they relate how once, when he was intoxicated with *pombe*—a beer made from fermented millet, with or without the addition of certain herbs, being the ordinary beverage of the country—he ordered a man to be put to death unjustly, which order was, as customary, immediately executed; but afterwards, discovering the great injustice he had committed, he prohibited the execution of any order given by him when inebriated, or even when drinking, though he might still appear to be sober, and this on the responsibility of the person receiving such order. And it was in consequence of this that the custom was established of not drinking *pombe* except at night. For this purpose formal drinking-bouts were instituted, continuing from the period of full-moon till the end of the month. They

commenced an hour after sunset, or even earlier, and lasted two hours or more. The guests were at liberty to drink as much as they pleased, but whatever they drank they were bound to retain, the unfortunate wretch who failed to do so being punished with death. In the sequel, however, these meetings were kept up by Lekéza only as a matter of etiquette, without his drinking at them; for he said that the Mambo (chief) ought always to be ready to hear and deliberate for himself.

All the successors of the first Kanyembo neglected no opportunity of opening a communication with the Portuguese settlements on the east coast, as the Murópue had originally intended. But as soon as they had acquired peaceable possession of their conquests, they exerted themselves to give a regular form to their administration, and to assume to themselves the government. Indeed, Kanyembo III. began to make himself independent, though in such a manner as not to be wanting in the outward forms of vassalage, and sending to the Murópue tribute in the shape of a present, until he ended by establishing for himself a court, with all the offices, dignities, and formalities of that of his sovereign. Nevertheless, down to the time of Major Monteiro's mission, in 1831, the Muata Cazembe had not formally declared himself independent, but, on the contrary, still professed to be a vassal of the Murópue. The latter, on his side, on account of the remoteness of the conquered districts, as also of the little need he had of them, did not trouble himself about the virtual independence of his powerful vassal, or, if he did so, would not allow his dissatisfaction to become apparent.

The Muata Cazembe Lekéza was the first Mambo that ever saw a white man, in the person of Dr. Francisco José Maria de Lacerda e Almeida, Governor of the Portuguese colony of the Rios de Sena, on the east coast of Africa, who undertook a journey to the Court of that prince in the year 1798, by order of the Government of Portugal.

This accomplished and able man, by birth a Brazilian, received a scientific education in Portugal, and, having been appointed astronomer-royal, was sent out to Brazil in 1780, to lay down the boundary-line of that colony. After his return to Lisbon, he went out to the Portuguese possessions in Africa, where he became Governor of the Rios de Sena, the principal object of his appointment to that post being this projected expedition to the Cazembe.

Meanwhile Lekéza, acting up to the traditions of his house, had himself, in the course of the year 1797, dispatched a mission to Tete, under the command of a Kilólo or chief named Katára, a very intelligent man, who, arriving at that city in February of the following year, whilst the Governor was making preparations for his journey, had it in his power to supply him with much valuable information. But the person on whom Dr. Lacerda mainly depended for advice and assistance, especially with respect to the road he had to take, was a certain Manoel Caetano Pereira, the son of a Portuguese colonist from Goa, who had visited the country of the Cazembe in 1786, and professed to know very much more than he really did, as Lacerda discovered in the course of his expedition—in his diary repeatedly complaining of how grossly he had been deceived.

It was on the 3rd of July, 1798, that the Governor left Tete. His intention was not only to visit the Court of the Muata Cazembe, and enter into a treaty of amity and free trade between the two countries, but also, if practicable, to

escort of fifty soldiers, not to speak of a multitude of natives, female as well as male, who occasioned no end of trouble, anxiety, and detriment to the mission.

It is unnecessary to dwell here on the particulars of Dr. Lacerda's journey. It will be sufficient to explain that the road taken by him as far as Chama ("Mouro Achinto") in $10^{\circ} 20' 35''$ N. latitude, and $30^{\circ} 1' 45''$ E. longitude—which position was determined by him on September the 21st, 1798, by an observation of the immersion of Jupiter's first satellite—is tolerably well known. It is the same, substantially, as that followed in 1831 by the second Portuguese mission under Major Monteiro, and now recently taken by our countryman, Dr. Livingstone.

As regards the character of the country traversed, Dr. Lacerda records that as far as the river Aruangoa, he did not see a tree large enough to cut into planks; but on the banks of that river he met with plenty of trees fit for that purpose, and also for boat-building. After passing the Serra Muchinga, which he named Cordilheira Antonina, and reaching the tableland, he passed through what seems to be a very uninteresting country, in great part uninhabited; at times undulating and covered with brushwood so thick as to require a path to be cut through it; at other times consisting of plains, desert and swampy, with marshes and stagnant waters.

On September the 10th the mission reached the river Chambeze (by Lacerda called Zambeze, and marked on some of our maps as the New Zambesi), which river, where he crossed it, he found running to his left hand, or about south-west. Before starting on his journey, he had taken great pains to learn the course of this and the other rivers to be crossed on the road, and especially to ascertain whether they flowed to the right hand or to the left of a person journeying from Tete to the capital of the Cazembe; and the numerous persons of whom he inquired were unanimous in the assertion that the Chambeze ran to the right. Pereira, on whose experience he had so confidently depended, confirmed this; "from which," says Lacerda, "I infer that he does not know which is his right hand, as is, however, only natural, from his having passed almost all his life among these heathens,* and thus acquired their intelligence, as I am finding out by experience."

Dr. Lacerda's discovery that the Chambeze really flows southward, or to the left of the road to the Cazembe's capital, led to the not unreasonable conclusion on the part of most geographers that this river continued in the same direction, and so became the upper course of the southern Zambesi explored by Dr. Livingstone on his former journeys; and accordingly it has generally been so marked on the maps. On this subject our traveller says in his letter to Lord Clarendon already referred to, "Misled by a map calling this river in an off-hand way 'Zambesi, eastern branch,' I took it to be the southern river of that name; but the Chambeze, with all its branches, flows from the eastern side into the centre of the great upland valley mentioned, which is probably the valley of the Nile."

On this point Dr. Livingstone appears, however, to have since entertained doubts. For, in his later letter to Dr.

Kirk, dated May 30th, 1869, referred to by me in a previous part of the present work,* he says, "The volume of water which flows north from latitude 12° S., is so large, that I suspect I have been working at the sources of the Congo (Kuango or Congo) as well as those of the Nile." But, as is shown in the *Athenæum* of February the 5th of the present year, this suspicion is mainly attributable to the fact that, on his journey of 1854-56, he was as completely misinformed respecting the course of the great river Kasáí or Kassávi, as Dr. Lacerda was respecting that of the Chambeze; these two rivers forming, in truth, "the western and central lines of drainage," which, according to Dr. Livingstone, "converge into an unvisited lake west or south-west of Ujiji," and which, as he at first supposed and as I have distinctly shown in the accompanying map, unite to form the upper course of the Nile.

On September the 21st, 1798, Dr. Lacerda made his last astronomical observation, as already mentioned, at Chama, the village of the chief Mouro Achinto, though he had the greatest difficulty in doing so, on account of his extreme illness, having, as he says, never before felt himself so weak. Continuing his journey, he records in his diary that near the place where he halted on October the 1st, he passed between two high and rugged mountains, which extended as far as he could see. As we know that this was in the neighbourhood of the place where the Muata Cazembe Lekéza's father was buried, to which place Padre Francisco Pinto gives the name of Chungu, we can avail ourselves of a passage in Dr. Livingstone's letter to Lord Clarendon, to explain what is meant by these two high and rugged mountains, extending as far as he could see, between which Lacerda says he passed. When describing Lake Moero, our Scottish traveller says, "In going up the banks of the lake, we first of all forded four torrents, thigh deep; then a river eighty yards wide, with 300 yards of flood on its west bank, so deep that we had to keep to the canoes till within fifty yards of the higher ground; then four brooks, from five to fifteen yards broad. One of them, the Chungu, possesses a somewhat melancholy interest, as that on which poor Dr. Lacerda died." The "two high and rugged mountains" of the Portuguese traveller were, therefore, nothing more than the two sides of the valley of the river Chungu, he having fallen into the error, so common among travellers in Africa, of regarding as chains of mountains what are merely the precipitous sides of valleys viewed from below. My pointing out and explaining this common mistake was, I have reason to believe, of material utility to the British army on its march to Magdala.†

Further, this valley of the river Chungu is described by Dr. Lacerda as containing "forests much resembling those of Brazil, with large and lofty trees;" in which respect, as well as in its "high and rugged mountains on both sides," it corresponds precisely to the "hollow, with precipitous sides 2,000 feet down," in which Dr. Livingstone discovered Lake Liemba, and which, he says, is "extremely beautiful—sides, top and bottom, being covered with trees and other vegetation." In fact, as a rule, it is only on the sides of these valleys or hollows, below the general level of the tableland, that large trees and beautiful scenery are met with in these regions of Southern Africa, as well as in Abyssinia.

* The word in the original is "Cafres," which though it has now acquired a specific ethnological meaning, was adopted by the Portuguese from the Mahometans of the east coast of Africa, by whom it is used to signify infidels or heathens generally. In India the Portuguese called the natives *Gentios*, or *Gentiles*, whence the now obsolete term "Ger toos."

* See page 56, ante.

† See "Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society," vol. xii., pp. 16, 17.

Dr. Livingstone goes on to make the following remark respecting his predecessor:—"He was the only Portuguese visitor who had any scientific education, and his latitude of Cazembe's town on the Chungu being fifty miles wrong, probably reveals that his mind was clouded with fever when he last observed; and any one who knows what that implies will look on his error with compassion." But Lacerda's last astronomical observation was made at Chama, and not on the Chungu; so that, unless it can be clearly shown that his latitude of the former place is incorrect—in which case his longitude of the same must of necessity be worthless—the alleged error in the position of the latter spot is attributable to our cartographers, and not to the observer.

The concluding entries in Dr. Lacerda's diary, made in the valley of the Chungu, shall be reproduced here, not merely on account of the melancholy interest attaching to them, but also because they are so characteristic of the writer, and show what the world—Portugal especially—lost by his untimely death.

"October 2nd.—As soon as we had begun our march, we met two brothers of the Cazembe and a son of the Fumo Anceva, with a good provision of manioc, beef dried in the sun, and two goats for the heathens of the expedition: the soldiers also received their separate provision of the same. I had intended to arrive to-day as near as possible to the zimboe (residence), but these envoys told me that, as I was a great man, a Mambo (chief) like the Cazembe, I could not proceed until their father had returned thanks to his mozimós (the *manes* of his ancestors) for my arrival in his country; but that I should go a few steps further in order to come nearer to the spot where the Cazembe's father lay buried, as they were to give him thanks for this favour. The said place or house is called massanza. It would not, however, be proper for me to enter into the said village to-day, and therefore they begged me to encamp outside, when they would deliver to me the message from their father and King. I was obliged to conform to their customs. They then told me that their King was so pleased at my arrival, that he had smeared himself over with mud, as a sign of thankfulness to his mozimós; and he sent to ask me to leave at this sepulchre of his ancestors three pieces of blue cotton cloth of different qualities, and a small quantity of beads of various kinds. As he had done the same with Manoel Caetano Pereira, it appears to me that visitors have to pay for him the thanks which he gives to his ancestors for the favours he receives from them. They then immediately dispatched a messenger to the King. I must observe that whilst my tent was being pitched and my bed got ready—for, as I have already said, I leave my palanquin for my bed, and my bed for my palanquin—I sent for them, but they made no reply to anything I said; and this profound silence appearing to me extraordinary, I was told by the interpreter that they could not speak to me till they had delivered the present called "mouth" which the King had sent me, but that they would

hearken to whatever I might be pleased to say to them. When at length they came to me with their message, I ordered a mat to be spread for them to sit down on, as a mark of distinction; but they seated themselves on the ground, saying that as I was another Cazembe, it was not fit for them, in my presence, to sit anywhere but on the bare ground.

"October 3rd.—At half-past six o'clock the messenger returned whom the brothers of the Cazembe had sent to him yesterday; and they informed me that their King had ordered them to request me not to move from where I am to-day; that it was not necessary for me to go to the massanza (or mashamo) to return thanks to his father for my arrival in his country, as it would be sufficient if I gave the articles he had sent to ask me for; and that to-morrow, after the ceremonies had been performed, I might continue my journey; and lastly, he sent me two elephants' teeth, for me to allow them to keep me here to-day. It is clear that, independently of this imprisonment, I am bound to consent to what the Cazembe requires of me, notwithstanding that all this delay is very prejudicial to me, on account of the great need I have to be careful of my health. Seeing, however, the excess of superstition of these heathens with respect to their deceased relatives, whom it is manifest they look upon as divinities, and reflecting that the faith which the devil has thus implanted in their hearts must be very deeply rooted, and that if I were to show, in honour of the Cazembe's father, some ostentatious mark of respect such as they had never seen before, I might be regarded by them more favourably, and might in return have it in my power to obtain more readily from the Cazembe the ends for which Her Majesty sent me to this country; and lastly, desiring to obtain, so as to give, some idea of their ceremonies, I ordered Lieut.-Colonel Pedro Nolasco and Lieut. José Vicente Pereira Salema to go with some soldiers to the said spot, and at a suitable moment to fire three volleys of musketry, with instructions that they should perform this ceremony in the most respectful manner possible, as the strongest token of friendship I could give to the King; at the same time they were to observe carefully everything that occurred, and to make a note of it. This civility on my part produced the best effect on the mind of the priest there (who, in external appearance, did not differ from the other heathens) and all those present; for the said priest, after having consulted the oracle—that is to say, the spirit of the Cazembe's father—exclaimed, as did the people after him, that I was a god who had come into their country, and that I might go into any part of it as best pleased me, for that all the country was mine, &c., because I had bewailed with them the death of the King. I established myself still more in his good graces by means of a present, which I sent to him with the request that he would keep very neat and clean the revered dwelling in which reposed my friend the Cazembe's father, whose ashes I held in great respect."

These are the last words of that amiable, accomplished,

* The word *mirâmbo* (Gamito), or *mulimmo* (Koelle) in the language of the Moravis, *mulâm* (Koelle) in that of the Molúvas, signifies "mouth"—in Portuguese, *bocca* or *boca*; which word is used by those people to signify the customary present sent with a message, as it were for permission to speak—to open the mouth. The misunderstanding of this has led to a curious mistake on the part of Mr. Cooley. Father Francisco Pinto relates ("Annaes Marítimos," 1845, p. 153) how, in consequence of his having delayed the delivery of the *mirâmbo*, or present from the Portuguese Government, the Cazembe "commissioned his secre-

tary to bring me two (elephants') teeth as a mouth (present)—*de me trazer dois dentes de bocca*—and to say that he begged me to do all in my power to hasten the *mirâmbo*, which I could well do, because I was the chief of the Mozungos. But the said secretary did not bring the teeth, neither did he deliver the message." In "Inner Africa Laid Open," pp. 34, 35, this passage is done into English in the following amusing fashion: "The Cazembe, being vexed at the delay of his present, sent to draw two of Father Francisco's teeth; but this was intended only as a hint, and the message was not even formally delivered."

and intelligent Portuguese. On the 18th of October, 1798—a fortnight after this entry was made in his diary—Dr. Lacerda breathed his last at the spot where this was written, and he was there buried. His remains were, however, not allowed to rest in peace. On July the 26th, 1799, his successor in the mission, Padre Francisco Pinto, on his way back from the Court of the Cazembe, disinterred the Governor's body, for the purpose of conveying it to Tete; but, in consequence of the total disorganisation of the mission and the disorder in which it returned, the coffin was left on the road, with most of the effects belonging to the mission, the whole party having taken flight on October the 4th, shortly after the passage of the river Chambeze, on being attacked by the Muizas; though the

valiant chaplain returned to the spot "accompanied only by his musket and by his pistol," to carry away "a large book"—apparently the diary of the deceased Governor.

In the valley of the river Chungu, on the spot where Dr. Lacerda was temporarily buried, the officers of the second Portuguese mission, in 1831, found a hut in charge of a Muine-Masháma (grave-keeper), the site having thus for more than thirty years been held sacred as the sepulchre of the lamented Geral (General) of the Mozungos—such being the title by which the Governor of the province of the Rios de Sena is known in the country of the Cazembe. It will be interesting to learn from Dr. Livingstone whether that memorial is still in existence.



THE TELEGA.

The Caucasus.—I.

BY DOUGLAS W. FRESHFIELD, M.A., F.R.G.S., AUTHOR OF "TRAVELS IN THE CENTRAL CAUCASUS AND BASHAN."

THE attention of the English public had been but little turned towards the Caucasus until the summer of 1868, when, in consequence of their summits being for the first time ascended by English travellers, a controversy arose as to which continent could, with the greatest justice, lay claim to the two most famous peaks of that mountain range—Kasbek and Elbruz.

Few people if asked what associations the word Caucasus called up in their minds, would have been able to say more than that it was the name of a mountain chain extending between the Black and Caspian Seas, and inhabited by a brave Mahometan race called Circassians, who had for many years struggled for their liberty against the might of Russia. Although the shores at the foot of the range are only five days' voyage from Constantinople, and are attainable from London as easily as those of Syria, which yearly attract so many hundreds of our countrymen, the number of Englishmen who had visited the Caucasus for pleasure might be counted almost on one's fingers. Indeed, the familiarity of the name to our ears was much more owing to poets than to travellers; the

ideas associated with it were consequently full of a mysterious vagueness. From Homer to Morris poets have conducted their heroes to the Colchian land; have pictured Circe and Medea as living on the banks of the Phasis; have made Jason and Ulysses sail up its stream, and have chained Prometheus to the rocks amid the snows which feed its waters. The Caucasus, highest of mountains in the Greek world, was the mysterious rampart which, with its thousand towers upreared above the deepest eastern bay of the Euxine, placed a limit to the voyages of the Greek mariner, who naturally associated all that was terrible with its ice-clad heights, all that was soft and beautiful with the rich plains below, into the very heart of which the kindly Phasis received his wave-tossed ship. In short, it was natural to the poets and fabulists of those days, who wished to represent supernatural beings, with earthly surroundings, to place them in a region of which so little was known, and which enabled them conveniently to adapt the scenery to poetic requirements. This constant practice of the classics was followed by the Orientals. When Mussulman

legend sought a fitting place of banishment for the evil spirits overcome by Solomon, it at once chose Mount Kaf as their most appropriate prison. It has been reserved for comparatively modern writers to break through this mystery by giving a careful account of the inhabitants and some details as to the scenery of the Caucasian regions. Such writers have not merely contented themselves with throwing light on the present, but have

endeavoured also to give a rationalistic account of the past, and have not hesitated boldly to explain away the ancient legends which had too long been connected with the country. Circe, we are told by these pitiless expositors, was Medea's aunt, a worthy princess, who locked up the crew of Ulysses because, sailor-like, they were tipsy and riotous on shore, but easily released them at the request of their polished captain. Jason was a gold-digger who, unlike most of that class of adventurers, secured an enormous nugget, and, when safely returned to his Grecian home, told traveller's tales about his prize and other matters. One is almost surprised not to hear that Prometheus was a gentleman who spent the summer at some genteel *pension* on the Caucasian slopes in pursuit of health, and was fleeced by

the landlord, to whose exactions the vulture with his formidable bill seemed to supply the most satisfactory parallel; or that the sealing up in flasks of the geni, by Solomon, proves that

to the English traveller at the present day. In order that we may avoid all risk of subsequent confusion, let us first

the practice of Alpine clubmen of leaving their cards in bottles on the summits they ascend found its prototype in the Caucasus 3,000 years ago.

Our present object, however, is not to meddle with old romance, whether to support it or to explain it away, but to aid in extending knowledge regarding the region of the Caucasus, and describing, as we are able to do from personal experience, the attractions it offers

clearly understand what the word Caucasus now signifies. It may be said to have two meanings, one more extensive than the other. As a geographical expression it is usually confined to the great mountain chain; in political writing it embraces the whole isthmus from the Manytch (a river flowing into the Don near Tcherkask) on the north, to the frontiers of Turkey and Persia on the south. Henceforth, however, we will, for convenience sake, use the word in its more limited meaning, preferring the phrase "Caucasian Provinces" when wishing to refer to the political aspect of the country.

Up to the present day this region has never become familiar to the

European tourist; even the scientific explorer or hardy traveller has been a rare apparition, and has generally confined himself to an extremely rapid passage over the single highway which



KALMUCK DWELLING.



BOY OF THE NOGAI TRIBE.

connects Transcaucasia, as the Russian provinces south of the chain are called, with Russia proper.

The only route recognised by Murray's "Handbook," consists of a trunk road from Stavropol, north, to Tiflis, south of the chain, and thence on into Persia, with two branches running respectively east and west to Ikaku and Poti, the Caspian and Black Sea ports of Transcaucasia. Any one who, from having reached Tiflis either by the main route or by one of its embranchments, though he have, besides, driven as far as Erivan and gazed on Ararat, has returned home with a comfortable conviction that he has seen the Caucasus, and is entitled to write authoritatively on the subject, is in fact about as much in a position to describe the Caucasus as a man who has merely driven across the Simplon is capable of generalising on the Alps. We are very far, however, from under-rating the interest of such a journey, the only one, probably, which will be for some years possible for ladies and men unprepared to encounter some hardships; there will be found quite enough of charms in the natural scenery, and still more in the strange varieties of the human race which will be encountered in the trip, to more than repay its fatigues. All we wish to make clear is that no travellers who have confined themselves to the Darial highroad, the main north and south route already spoken of, are in a position to speak of Caucasian scenery as a whole. If they were, we should feel open to the charge of bookmakers' enthusiasm in the comparison we have elsewhere made between the Alps and Caucasus, holding as we do the scenery of any of the great Alpine carriage-passes superior as a whole to that of the famous old Caucasian gates. But although thus unwilling to accept the journey just pointed out as a worthy end of a Caucasian tour, it may well, and in fact almost must, be made the means of further exploration, and we shall therefore place ourselves in the position of the traveller, who, having reached the shores of the Sea of Azof, has effected a start, either from Taman or Taganrog, and is hurrying as fast as his post-horses will carry him over the vast carpet of steppe, which Nature has spread before the northern feet of the mountain monarchs, to whom he is anxious to pay homage.

We have selected this entrance to the Caucasian provinces, although not the one most usually taken by any but Russians, because as the railroads which are now rapidly spreading across Southern Russia extend in this direction, it will become the easiest mode of reaching the mountains, and also because it leads through districts having an ascending scale of interest, from the comparatively sterile plains of the north to the stern grandeur of the central Caucasus, and the sylvan loveliness of its southern slopes. The traveller who lands from the Black Sea steamer at Poti is plunged at once into the heart of the country, and the sudden emotions of surprise and delight to which he is subjected, produce a confusion of mind which it is our object to avoid in the present description.

Our traveller will, if he listens to wise counsel, have procured at starting a *tarantasse*, or hooded carriage, often described elsewhere, which he will keep for his whole journey to Tiflis. Otherwise he will condemn himself to a torture surpassing those invented by any mediæval monk dreaming of his enemy in purgatory. The Russian telega, the ordinary carriage in which the imperial couriers, and all travellers who have not made other provision are transported, is rapidly becoming proverbial for its discomfort. It is unquestionably the lowest type of

wheeled vehicle in existence, and combines every disqualification for the safe conveyance of human beings. One naturally wonders how any nation can have invented or, having invented, can endure such a vehicle; and we are glad to believe signs exist that even Russians feel some shame of it and suffer from its effects, for no charge is made for the use of a telega by the postmasters, and we never had any but young drivers—the occupation being evidently fatal to long life.

The carriage in the accompanying picture, with its "troika," or leash of horses, has the advantage of being furnished with a fragile hood, which is sometimes added by peasants, but is not usual on the post telegas.

By better or worse means of transport, according to our purse or foresight, we are now making our way across the dreary steppe, with no natural object to break the monotony of the horizon, or to suggest our approach to one of the mightiest lines of upheaval on the old world's surface. For the absence of hill, river, tree, or even bush, we must find what consolation we can in observing the specimens of the inhabitants of these plains who may chance to come across our path. We shall be unlucky if we do not fall in with some of the *kibitkas* or tents of the nomade Kalmucks. These tents, in shape not unlike a circular haycock, are formed of the rudest framework, covered with cloths and skins; no order is recognisable in the interior, a mere pile of bones and rags, amongst which, or round the ashes of the neighbouring fire, the women and children squat or loll. The owners of these primitive dwellings carry our thoughts further eastwards: the flat nose, narrow eyes, and high cheekbones, surmounted by a low fur cap, are of the type we are accustomed to call Mongol and Chinese. Barely maintained by the produce of their flocks, the men owe all the luxuries and excitement of their life to robbery, an art in which long practice has given them very considerable skill. The only animals which they possess of any value are their camels, troops of which may often be met on the road to Tiflis, where they find for them a good market. Another tribe, once found in great number on the steppes, but now rapidly becoming rarer, are the Nogai Tartars, a Mahometan race, who, disgusted with Russian rule, and attracted by religious sentiment, and the vague hope of bettering themselves, have emigrated in vast masses into Turkish territory. They are said to be a more peaceable people, and one more capable of being permanently attached to the soil than their neighbours the Kalmucks. These distractions, however, will be but few and far between, and long before his arrival at Stavropol the traveller will be wearied with his journey, and doubtful whether he is most annoyed by the vexatious and constantly recurring delays and insolences to which he must submit at the post-stations, or by the joltings and occasional breakdowns inevitable in the drive over the muddiest portion of a vast and roadless plain. One of the earliest and most decomposing discoveries made by the traveller on his first visit to Russia, is the very different conception that prevails in Eastern and Western Europe as to what constitutes a sufficient and creditable road. Macadamised highways are rare even in the most central portion of the empire; elsewhere they scarcely exist. In the whole Caucasian provinces there are at present two, namely, one from Vladikafkaz, and one from the Black Sea to Tiflis; elsewhere the long line of verst-posts stretching across the steppe, and the scar of black mud or dust which marks the otherwise monotonous surface, is the road.

Each rain-storm creates a swamp in the hollows, through which the jaded horses drag with difficulty the half-buried wheels. Lucky the man whose vehicle does not give way in the struggle, and oblige him to remain for hours while his driver seeks for tardy succour from the nearest station. The track is never repaired, except on the occasion of the passage of some member of the Imperial family or exceptionally exalted official; then peasants are collected, such bridges as exist are made passable (even then it is often preferable and sometimes far safer to take to the water at once), branches of trees are thrown into the deepest holes, and the putrefying carcasses are removed, which offended equally the sight and smell of plebeian passers-by. A whole book might be filled with stories of the difficulties and dangers of posting in Russia, but we have fortunately something better before us than a tarantasse journey. At last Stavropol is reached, the capital of Ciscaucasia, a town, according to most accounts, with broad streets and whitewashed houses, which Russians delight to say would do honour to any of the provincial capitals of Western Europe, and therefore the more devoid of attraction to one who comes from those regions.

We shall next reach Georgievsk, once a place of some importance, but now rapidly decaying in consequence of its unhealthy situation and the removal of the Government bureau to Patigorsk. We here turn for the first time from the direct road to Vladikavkaz, in order to visit the spas of the Caucasus, already famous in Russia, though probably few of our readers have ever heard of their existence. During the last few stages

the landscape has become more varied, bold isolated hills, partially wooded, rise like volcanic islands from the steppe, and our eyes will have been constantly fixed upon the southern horizon. If by good fortune either at sunrise or sunset no mists obscure the view, our long journey and jolts will be forgotten in the excitement of catching our first glimpse of the

fabled heights of Mount Kaf. Three great peaks will at once arrest the eye; foremost, both in apparent and real bulk, is a huge double-headed mass of snow; further to the left are two summits, one a keen icy spire, the other a long comb of mingled rock and snow. The traveller may ask in vain of his driver the names of these mighty mountains. It is not till he has studied his map that he will know that he has at last entered the presence of the three kings, who have come out of the East to force Mont Blanc to submit to the fate of one who takes, without due ground, the highest seat. Far away, a long-sighted eye will detect another lofty mountain—a pale shadow in the golden eastern sky—and the traveller will long to improve his acquaintance with



KALMUCK CAMEL.

Kazbek, the rock of Prometheus, and the centre of so many later legends. We are struck, first, with the abrupt transition from the horizontal to the perpendicular, in which Nature has here indulged a contrast of flat plain and precipitous mountain-side, rendered yet more clear by the absence on either of forest and its softer shading; secondly, with the remarkable isolation of Elbruz, and the apparent want of connection in the portions of the snowy range, a want not real, but caused by nearer ranges hiding what is beyond.

Mr. Hayward's Journey in Central Asia.

ONE of the most daring and complete journeys of exploration in modern times is that of Mr. G. W. Hayward, across the great mountain ranges lying between North-western India and the fertile plains of Turkistan, or, as it was formerly called, Chinese Tartary; a journey accomplished in the winter of 1863-9, and an account of which was read before the Royal Geographical Society, at the meeting on the 13th of December last. Mr. Hayward is a young man who was formerly an officer in the Indian army; a man of light build and modest but self-possessed demeanour—one of those quiet, determined fellows who have little to say for themselves, but who perform great deeds, through which their names live in history. The mission he undertook was to explore all that unknown region

lying between the northern frontier of Cashmere and the Russian advanced posts in Western Turkistan, on the Jaxartes; to ascertain the position and elevation of the various lofty ranges and table-lands, and map them out with some approach to accuracy. At present this portion of Asia is filled in, even on our best maps, by fictitious mountains and rivers, or, at least, by guess-work, for no modern European traveller has done more than approach its borders. All reports have represented it as a region of great elevation, containing in its centre a tract of level land, so high that it received from the Turki inhabitants of the surrounding countries the name of "the Roof of the World." On some maps this plateau is represented as the "Pamir Steppe." The direction of the mountain chain is

apparently north and south, and it was supposed to connect at right angles the lofty Thian Shan range, in the north of Central Asia, with the chain of the Hindoo-Koosh and Himalaya in the south, thus encircling the lower region of Chinese Tartary on three sides with a fence of snow-clad mountains. Mr. Hayward's main object was, and still is, to explore the Pamir; but so far he has to record only the first of the journeys undertaken in the attempt to carry out his plans. In this he reached the rich and populous cities of Yarkand and Kashgar, which no European has visited without forfeit of his life since the days of Marco Polo and the mediæval travellers; the last who made the perilous journey, the unfortunate Adolphe Schlagintweit, was murdered in Kashgar, in 1858. This journey is perhaps fuller of elements of interest than the one to the Pamir will be, on which Mr. Hayward is now engaged.

His starting-point, after crossing the southern ranges of the Himalaya, was the town of Leh, in Ladak, a province belonging to our tributary the Maharajah of Cashmere. Hence to Yarkand, across the Karakorum and Kuen Luen Ranges, is a journey of five hundred miles, over the most elevated tract of land as yet known on the earth's surface, where the passes themselves are from 16,000 to 18,900 feet high. Only one of the routes had as yet been examined by a European, and Mr. Hayward undertook the first part of his task—to examine others, with a view to finding a more practicable route than now exists between Turkistan and India for the great trade which is springing up between the two countries. Attended by four natives of Ladak, with their yaks laden with provisions, he commenced his toilsome journey on the 29th of September. The lofty range beyond the Indus was crossed by a pass (the Chang La) 18,367 feet high, and the Karakorum Range, sixty miles further on, by the Chang Lang Pass, 18,839 feet. A nearly level plain, averaging about 16,000 feet in elevation and eighty miles in width, was then traversed. The pools of water were here solid blocks of ice, and the thermometer descended to 11° below zero. All liquids froze and burst their bottles. Three times the traveller attempted to find a passage to the west down into a valley supposed to be that of the Yarkand river; the third time he succeeded, and thus discovered a new pass (17,859 feet) and an easy route through the heart of the mountains. The river, however, proved to be the Karakash, flowing to Khotan, and not the Yarkand river, as erroneously marked on some maps. A few days' march down the valley, with the snowy peaks of the Kuen Luen chain in front or on the right of the line of march, brought the traveller to Shadula, the frontier post of the Yarkandi dominions. A strong guard of soldiers and spies was here stationed to prevent all strangers from entering the country of the suspicious Turks, and he had to wait a reply to his request for permission to enter, from the Ataligh Ghazee—the king of the country recently wrested from the grasp of the Chinese—who was then at Kashgar, watching the advance of small Russian parties beyond his northern frontier.

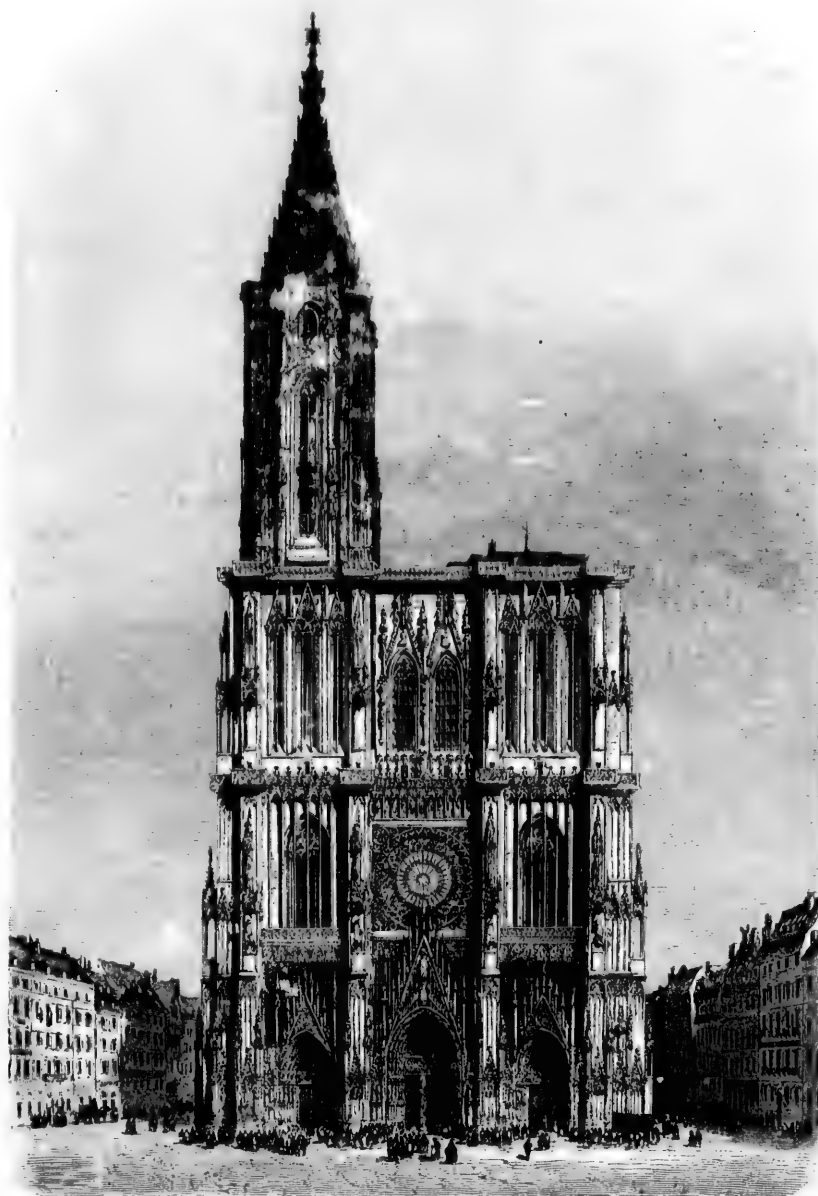
The prospect of some weeks' detention and inactivity was not an agreeable one to our courageous traveller. There was the mystery of the source and course of the Yarkand river to be cleared up, and the true direction of the two great parallel mountain chains, the Kuen Luen and the Karakorum, to be defined. So one day (November the 26th), having secretly arranged his plans, he escaped from the vigilance of his spies, and, with three of his faithful Ladak servants and a week's

supply of provisions, started with the first streak of daylight, on a journey in a new direction. Marching westward, he crossed a spur of the Kuen Luen, by a pass 17,992 feet high, and, descending on the other side, discovered, after a few hours' march, the long-sought Yarkand river. This great stream, of which we have now for the first time definite intelligence, rises on the northern side of the famed Karakorum Pass, and, after flowing for 130 miles in a narrow valley, or trough, east and west, between the Kuen Luen and Karakoram (or Mustagh) ranges, and fertilising—after breaking through the northern chain—the plains of Turkistan, loses itself in the sandy deserts of Tartary, having run a course of 1,300 miles. At the point where Mr. Hayward struck it, its bed was 13,685 feet above the sea-level. A few bushes and a little coarse grass grew in the warmer and more sheltered places. With these exceptions sterility and desolation reigned around. The rugged mountain slopes showed nothing but bare rock or heaps of rocky debris, and both to the north and the south the view was terminated by bristling rows of snowy peaks, some of those to the south being among the loftiest in the world—upwards of 28,000 feet high. During the two days he was in this valley he marched fifty-five miles, and climbed besides a peak overlooking the Yangi Pass, to the height of 19,000 feet, the ascent occupying five and a half hours—a marvellous two days' work, as most Alpine club-men will admit. But, in addition, he took observations to fix positions and altitudes, so as to enable him to draw an elaborate detailed map of all his routes, which accompanied the report read to the meeting. The absence of snow, except on the peaks, the extreme dryness and purity of the atmosphere in this trans-Himalayan region, must be the explanation of the apparent facility with which these mountains can thus be traversed, even at mid-winter. The latitude is between 35° 30' and 36° 30', about that of the Sierra Nevada in the south of Spain.

Mr. Hayward retraced his steps, and persevered until he reached the very source of the principal stream of the Yarkand. He then returned to Shadula, after twenty days' absence, and found the Turki guards in great consternation. A favourable reply had arrived from the king, and the spies, trembling lest their heads should pay the penalty of their neglect in losing the Englishman, had searched over hill and dale for many days without finding him. The march down into the warm plains then commenced. But first the main chain of the Kuen Luen had to be crossed. This was done by the Sanju Pass (16,612 feet)—a most difficult route, impracticable to laden animals. On the other side the descent was rapid, and the traveller's astonishment and admiration were soon excited by the novelty and beauty of the scenes that presented themselves. A thickly-peopled and well-ordered country, studded with well-built villages, towns, and cities, irrigated by rivers and canals, and abounding in corn, fruit (peaches, pomegranates, grapes, melons, &c.), pastures, fat cattle, and even cotton plantations, was traversed day after day during his ride of 180 miles to Kashgar, where resided the Ataligh Ghazee, the king of this promising country and the founder of its independence. Although closely watched, Mr. Hayward was treated throughout with marked courtesy and the most profuse hospitality; but we must reserve for a future occasion an account of his reception, and of the appearance and manners of the people of this remote region, thus unexpectedly laid open to the notice of Europeans.

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STRASBURG CATHEDRAL—WESTERN FAÇADE, TOWERS, AND SPIRE.

From Alsace to the Hartz.—I.

BY PROFESSOR D. T. ANSTED, M.A., F.R.S., F.R.G.S.

THE VOSGES—STRASBURG—CARLSRUHE—STUTTGARD.

THERE is no district in Europe that so entirely combines accessibility, beauty, novelty, and economic interest, as Alsace. Although a great highway, it is little visited, for travellers pass through it generally in the dark, and always at full speed, on their way from Paris to Strasburg or Mulhausen. The traveller by the night train to Strasburg reaches the Alsacian frontier about five o'clock in the morning half asleep and thinking more of coffee and rest than of the scenery that he is rapidly leaving behind him. At Saverne, with its great red castle—now a barrack—and its reminiscence of old Roman occupation, the plain of Alsace is reached; and the broad richly-cultivated tract that intervenes between the Vosges mountains and the Rhine—forming the eastern side of the great valley of that river—is crossed in about an hour, the railway entering the outer fortifications and gates of Strasburg, one of the most interesting and remarkable cities in Europe.

But the tourist who has a few hours to spare will not thus quit the region of the Vosges and the plains of Alsace. Before arriving at the station of Saverne the German country has been reached, for Saarbourg—the previous station, a walled town on the upper part of the river Saar, seventeen miles from Saverne—is the real boundary-line, and this line is so sharply drawn, that while French is the language of the upper town and upper classes, and the official language, German is spoken by the lower classes and in the lower town. From this point the interesting country begins, and from Saarbourg to Saverne the railway winds its way through hills, through valleys, and burrows, in its course, through the northern extremity of the Vosges mountains, which extend southwards from this point, and are crossed again at their southern extremity by the important branch of the Great Eastern Railway of France from Nancy to Mulhausen. The chain is reached by no less than three branches, one on the French, the other two on the German side, between the two lines which cross it.

The Vosges, as a mountain chain, is not lofty, but presents a great variety of picturesque and delightful scenery. Its principal elevations (called *Ballons*, from their rounded form) are about 4,000 feet above the sea, and consist chiefly of granitic rock, upheaved through a red building-stone (*grès de Vosges* of geologists) and many overlying rocks of the secondary period. The hills are covered in places by magnificent forests, and are rich in minerals, especially in iron-stone. Coal is also worked, and the district is celebrated for its mineral springs, of which that of Plombières is well known. From Strasburg the principal points of interest are easily reached by railroad, and will justify a delay of several days for those who have time at their disposal.

The traveller in Alsace must make up his mind to put up with many minor inconveniences, and to see a little of wild life, but he need not fear starvation. The forests still contain wolves and wild boar, and these occasionally in winter make their appearance in the villages. I remember being told by the guard of one of the trains, while crossing the country a few years ago, that the wild boars would sometimes run across the line, and that he had seen them endeavouring to outrun the

train. Their chance in a stern chase of this kind is very small, even when allowance is made for the absence of very high speed and the proverbial tedium of such chases.

The human inhabitants of the valleys and smaller towns partake of the picturesque, and their customs have been comparatively little altered since the middle ages. They are honest and good-natured, but wedded to their old ways. Now and then a group of them may be seen in the market-place at Strasburg; but the costumes are dying out here as everywhere else; and such a group as that represented in our illustration, though possible enough, will not be found every day. They are not a very communicative, and by no means an industrious and active race. On the contrary, their lands are often cultivated and their crops cut and carried by their neighbours from Switzerland. The language of most parts of Alsace is more German than French; but French is generally taught, and is much more spoken than formerly.

Strasburg is so easily reached, and so situated, that it may well serve as headquarters for the tourist, whether he is merely on his way to Germany, or is prepared to visit the most interesting points of the district he has crossed before reaching that noble and ancient city. To those who have not travelled in Germany it presents a great contrast to the towns of France hitherto visited, not only in language, but in general aspect. Being a frontier town close to the Rhine, it has been converted into a fortress of the first class; and by a system of sluices, the surrounding country could at any time be laid under water, except on one side, where there is, however, the protection of mines to be exploded in case of need. There are, of course, many extensive outworks, and on entering the city by the railroad the peaceful visitor can hardly fail to be affected by the exceedingly warlike character of everything around. Once within the fortifications, however, all this is forgotten in the multiplied objects of interest that crowd upon him, and the busy and flourishing appearance of the town.

The streets of Strasburg are narrow and dark, and the houses lofty, but there are several open spaces. The town is built on an island in the river Ill, which communicates with the Rhine at a short distance. There are several canals. The citadel is on the eastern extremity, and the railway station from Paris on the north-western. The cathedral—the most remarkable and interesting of the public buildings—is not far from the centre of the town, and is surrounded by old streets.

The view of the cathedral which is given in the engraving conveys an admirable idea of the extraordinary richness, beauty, and magnitude of the western end, and of the towers, and also of the noble spire, which rises in fretted stone-work of the most elaborate tracery to the height of 468 feet above the pavement. It is the loftiest Gothic spire ever constructed, and, unlike some examples of very lofty constructions, it looks its height. Seen from the small open space around it, no one can help being struck with this characteristic. It has not a bright appearance, being built of the dark red sandstone of the neighbourhood; but the material has been made the most of, and, owing to the singular openness of the sculpture, aided, no doubt, by admirable proportions, there is no appearance of heaviness. The

real and exquisite beauty of the details can only be appreciated by close examination. The stone is cut so as rather to resemble iron castings or carved oak than chiseled stone, and is carefully tied together throughout with iron, so as to give additional strength to resist the action of wind. It is to be hoped that its stability will not be tried by an earthquake; and, as more than four centuries have elapsed since the tower was completed, the whole structure must be considered to have resisted all other, and more ordinary, causes of destruction sufficiently well.

The visitor to Strasburg cathedral will not fail to be struck with the want of symmetry in the upper part of the western façade of this grand building. It was not so intended by the original artist, who died more than a century before the cathedral was completed in its present state, but whose plans still exist. Economy and poverty have prevented the carrying out of this as of so many grand ideas. As it is, however, the building is quite unrivalled, and is worth a much longer and more troublesome pilgrimage than that from London across France to this part of French Germany.

For a few sous the visitor may go through a doorway in the south side of the unfinished tower, up some three hundred steps, in more or less good preservation, to the wide platform at the top of the towers, where there is a station for a watchman, who overlooks the city, and whose duty it is to give notice of fires. Another similar fee will secure admission to the base of the spire. Beyond this, however, it is difficult to obtain permission to go, as there have been several accidents to visitors who have ascended the steps up the inside of the spire, but have lost nerve, owing to the dangerous openings between the stone tracery. It is said that the staircase is still good, and till lately the ascent was frequently made, but there is some danger and little to reward the climber.

The interior of this cathedral is only less interesting than the exterior. The painted glass is of extraordinary beauty; it is partly of the fourteenth, and partly of the fifteenth century, and, like most of the work of the interior, including all the details of the nave, belongs to the early history of the building, and helps to give that air of completeness for which the whole is remarkable. Only the clock—an imitation of the original very remarkable construction, no longer in its original site, and rather a gigantic toy than of any special mechanical interest or value—seems out of place, and disturbs the harmony of the interior by its gorgeous gilding, pictured diagrams, and numerous puppets. The old puppets of the clock of 1354, subdued by the dust and rust of centuries, told a story of the people of the middle ages that would always have remained instructive, although the movements had ceased. The new and ridiculous imitations are by no means pleasing. Nor are the monuments altogether improvements. The five hundred years that have elapsed since the building was erected have not been without many changes for the worse as well as for the better in the history of human progress; and in the matter of taste in ornamentation there was no such dark period during the dark ages as that from which we are now emerging or endeavouring to emerge.

Strasburg need not detain the traveller long when he has mastered the details of the cathedral and walked along some of the streets in the centre of the town; but he will hardly escape without some inquiry about the celebrated fat liver pies (*pâtés de foie gras*), to obtain which most unwholesome and objectionable food many unfortunate geese are crammed every

winter with maize, stimulated with sulphur, and cooped up in dark cellars, to insure the proper amount of disease required for the growth of those monstrous livers that are thus submitted for human food. Let those eat these so-called luxuries who can digest and enjoy them after knowing their history!

There is a railway across the low flat country between Strasburg and the Rhine, and a railway bridge across the same river, and thus the communication is perfectly easy and rapid from the town to Kehl in Germany. In half an hour the French frontier is passed, and we reach the German custom-house. The railway bridge is a noble construction, resting on granite piers, sunk sixty-five feet below the surface of the river, and rising twenty-three feet above. The German custom house is on the right bank of the Rhine, and the examination is often rather severe. From Kehl the line continues to Appenweier, it enters the main line on the right or German bank of where the Rhine, running from Frankfurt to Basle through the Grand Duchy of Baden, one of the most fertile parts of Germany. The railway passes through the plains of the Rhine valley, which here yield large crops of tobacco, maize, and other grain, hops, hemp, and flax. Vineyards are also seen clothing the sides of the low hills, and numerous walnut trees supply fruit, from which large quantities of oil are obtained. This walnut-oil is used in place of olive-oil for most purposes in Germany and France. There still remains a certain amount of ancient costume among the peasants and labourers in Baden. Most of the men wear cocked hats, and the women are not without well-marked peculiarities of dress.

From the railroad between Appenweier and Carlsruhe (the next large town on our road) there is a branch at the little station of Oos to the celebrated watering place of Baden-Baden. But we are not now following the great stream of travellers whose interest and amusement converge in the *salons* and ball-rooms of this well-known resort. We are looking for other objects of interest; and though there are pretty excursions to be made from Baden, and a day or two of easy travelling would easily carry us from thence into wild and lovely country, where green fields replace green cloth, and the cry of the croupier is never heard, we will rather avoid for the present all temptation, and hurry past the station at Oos, to be brought in two or three hours to Carlsruhe, the capital of the state of Baden.

There is, however, but little to detain us here. Carlsruhe—as those best know who have been obliged to do more than pass through it—is a melancholy collection of lines of houses, all radiating from the palace. They are not all alike, because built at three periods; but all are without the smallest touch of the picturesque, and, except from the surrounding scenery, which is pretty, they form but an ugly, disagreeable, and dull abode.

Fourteen miles north of Carlsruhe is the junction station of Bruchsal, where we enter the system of the Wurtemberg railroads, and after another fifty miles may reach Stuttgart. There is, however, another line branching at Durlach, and coming into the Wurtemberg line at Mühlacker. This is shorter and more direct, and some trains are continuous. It takes at least five hours to reach Stuttgart from Carlsruhe under any circumstances. The line from Durlach to Mühlacker lies through Pforzheim, a large and interesting manufacturing town, with iron-works, cloth-factories, and other industries, among which must be ranked certain gold and silver works



ALSATIAN COSTUMES SEEN IN THE MARKET PLACE OF STRASBURG.

which have some general reputation. The country travelled through from this town to the Neckar valley is not particularly interesting.

The valley of the Neckar, near which Stuttgart is situated, is remarkable for its picturesque beauty. The railway, however, leaves the river at Heilbronn about thirty miles north of Stuttgart, where a charming view is obtained from the Wartburg, or watch tower, overlooking the town. Heilbronn is a

place of great interest, and well worthy an excursion. It is very picturesque, with many towers, gable ends, and old walls, and besides these, a very fine church of the thirteenth century, the choir of which is pure in style and well preserved.

From Heilbronn the railway passes over the plain and through some hills, past Mühlacker (the junction from Durlach) to Ludwigsburg with its deserted palace, and then by other tunnels opens at last on Stuttgart, the capital of Wurtemberg.

This small town is prettily situated, being almost surrounded by low hills covered with vineyards which yield a fair wine in large quantity. It is not, however, very remarkable for picturesque beauty. One of the prettiest parts is the great square or Schloss Platz (represented in the engraving), in which are situated the old and new palace and the theatre. This square is planted with trees, and one side of it is a wing of the palace. There are two principal and very broad streets, besides many squares or open spaces, and the population being small the largeness of the space gives an air of desolation. Perhaps the most interesting objects of the town are the Neckerstrasse, which contains the finest buildings, none of them, however, very remarkable, and the palace gardens, open to the public, and extending for two miles, with carriage drives and winding

with extinct volcanic rocks immediately around. There is a *Kursaal*, or bath-room, where the water is delivered, and where baths may be had on very moderate terms. Behind it are pleasant gardens, and connected with it is a restaurant greatly frequented, especially on Sundays and festivals, when the mid-day table d'hôte is always fully and pleasantly attended. A railway connects Stuttgart with this suburb, which is, indeed, more busy and flourishing than the capital itself. Cannstadt was founded by the Romans, and was made use of extensively in the time of the later Roman empire as a resort both for health and pleasure. Remains of their thermæ, or baths, and other public buildings, and many fragments of Roman sculpture found in the neighbourhood, attest the importance of this place in ancient times.



PLACE OF THE OLD CHATEAU IN STUTTGARD.

footpaths, and well shaded by avenues of trees. The Museum of the Fine Arts is rich in sculpture and drawings. Among the former are works by Dannecker, Rauch, Schwanthaler, and other well-known German artists, and casts of Thorwaldsen's best works, presented by himself. There is also a rich cabinet of medals, and a public library, containing, it is said, more editions of the Bible than are to be found elsewhere in any collection.

No one should leave Stuttgart without a visit to the pretty little town of Cannstadt, with its mineral springs, of which as many as forty rise in various places in and about the town, discharging as much as five millions of gallons of water per day. The sources are partly saline and partly chalybeate, and are regarded as very efficacious in cases of disordered digestion—a complaint not unlikely to exist in Germany, where the food (especially in some parts) is anything but simple or light. All these waters are cold, and they appear to rise in connection

A curious palace, built at Cannstadt about twenty years ago in the Moorish style by the late King of Würtemberg, affords an instructive example of royal extravagance. It is said to have cost a quarter of a million sterling. It is built something in the style of the celebrated Alhambra palace, or rather of one of the courts of that famous Moorish palace at Grenada, and was intended to be filled with a collection of pictures and statuary. Many of the specimens that were placed there by the founder of this building have been removed by the present king, Charles I., who does not quite appreciate the style and execution of this whim, and the palace is not now generally occupied. It is, however, well worth a visit, and is perhaps less absurd, or at least less objectionable in point of taste, than George the Fourth's caricature of a Chinese joss-house at Brighton. It is true that it came into the world a quarter of a century later.

A Ride Across the Frontier of Victoria.

BY PHILIP A. EAGLE, AUTHOR OF "GOLD MINING IN VICTORIA," "AUSTRALIAN FAUNA," ETC.

THE south-westernmost portion of the colony of Victoria comprises one of the most attractive and fertile regions of Australia. The Wimmera district was first discovered by Sir Thomas Mitchell, during a journey of exploration, in 1836. After traversing the rough scrub country lying between South Australia and Victoria, the magnificent domain of pasture burst upon his view, to which the great explorer gave the proud title of Australia Felix.

The fattening capacity of the rich natural grasses which abound there is sufficiently attested by the great value of the present holdings under the Crown. Yet it is hardly too much to affirm that the greater part of this immense area is almost a *terra incognita* to the bulk of the colonists, so limited and scattered has been the intercourse resulting from commercial enterprise, while the extreme confines of the gold discoveries but trench, as it were, upon its borders. With a surface of upwards of nine millions of acres, extending from below Mount Ararat, embracing a large portion of the "Mallee" scrub, and terminating only on the South Australian frontier, the Wimmera district, in addition to its great physical diversity, possesses features of considerable interest.

The scenery of Australia, though wanting somewhat in grandeur and in that wild sublimity which ordinarily belongs to a granitic formation, is not without attractions that are singularly its own. The great abundance of forest, the peculiar aspect of the vegetation, and the blending of what may be termed the pastoral and the romantic, unite to produce landscapes of considerable beauty and freshness.

Stretching away from the foot of Mount William—the highest range in the western district—are broad rolling prairies, over which numerous herds of fine cattle are distributed, and fringed on their western side by belts of magnificent vegetation, which rise range upon range until their varied foliage mingles with the high blue caps of the Grampians; beyond these, again, towering in the distance, are the broken mountains which overlook the seaboard, their summits standing out in bold relief against the background of blue sky.

The river Wimmera is, perhaps, the most varied of Australian rivers in its wanderings. After flowing for miles through these fertile savannahs, its course may be traced through some deep wooded glen, where, contracting its volume, the stream dashes along a narrow, precipitous gorge for a short distance, until, as in the Maranoa Falls, it tumbles over huge projecting rocks, and, bounding in its abrupt descent along a succession of granite beds, finally plunges in wild and fanciful cascades below. Thence it is distributed in numerous creeks and branches through a luxuriant delta of vegetation, whose flats and swamps, covered with a semi-tropical verdure, are the resort of large quantities of wild fowl, proving as attractive to the sportsman as the tourist. Here the Wimmera subsides into a shallow rivulet, winding through water-worn gulches, overgrown with grass and reeds, and so slender that all traces of its course are frequently lost, to be recovered along the sheds and basins of its mountain source.

A few years back the writer, in company with Dr. Ludwig Becker, a well-known botanist, Mr. H—, an overseer, and

two Sydney stockmen, started from the Messrs. Wilsons' home station on the Upper Wimmera,* for an outlying run on the Murray River.

The course of our journey lay along the western extremity of the colony, and included the passage of the "Mallee" scrub—a dense and almost impenetrable eucalyptus vegetation, growing on the South Australian frontier. We left the homestead in the cool freshness of an early September morning, while the sun was fast dispelling the night dews, which hung in large crystal drops on the leaves and branches of the numerous eucalypti, or sparkled on the long blades of grass at our feet. The magnificent blue overhead was unbroken throughout—and the beauty of a cloudless Australian sky is proverbial.

Nothing of interest occurred on our journey for several days; but a week's travelling brought us into a strange and comparatively new region. Pastoral life ended, and beyond old sheep-tracks near the water-sheds, or an unoccupied hut or two, there was no evidence of this country being stocked. Travelling along the depressions which here fall from the open country we reached a series of small fresh-water lakes, connected by swampy ground, fringed in parts by tall flowering shrubs and broad-leaved plants. Here we shot a quantity of moor-fowl, wild ducks, and smaller birds. Proceeding thence in a northerly direction, we came upon low sandy flats, with occasional patches of stunted vegetation, the country generally presenting a most uninviting aspect. Crossing afterwards a high range, covered with arborescent shrubs, the ground improved into a succession of small open flats, with some good grass, displaying here and there several casuarinas or acacias, with a few shrub pines (*Callitris verrucosa*). Beyond this, again, came a succession of barren grounds. A hurricane had swept through the scrub, leaving enormous fissures in the earth, embedded in the sides of which remained the roots of massive melaleucas, the only survivors being a few scattered trunks of giant trees, poised at a considerable inclination. The following day we reached a lightly-wooded, undulating country; and while traversing the border of an open flat, one of our party espied a couple of brush turkeys feeding, and by good luck sent a shot which disabled the larger one, and we secured a very fine bird.

Taking a more westerly direction, in order to avail ourselves of the water-holes, we descended into a wide and well-grassed valley of some length, the verdant surface presenting a striking contrast to the appearance of the open forests, while securely sheltered from the devastating sirocco which had spread such desolation in our rear. After journeying through an intricate bush for some distance, we entered upon a succession of spacious glades, covered with dwarfed peppermint shrubs and polygonum, when the appearance of the country underwent a considerable change, and we traversed some open rises, which for a long distance were denuded of vegetation,

* The Upper Wimmera, on account of the great natural adaptability of the country, has been selected by the Acclimatisation Society of Victoria as a depot for the preservation of their valuable camels, a number of which are now permanently located on the grounds belonging to the Messrs. Wilson.

their course overlooking the continuous depressions which here trend westward until they are lost among the scrub ranges. Dissatisfied with the scanty herbage around, we pushed forward, and, following a long low range, entered upon a more level country, tolerably well timbered. We now took the course of a dry creek until dusk, crossed some mallee (scrub) ranges, and passed into the bed of a deep gorge, apparently running out into open country. We here found a good supply of water and grass, and camped alongside some pines.

The moon was now at the full; and whilst enjoying our rest we could admire the extensive panorama of bush scenery within our view. The track of the ravine, occasionally intercepted by some jutting rock, was brilliantly lighted up, the moon silvers the higher foliage of its timbered ranges—whose extent could be traced far away into the interior—or glancing along the projecting points and upturned blocks of granite scattered over the landscape, leaving the surrounding brushwood and wild growth of mallee in deep obscurity. The quiet grandeur of the scene was perhaps heightened by its utter isolation, the only sound which broke the solitude being the merry squeak of an opossum or the sharp howl of the Australian dingo.

The following morning we had a chase after several of these creatures, which fled in various directions. One large savage-looking specimen, after a short run, assumed the defensive, and after working in and out the bushes, made a bolt into cover; but as the dingo, when attacked in the scrub, frequently injures a good dog, we abandoned the pursuit. These animals have a bold wolf-like appearance, with pointed ears and a brush tail. They are fleet, and sometimes victorious in their encounter with other dogs, biting without bark; but more frequently they turn tail, and with short snappish howls make their escape. Although they are indigenous to Australia, they appear rarely to leave their own district, and, unlike the ordinary dog, are said to be able to exist during long intervals without water.

After leaving the open country we followed the course of some mallee ranges for several days, when we afterwards descended into large open plains, but had not entirely cleared the timber belt when we espied a flock of emus feeding around some *nitraria** bushes. Although screened from observation at the time, there seemed no possibility of approaching them unperceived in the open plain, but relying on the well-known curiosity of the bird, I resolved to stalk them along a dry watercourse, which ran down near their feeding-place. Leaving our party well in the shade, I started, armed with a double barrel, and having over my head and shoulders a red blanket. My progress was slow and difficult, it being sometimes necessary to contract myself into the smallest dimensions possible, the gulch, which was a mere depression of the ground, in parts barely affording concealment. Pushing forward in this way for about twenty minutes, I reached an exposed point distant about eighty or ninety yards from the flock. On raising my head, I observed one emu in advance of the rest, and all of them earnestly regarding me. It was not long before their curiosity developed itself. They cautiously approached until they had advanced within about twenty yards, when they stopped short. The wary old emu in front had evidently observed our party.

*A salsolaceous bramble, yielding a berry the size of a sloe, conical in shape, the fruit juicy and agreeable.

I fired both barrels just as they wheeled round; a few hairy feathers flew about, and I sharply scanned the retreating body. At first they were scudding across the plain as fast as their long legs would enable them, while the released dogs were in eager but useless pursuit. At length I observed one limping fellow separate himself from the others, and after running round, suddenly drop. I now closely watched the track of the remainder, and had the mortification of seeing them all disappear in a short time. Our prize turned out to be a fine male emu, and, although shot in the breast and neck, was not dead, for while examining it one of the kangaroo dogs received a kick from it which sent him away howling. We at once despatched the bird, and the flesh being unfit for eating, we cut off the legs, which we brought away with us.

After traversing the plains several miles, we entered on some scrubby land, sparsely clothed with a wild growth of pines and scented shrubs, but of a barren, sandy character, and which continued for a couple of days, water in the meantime becoming scarce. We were now compelled to travel slowly, for we had gradually got into a mallee jungle, made up of the *Eucalyptus oleosa*, a dwarf gum, of close thicket-like growth, tea-tree, and pine scrub, with a lot of tough creeping plants interlaced overhead, the whole reaching to a height of a dozen feet or more, and which we found in some places almost impenetrable. After some difficulty, we at length emerged from this dangerous scrub, with features and clothing presenting disagreeable evidences of the roughness of the passage. It is hardly necessary to remark that the difficulties of bush travelling are intensified in the neighbourhood of mallee, since the perplexities of a thick scrub render unavailable any solar observations. The mallee, along a course of several hundred miles, frequently presents a growth so dense that no ray of sun can penetrate the overhanging screen of this tenacious vegetation. There is another scrub known to overlanders to the west of the mallee, called the Whipstick Scrub, as difficult to penetrate, if not so rugged, as the mallee, and which has proved, on more than one occasion, fatal to the adventurous traveller. This scrub (so called) presents an exact uniformity of growth, a dozen or more straight whip-like stems frequently springing from a single root, and meeting overhead at a height of ten or twelve feet.

We now entered upon a low, dry, sandy plain, extending for a considerable distance, where, from the nature of the ground, we could make but little progress, the country being for many miles of the most desolate character, both vegetation and water-holes becoming each day more unfrequent, and placing man and horse on the shortest allowance. Towards the termination of this plain we observed several raised sand-hills (one of them being over twenty feet in circumference). These proved to be nests of the *Leipoa*, or native pheasant. The discovery caused the liveliest interest among our party; and the doctor, who had long been curious about this remarkable specimen of the Australian fauna, had an opportunity of observing closely the construction of their nests. A hole had been scraped out on one side of the mound, in which the eggs were found deposited endwise and closely packed around with sand; the mouth of the nest—which was merely an accumulation of sand that had become sun-baked—being afterwards blocked up with a mass of leaves. Incubation follows upon the high rate of temperature maintained within, due partly to the decomposition of vegetable matter, a layer

of leaves being first placed beneath the eggs; and at the end of the period of hatching, generally about four months, the young hen emerges. The flesh of the mallee pheasant is stated to be fine eating, but we had no opportunity of testing this, as the only specimen we observed escaped into the scrub. We, however, extracted several eggs, which were in size a little fuller than a goose egg, of a pinkish colour, and which we found of excellent flavour.

The following day we passed beyond this barren country. We now found ourselves among a short scattered bush, which led into a light grassy district, partially covered with mallee and a thick undergrowth of myrtaceous plants. Kangaroos and pademelons were here to be seen, some within a short distance; but both horses and riders were fatigued with a dry day's march (no rain having yet fallen), and we did not leave our track, but continued heading for a plain of open grassy land, which we observed springing from the foot of a pine scrub range. Here were wild cattle spread over a large extent of broken ground. We found a supply of water, and, after reaching the northern range, made preparations for camping. These were hardly completed when a deep pall rapidly overspread the sky, and a drenching storm of rain suddenly descended, the water coming down in heavy masses. We were fortunately on a rise of tea-tree and pine scrub, and tolerably well sheltered, but the animals, and, unluckily, the saddles, with some of our blankets, were still exposed. The storm soon abated, permitting us to erect a temporary shelter, and dry our bedding.

The howling of wild dogs awoke us during the night, and two of our party having fancied that they detected the galloping of horses, hurried down to the place where they were last seen, and where they were found quietly grazing. The moon now shone brightly, and the valley which we had previously crossed, as far as the eye could trace its extent, was entirely covered with water, presenting the appearance of a vast lake.

We continued along the tea-tree range for a considerable distance, until the boundary of the plain was reached, which now contracted to a rising sandy ground covered with a scattered growth of myrtle and salt-bush. Here lay distributed about the ground the carcasses of several sheep, torn and destroyed by the wild dogs; but no indications of a flock were to be observed. We now took a westerly line, entering into a country chiefly of low shelving ranges extending down into hollows, in one of which we observed several kangaroos.

The great body of rain that had fallen had cooled the atmosphere, rendering travelling more agreeable during the last twenty-four hours; but one of the most important results was the now well-filled water-holes. A great improvement took place in the appearance of the country, which gradually expanded into open undulating ground, well grassed and partially stocked. The second day after finding the worried sheep we entered on occupied country, and, following the course of a creek, reached a shepherd's hut belonging to the Messrs. Campbell, of Adelaide, where we remained for the night.

Here, to our surprise, we found quite an aviary of birds; among which were crimson and orange-coloured parrots, rose-bill paroquets, lorries, and other beautiful species. The hut-keeper cleaned a number of the plumpest we had shot, and we made a capital supper off stewed parrots. This retreat presented quite an oasis in the scrub; a narrow creek flowed through the

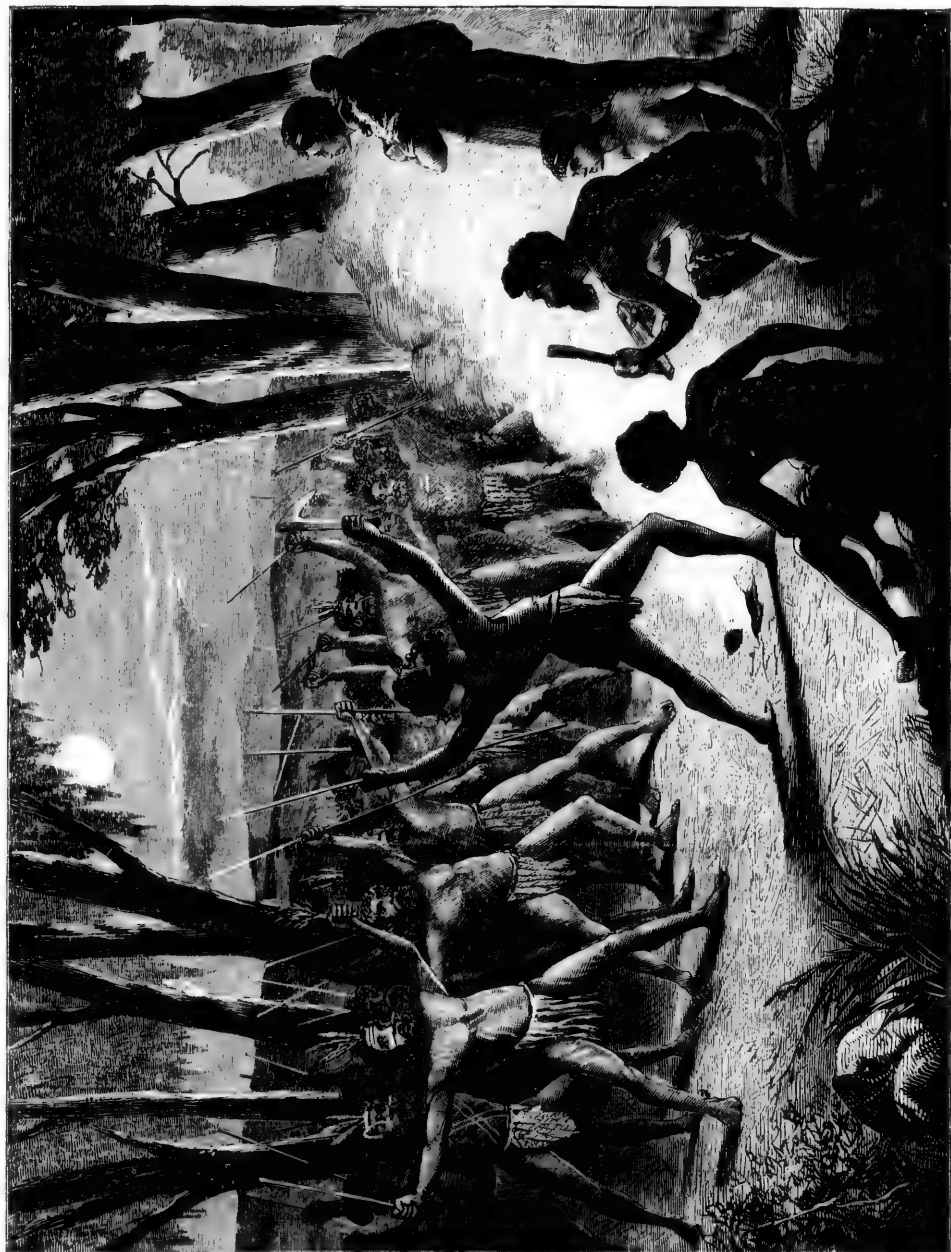
ground within a short distance of the building, and at the back, running nearly north and south, lay a succession of green sloping ranges. Spreading from the foot of these, and extending along the front, was a spacious and well-grassed flat, affording depasturing ground for several thousand sheep, the general aspect of which was enlivened by small groups of fine young melaleucas and sandarac pine-shrubs.

Mr. H——, the new overseer, had a narrow escape of being left out in the cold. Having tracked a kangaroo-rat which he had condemned for supper into a clump of brushwood, he there started a fine wallaby, and, abandoning the rat, commenced a chase after his new quarry, which led him away over ranges and through the scrub to a considerable distance before he succeeded in running him to ground. He then, for the first time, began to realise his situation, and having but a dim perception of the route he came, commenced his return to camp. It was now quite dark, and after traversing several rises, he discovered that he was on a wrong track, and thus he continued running down gullies and over ranges until near midnight, when he caught sight of the large fire we had kindled outside, and reached the hut nearly exhausted, bringing with him his hard-earned trophy.

Our journey for the next few days lay along low-lying flats of pasture, which were afterwards broken by a course of heavy ranges with sharp rugged gullies running at right angles, and which proved most fatiguing to the cattle. On the second day, after leaving the shepherd's hut, in crossing a blind creek, we came suddenly upon a gunyah with two black fellows and a "lubra" squatted around a fire. The men immediately sprang up, not a little surprised at our presence. After quieting the dogs, we discovered that the party were occupied in roasting rats, which they devoured with great gusto. The tails were pulled off and disposed of in a bunch, the bodies were eaten *seriatim*, very much like biting a sausage. The men had no blankets, a piece of animal hide being loosely thrown around them; the "lubra," with the extra adornment of a few feathers, carrying a kind of skin wallet, into which all waifs and strays were crammed, besides a piccaninny slung on her back.

But little could be gathered from the natives beyond the information, elicited by one of the stockmen, who had a "yabber" with them, that they were on their way to attend one of their native dances, the black fellow adding the vague intimation of its being "big one walk," at the same time pointing in the direction of Coolaminga station. They gathered up their weapons and accompanied us some distance. The men were both fine athletic natives. To the foremost (a broad-shouldered fellow with a large beard and mischievously rapid eyes) we presented a piece of tobacco and a pipe, at which they all showed unbounded delight. In crossing a deep gorge one of the natives killed a black snake, which he carefully stowed away along with the piccaninny, intending it, no doubt, as a *bonne bouche*. The other black fellow, upon rising a limestone range, suddenly shot ahead, and commenced cutting away at the fork of a large gum-tree; presently he came down with a fine ring-tailed opossum. This process was repeated twice during the day, and before we camped at eventide, they had bagged quite a stock of native game. There is a fat grub about three or four inches long, much relished by the natives, who find it both in the limbs and near the roots of a tree. Fixing their toes in the thick projecting groove-like rind of the *Eucalyptus resinifera*,* they will ascend

* One of the largest and hardest of Australian forest trees.



AUSTRALIAN CORROBORREE AT COOLAMINGA

its iron trunk with amazing rapidity; or, carrying with them a tomahawk made of a sharp-edged stone or flint, fixed in a cleft-stick, with which they cut notches for the feet, they will run up a tall, smooth gum with the greatest ease in pursuit of their game. Amongst their spoil was a plump kangaroo-rat, which the glossy individual, whose good-will I had enlisted by a present of "fig," held up to us, with an exclamation of "Kunge patter-coolinga!" The flesh of this marsupial is esteemed good eating by the natives, and is not to be despised by the bushman on occasions. The blacks of Australia possess a variety of excellent food in the mammals and reptiles of the continent. The *sumnum* of native epicurean indulgence is undoubtedly the *pseudechys*, or black snake. This specimen of the vertebrate takes precedence even of the iguana, which is affirmed to be only excelled in delicacy of flavour by the most tender representative of the fowl species.

The scenery of the district we now passed through improved in character, and from the summit of one of the cross ranges we had a view of considerable extent; but beyond the mountain on our left, seemingly connected with a series of plateaux extending into the interior, the range of perspective presented but little relief to the usual dense and unvarying bush. Towards evening we entered upon some grassy plains, but these, further on, were again disturbed by ironstone and porphyritic ranges. Having reached a water-hole, with a good feed near it, we camped. The aborigines rapidly constructed a mia-mia, where they were soon engaged in toasting and devouring their appetising dishes. The Australians never take the trouble to cook their food, but merely tear off the outer skin of the animal, and after holding the body over the fire for a few minutes, eagerly devour it in its uncleaned state, frequently eating so voraciously as to be in a state of inactivity and torpor for several hours afterwards. On one occasion, after killing an emeu, the black fellow earnestly begged the stomach, upon which, barely warmed, he supped, and although evidently uneasy during the night—rolling frequently and rubbing his belly—he got up and made several fresh attacks on the emeu, until at daybreak I found that scarcely any portion of the bird remained. While there are many articles of food in common use by the Europeans which are distasteful to the Australians, sweet articles—such as honey (of which they obtain large quantities), sugary exudations from certain trees (the *myoporum* yields considerably) and the saccharine "manna" of the *Eucalyptus* vegetation—are their greatest delights. They obtain a sweet drink by distillation of the blossom of honeysuckles and other shrubs.

While resting one day at noon, I detected an enormous snake gliding from under the end of a dead log on which we had previously been sitting. I had scarcely pointed it out, when the black, who was some few yards off, transfixed it to the ground with his spear, striking it in the fore-part of the body; the shaft quivered as the reptile rose and twisted itself round the weapon in its convulsive efforts to get free, but the latter stoutly withstood the snake's attempts to remove it. The reptile, which was of a light-brown colour, and about ten feet in length, was at once dispatched, but the natives did not attempt to touch any portion of it.* We now directed our horses'

heads towards the outlying run, halting only to let the cattle drink, and camped early. The following morning we crossed a narrow open plain, with a strong sandy bottom, yielding a few banksias, drooping exocarpus shrubs and peppermint bushes, and afterwards passed through one or two well-grassed gullies, the country now presenting an open and better vegetation, with fewer indications of a scrub character. Towards evening of the following day, when crossing the lower spur of a range, we observed a conflict of a rather unusual character. A large iguana was darting round and making occasional snaps at a porcupine ant-eater (*Echidna hystrix*). It was evident that "Quills" had made a seizure that was resented by the lizard, but the latter could only get at his intervals, when the other exposed his snout, the remainder of the animal presenting an impenetrable exterior to his antagonist. I succeeded in dislodging the porcupine, which had burrowed itself through the sand and gravel into a hole five or six inches deep, and found in the latter several small lizards and a quantity of eggs. The iguana having in the meantime made tracks, we left his bristling opponent in peaceable possession. The ant-eater accomplishes the operation of lowering itself into the ground, by throwing up, by a lateral movement of the feet, the gravel and earth until it is completely buried.

During the remainder of the journey we found the country diversified by narrow plains and thinly-timbered rises—the vegetation occasionally interspersed with large and splendid specimens of casuarinas, and which, as we neared Coolaminga, improved into undulating flats of good open country, well watered and stocked with cattle. As we advanced towards the Murray we detected on several occasions a variety of odoriferous trees and shrubs, some of which were beautifully grained. The pines and acacias were all strongly scented, the most fragrant perfume being emitted from the young myalls (*Acacia homalophylla*), a dark slender tree, several fine specimens of which we observed on the scrub rises. We now crossed Piccaninny Creek, on the other side of which were upwards of a dozen black fellows, several of whom were hunting along the bank or occupied in catching crayfish and mussels, the former being of enormous size. We reached Coolaminga early the next morning, in the neighbourhood of which were collected a great number of natives.

Here we learnt that the tribes were assembling to hold a Coroboree in a day or two at a neighbouring mount, distant four or five miles, and the day after our arrival the natives left the grounds.

Some of the station hands having expressed an intention to visit the "black fellows," the doctor and myself determined to join them, and having made our preparations, we started the following evening for the upper range. It was quite dark some time before we reached the place of their encampment, but by ten o'clock the moon shed a flood of light over the surrounding landscape. We could perceive the forms of the natives moving around their fires on the summit of the hill, which now glowed with a strange and unreal effect. Shaded by some large vegetation, we approached within an easy distance of the fires, collected around which were about 200 dusky aboriginals (men and women). They had selected an open space reaching nearly across the range, flanked on either side by a thick growth of timber. Some were anointing themselves with gourra, or rubbing in pigments of red and yellow ochre, the latter being displayed in fantastical and skeleton-like devices over the person.

* These natives, we learnt, belonged to the border tribe of *Millieu* blacks. During the short time they hung upon our rear, the men showed a willingness to render us any service, and were generally first in the discovery of the nearest water-hole, a handful of sugar or a fig of tobacco at all times proving an irresistible "sesame."

Others applied a cosmetique to the hair, which bore a strong resemblance to train oil. Most of the men were deeply scarred, and a few showed old cicatrised spear-wounds, one old warrior we observed being disfigured in a peculiar manner. The hair was fastened down generally by a kind of fillet, decorated with a few feather ornaments; the latter, of a brighter hue and larger size, formed the more imposing head-dress of a portion only, and which, with the "tattooing" above described, constituted the sole adornment of the person.

To convey anything like a clear description of the extraordinary spectacle which we now witnessed would be impossible. The movements of the men varied with the greatest rapidity: at one time, standing in close phalanx, they would sway the body to and fro in uncouth postures; and then, suddenly wheeling round, perform sundry evolutions of a most eccentric character, the women simultaneously indulging in a kind of chant. It was not until near midnight that the spirit of motion seemed to have thoroughly animated them, when a large number commenced marching round at a quick pace, although with measured step, and something like order—now assuming a bent attitude, now rapidly retracing or recrossing their route by a sudden revulsion of their movements, forming a sort of intricate trail, and which, I concluded, was illustrative of their sagacity when on the "wallaby track." The lubras who were squatted around, while occupied in unceasingly drumming on small skin-covered instruments, sang continuously a kind of chorus that was not dissonant, but marked by a tedious cadence, alternately enlivening the scene by an inciting display of native practices.

The men, who were armed with "wirris," which they beat together in unison with the music, now threw their whole energy into the ceremony, swelling their monotonous intonation until it became loud, rapid, and defiant. Sometimes they would advance in lines opposed to each other, with shields fixed and arms elevated, and here they would present a more warrior-like appearance—the spear, gracefully poised, would be suddenly launched and received on the shield; this would be repeated in different postures, and the *nulla* substituted for the spear. The performance (which was never suspended) became interesting—the men frequently springing in the air in a body, when with legs outstretched they would strike the ground in most eccentric attitudes; this was succeeded by a remarkable movement, in which the activity displayed was incessant, and which increased in intensity until its influence seemed to extend to all around. And now the scene had some-

thing Satanic in its aspect: their expressive eyes seemed to enlarge, and gleamed beneath their bushy heads; their swarthy and naked bodies quivered and glistened in the firelight; their excitement, exhibited in their frenzied gestures and utter abandon to the spirit of the orgie, was wrought to the highest pitch, while gigantic and weird figures appeared to have animated the background of stumps and foliage, all combining to produce a scene where one might fancy Mephistopheles was the presiding genius, or that we were witnessing an Australian native's invocation to Hades.

When we left the scene the performance was at its height, and we could perceive no symptoms of exhaustion among the men. They continued their festival for several days, occasionally coming down to the station.

Since the opening of the gold-fields, visitations of "blacks" upon the townships are of common occurrence; for when the opossums, squirrels, or rats begin to grow scarce, or the "chief" has become too lazy to hunt, they will make a raid on the nearest place, fully alive to the indulgences that follow in the wake of civilisation. It is not at all surprising to see five or six unkempt and barefooted natives, decked out in all the importance of cast-off suits, traversing the streets of an inland town, the men strutting along under the bursting seams of an old dress-coat, with a damaged pair of pants perhaps six inches too short in the leg, and a broken "belltopper," jabbering away, and occasionally chastising their ladies, who, with nothing but a dilapidated and dirty blanket thrown around them, and with half-a-dozen swarthy picanninies, and as many curs, follow at their heels. They enter into the stores and public-houses, levying contributions with the greatest impartiality, until, after a successful foraging expedition, they may be seen making tracks for their *mia-mia* in the bush, the men armed with a bottle of grog, and the wallets of the "gins" distended with pieces of bread, dirty shirts, sheep's heads, old pipes, bullocks' livers, figs of tobacco, and small-tooth combs, all thrown together in admired disorder, the plunder being surmounted by one or two ebony cherubs, who stare at you with complacency from their greasy elevation.

Perhaps the next day one of the "gins" will appear with a broken head, the effects of a "waddy" administration; another may be seen lying drunk across a water-hole, whilst the black fellow will be endeavouring to extort a nobbler or a piece of white money from some new chum, on the strength of showing him how far he can throw the boomerang or launch an improvised spear.

Journey from the Senegal to the Niger.—III.

FROM THE FRENCH OF LIEUTENANT MAGE.

CHAPTER III.

DEPARTURE FROM GOUÏNA—NAVIGATION BETWEEN GOUÏNA AND BAFLOULABÉ—MANNER OF TRAVELLING BY LAND—HIPPOPOTAMUS-HUNT—MARSH, LOUNDRY OF THE KHASSO—A CROCODILE NEAR GOUÏNA—ARRIVAL AT BAFLOULABÉ—TRYING DAY—SIDY AND YSSA GO ON A VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY.

ON the 1st of December I left the falls of Gouïna, after exchanging a hearty farewell with the last Europeans we were

likely to see for a very long time. From this place we should have to face the unknown and the desolate wilderness; for, from Banganoura to some distance beyond Bafoulabé, I knew we were not likely to meet with any inhabitants. Henceforth we should be alone, for however devoted to us the ten blacks might be, no interchange of thought or real intimacy could exist between them and ourselves. We should have to depend on each other alone for protection, for support in our weak-

ness, for encouragement in moments of anxiety, and for care in sickness.

On the 2nd of December I put part of my provisions on board the canoe, and particularly some magnificent pumpkins, which the blacks of Tamba Comba-Fata had brought for sale in exchange for a little gunpowder; and whilst M. Quintin, assisted by Sanba Yoro and five men with the animals, opened a way through the interior, I endeavoured, with the other four, to proceed by water to a great bar which we had discovered two days previously. At this time our caravan consisted of two officers, ten working-men, two mules, three horses, fourteen donkeys, and five oxen, one of which

lighted large fires to keep off the wild beasts of the interior and the hippopotami, whose sullen growlings we had heard all the night. These amphibious monsters seemed to follow on our track. They were disturbed for the first time for many years in the waters where they reigned supreme, and were now irritated by our cries, our oars, and the discharge of our fire-arms, with which also they were occasionally wounded. We generally encamped on the smooth sandy beach, which served them also as a landing-place when going to pasture for the night. Naturally, the same cause which attracted them to these pasture-grounds, led us to select them for the sake of the numerous animals in our caravan; so that when, both from habit and instinct, they



FALLS OF GOÛNA, IN THE RAINY SEASON.

was used as a beast of burden. When four men were in the canoe there remained six to take charge of all these animals. We fastened the mules and horses single file, one man was put in charge of the oxen, and the rest drove the fourteen donkeys. It will easily be seen that they had no time to stop to pick up the packages which fell from time to time, especially in passing through the scarcely dry marshes. Nor was this all: there being no path through this region of bushes growing to the height of ten or twelve feet, we had to clear a way with our cutlasses. Sometimes we fell into thickets of the prickly mimosa, from which we only extricated ourselves at the cost of torn garments and skin. It was clear that we could not make rapid progress, so much time was taken up by the circuitous route we were obliged to pursue. Often a deep ravine would force us to retrace our steps, and go farther into the interior; at another time we came upon the river, and after following its course for a short time again had to turn back. We had encamped on the 1st of December on the slope of the left bank, having

came to land, they found themselves face to face with our fires, and their dismal growlings, bursting from the depths of the river, made known the displeasure of these ejected tenants. Then their heads appeared, and snorted noisily as they blew out the water. These sounds, in the stillness of the night, mingled with the distant cries of the hyena, the imposing roar of the lion, and the thousand other minor noises of a nature which has a grandeur of its own, did not prevent our taking some rest. And yet, I must confess, I had great anxieties. Although, in point of fact, the blacks had not as yet undergone any privations, still the change of life and the enormous labour which I imposed upon them seemed to embitter them more and more, and many circumstances in their intercourse with each other awakened my fears. The weight of my responsibility caused me many a sleepless night. By degrees my sleep became extremely light, and though my companion and I spoke little to each other on the subject, I had the pleasure of seeing that, in spite of his calmness, he did not neglect any

of the precautions which were so indispensable in the life we were leading. Like myself, he slept with his hand on his revolver, so that any danger, whether it came from men or from animals, or from any cause whatever, would find him prepared.

On the 2nd of December, leaving our encampment at nine minutes to seven o'clock, our canoe passed between the bank and a long island, covered with baobabs and palms, the river flowing from the south, and I calculated that we were proceeding at the rate of three miles and a half an hour. At four minutes past seven I was entangled in a group of islands, where I found a barrier across the whole width

of the level there was about two feet, and the force of the current over the rapids was at least ten knots an hour. At length, after some difficult navigation, during which I constantly took observations of the direction of the river, the speed, the surrounding mountains, and the marshes, we arrived at the great bar which was the object of our journey. This bar, of which I took the soundings, produces a fall of water eight or nine feet high.

A reef juts out from the right shore, and almost entirely closes the stream, leaving only a channel of about twenty to thirty yards wide, through which the dashing waters pour themselves, breaking over the rocks and producing waves more



RESORT OF APES ON THE BANKS OF THE SENEGAL.

of the river, which was breaking over rocks, visible above the surface of the water, and causing a current of more than seven knots an hour. I made the men get into the water, and then, with difficulty dragging the canoe over the slippery rocks, not without frequent falls, we repeated what we had already done so many times on these occasions. I had the satisfaction of observing that, as long as the danger lasted, every one showed true courage and perfect obedience; every one of my orders was obeyed to the letter, sometimes at great personal risk. For instance, the man on whom the whole weight of the canoe rested was often in danger of his life, from being dragged down by the force of the stream, or through the fall of some of the men; and a false movement on his part might have caused the canoe to capsize, so that we should have lost the provisions—a very serious loss in a country where they could not be replaced. After this bar we crossed one smaller; then another, rather more difficult, but across which the canoe could be drawn with a rope. The difference

than three feet high; we saw only the heads of the rocks amidst the sheets of foam. This channel is nearly 280 yards long. On the left side, in ascending, there is another fall, much more rapid, but forming a series of terraced basins, and with a much smaller body of water. It was through this passage that I had the canoe dragged, step by step, to the upper basin, after having previously conveyed its cargo by hand to the place that I had chosen for our encampment on the left bank, opposite the most rapid part of the stream. In this place the river varies in its whole width from 170 to 220 yards.

This account of our first two days' experience applies, with little exception, to all those which followed in the course of the river; nothing but a succession of bars and falls is presented until its junction with the Bakhoy.

We had noticed on the 3rd of December that the mountains on the left shore were so close to the river that in one place they absolutely dipped down into it. One hill, which

was composed of a series of terraces, alternately red and black, interspersed with thickets of trees growing out of the crevices, was literally covered with apes on every terrace. On every horizontal cleft they were seated opposite each other, the trees bent under their weight, and as we passed they greeted us with inconceivable gambols, and with furious barking. I do not think I exaggerate when I say that there were not fewer than 6,000 apes in this place, which seemed the head-quarters of the tribe.

Behind this mountain was a deep hole, which seemed to offer a difficult passage; I therefore resolved to accompany the land party at this spot, instead of following the course of the river. In the evening, to facilitate our journey, I sent the canoe on loaded. During this time, with the help of some of the men, I lighted fires in the dry grass to clear a way. When the time to collect the animals arrived they looked after the cattle—which had been turned out to pasture—but it was not until very late, and after very serious anxieties, that they were found. They had comfortably lain down in the thick grass, which was about four or five yards high. Then the canoe got delayed. At length, about seven o'clock in the evening, we heard the distant song of the sailors, then fire-arms, and by eight o'clock we were once more gathered together.

We learnt that the canoe, on its return at night, had been literally surrounded by hippopotami. The men had struck them with their oars, and at last had only got rid of them by firing. But these animals are more alarming than dangerous; for, although I have often been pursued by them, they have never attacked me.

On the 14th of December, after a very wet night, we awoke covered with dew. Notwithstanding our fires—it was half-past five o'clock—the men were benumbed, and did not like going into the water. However, I made them load the canoe and the animals, and at two minutes past seven o'clock the canoe glided over the water. We followed, keeping as close to the shore as we could.

The road was horrible. From time to time we observed the end of a pathway, now no longer passable, which had once been the approach to some village, since laid in ruins by the wars of El Hadj, and of which the only traces remaining were the foundations of a few cottages. The rest of the time, notwithstanding the fires we had been kindling for the last two days to burn the bushes, we could scarcely get on because of the dense thickets. At length, at half-past nine o'clock, we reached the mountain where the apes congregated, having found it impossible to mark the road. A short time before reaching this place we had to pass a pool not yet quite dry, and perceived in the mud recent traces of a lion, showing that he must be very near. All the apes had taken refuge on the terraces of a rounded hill in the centre of the pool; every terrace was filled with them. I was the first to descend into the half-dried pool, and walked carefully, that I might not be surprised by the lion, which was possibly lying in wait for me. When I arrived in sight of the mountain I was greeted with a concert like an immense pack of hounds in full chase. I was already in a bad humour, from the ever-increasing difficulties of our journey, for Bafoulabé seemed purposely to get further off from us the nearer we approached, so that these animals, with their barks and their gambols, irritated me beyond endurance. I seized a musket and

fired into a group of them. I saw one fall, and in an instant the others carried it off, and the mountain was deserted. We were then obliged to climb the opposite bank. It was so steep that a great part of the baggage fell. We next had to clear a way in the rugged sides of the mountain. On the river we watched the canoe making head against the current. But it was not till after many turnings and windings, holding the horses by the bridle, and more than once seeing them fall, that we reached the foot of the mountain. I immediately went to encamp on the banks of the river, guided by the sound of a waterfall.

When we had dragged the canoe into the upper basin, which was very shallow just here, we were surprised by the curious spectacle of a herd of hippopotami half immersed in the water, which was not deep enough for them. The old ones moved until they soon got into deep water, but a young one, which was trying to follow its mother, was within range of my gun, and I lodged three balls in its head. Although its blood flowed it contrived to reach its mother; but being no doubt exhausted, it left her, and was carried down into the rapids. I shall never forget what followed. The mother, rising with an immense effort, got half her body out of the water, and, seeing her young one carried away by the current, she hastened after it with incredible speed. She reached it at the crest of the torrent, and they both together rolled over into the fall, never to be seen again.

There was something very affecting in the devotion of the mother to her young one. Even the blacks were touched by it, though it did not prevent their seeking the bodies, in the vain hope of making a feast on them. Although I have seen more hippopotami in this journey than in all my former peregrinations in Africa put together, I never had the good luck to taste one. I am, however, able to speak of the quality of hippopotamus meat, as I did once taste it in Cazamance. It is like beef—rather coarser, but very nourishing. As for the fat, notwithstanding the high praise accorded to it by other travellers, my own impression is that it is rather rancid.

Beyond this fall we were able to go about six leagues in the canoe without any hindrance to the navigation. The river was confined—shut in, as it were—between two walls of black freestone. The different layers of these stones were horizontal; the water filtered through them, and oozed out through every crack. There were places where it formed little cascades. In the horizontal clefts an immense number of wild pigeons, grey, with red eyes, had taken up their abode. We also saw several moor-hens, and some grey water-rats.

Still, this sort of channel had rather a melancholy aspect. We were shut in on both sides by the black banks, perfectly smooth and perpendicular, on which no vegetation was to be seen. The current was strong, and an optical illusion, which I cannot understand, made it appear as if the surface of the river were on a decided incline, so that I was often obliged to appeal to my reason, and remind myself that even a slight incline made a river unnavigable, or I should have had a wrong impression of this particular part of the course of the Senegal.

After having fixed on a place of encampment for the next day, we went back, for night was drawing on; in fact, it overtook us, and we had hard work to drive back the hippopotami. Then, fearing lest we might be carried away by the force of the

current near our encampment, I landed about five hundred yards higher up. At this spot the shore was composed of enormous flints, overgrown with a very slippery greenish slime, as smooth as glass. It was like polished ice. The night was very dark. It took us nearly an hour to pass over a little more than half a mile, which separated us from the camp, and we got some very severe falls. We returned bruised and out of spirits, for this was the fifth day since our departure from Gouina, and we felt convinced that we should not see Bafoulabé on that day, and that there were still more bars before us.

On the 5th of December I sent the canoe to take a load to a point about four leagues off. On its return we started for this new encampment. The way by land was less difficult than we had lately been accustomed to. We encamped about half-past four o'clock, and set to work to burn the grass. At this spot the river washed the base of the hills, and we heard in front of us the dull roar of another bar. During the night, our fire went out, and the hippopotami came partly out of the water; but, seeing so large a party, they plunged into it again, wakening some of the men.

We spent the 6th and 7th in passing, with great exertion at the towing-ropes, a series of rapids, to which I have given the name of the falls of Malambéle, a ruined village, of which we found traces on the banks of the river. The current was strong, and the work difficult, the banks by no means resembling a regular towing-path. Indeed, at a moment when three of the men were turning round a rock, the fourth, who was balancing himself to keep the canoe steady, was carried away and fell into the water. The canoe immediately veered round, and shot forward like an arrow. M. Quintin and I were in it alone. I took the helm, and we tried to right it with the oar; but the force of the current prevented this. We went down the rapid, and, seeing that we were going straight ahead against the rocks, I had but one resource, which was to jump into the water. The momentum of the boat being thus lessened, the shock was not so violent as to produce any great damage, and we were able to resume our operations.

On the 7th, after a day of hard work, I wrote these words in my note-book:—"In the midst of these fatigues, a crocodile has been trying to seize the cattle whilst they were drinking. This is the first we have seen since we left Gouina. Can it be a sign that the bars are at an end, and that we are approaching Bafoulabé?" Notwithstanding this hope, we had still three bars to cross, one of which presented a vertical fall of about five feet.

At length, on the 9th of December, I started in the canoe, to observe the river ahead of us. I found there was one more bar, which would offer but few difficulties, and perceived that beyond this the river divided into two branches. It was the confluence with the Bakhoy—the long sought-for Bafoulabé! I immediately landed, and ascended on the tracks of the hippopotami until I could get a good view of this desired spot.

It was about time that this good news came to re-animate the men, for things were going badly with them. Under the effects of fatigue their tempers were becoming increasingly embittered. There was a growing antipathy between Samba Yoro, captain of the river, and Bakary Guëye, my confidential man, whom I knew to be devoted to me. Things had come to such a pass that I had been obliged to interfere to prevent their fighting. In addition to this, Bara,

one of my bravest and most able men, had hurt himself terribly. On one of the bars, at the moment when he was supporting the whole weight of the canoe, he had fallen into one of those holes called in Senegal "bathing tubs," the sides of which are often as sharp as a knife, worked out by rolled pebbles and by the water, and had received a severe cut in his leg. Mamboye, whom I especially employed on land, was subject to frequent attacks of fever; and most of the men had got their legs very much hurt, owing to their working alternately in the water and in the prickly brushwood.

On the 10th of December, about half-past nine, I found myself on the banks of the river, near the mouth of the Bafing. Seeing the canoe in front of us, I tried to reach it, and fell into a thicket of brambles—a perfect labyrinth, from which I could only extricate myself by leaving fragments of my clothes on the branches, and with plenty of thorns in my bleeding hands and face. I next found myself in the midst of grass nine or ten feet high. Seeing two magnificent antelopes bounding in front of me, I prepared to fire on them; but my sportsman's ardour quickly cooled at the roar of a lion, which, at a distance of ten paces from me, was rising in the grass where he had crouched, and might possibly be preparing to spring. My mule carried me quickly away, and then I left more fragments of clothes in the bushes, as well as half my hat, being only too thankful to escape being pursued by this proud king of the forest. Between eleven and twelve o'clock I hailed for the fourth time, and received an answer. I was close to the canoe. Half an hour later, Bara arrived with Dr. Quintin.

I had already begun to cut down the bushes with my hunting-knife, to prepare a place for our encampment. At half-past one the men arrived, but one donkey was missing, and so was the goat-skin containing Mamboye's effects. Samba Yoro and Alioun were hunting for the donkey. At two o'clock Alioun arrived, without having found him. At three o'clock Samba Yoro appeared, overcome with fatigue. I then made all the men start, and during this time one of our mules broke its cord and escaped, followed by two horses.

At length, at seven o'clock in the evening, they all arrived. The donkey's load had been found, as well as the mule and the two horses, but the donkey was still missing. The mule had gone back towards Medina, and more than once during our journey it played us the same trick.

After such a day as that we needed rest; and yet, on the morning of the 11th, the search was resumed for the missing donkey and Mamboye's goat-skin. By eleven o'clock both had been found. The rest of the day was spent in arranging the branches so as to dry the meat, cleaning the camp, and putting the baggage in order.

Having observed footmarks of people, I sent Sidy and Yssa the next morning in search of a village. Sidy was a Khassonké, and was probably in the neighbourhood of friends and relations. I desired him to mention everywhere my pacific intentions; to say that I came to see the country, and, perhaps, to trade with them; but that I had sufficient force to make myself respected if needs be.

While these messengers were accomplishing their mission I rested at Bafoulabé, where I was only too thankful to find myself established. I had already reached the unknown country, and had not yet opened my merchandise. I had ascended or marched along the banks of an unexplored river for 120 miles, and had passed thirty bars or waterfalls.

CHAPTER IV.

ATTEMPT TO EXPLORE THE BAKHOY—MAKA-DOUGOU AND ITS
 AVARICIOUS CHIEF—REMEMBRANCE OF MUNGO PARK—VIEW OF
 THE COURSE OF THE BAKHOY—AN AWKWARD DESCENT—STAY AT
 BAFLOULABÉ—AMBASSADORS FROM DIANGO, CHIEF OF KOUNDIAN
 —THE CHIEF ENVOY—JOURNEY TO KOUNDIAN—RECEPTION—THE
 TABALA—SUSPICIONS.

IN accordance with the information I had received, I expected to have found the road from Bafoulabé to the Niger following the course of the Bakhoi, a branch of the Senegal which joins it here, adding its white waters (*ba*, water; *khoi*, white) to the limpid stream of the Blue River (*ba*, water; *fi*, blue or black), whence the name of Bafoulabé, which means literally two rivers.

I went in a canoe as far as Maka-Dougou, a little Malinké hamlet on an island in the river, surrounded by fertile patches. The real village is Kalé, on the left bank. This was in Bambouk, and the race here is pure Malinkese, not a mixture of Pouls and Malinkese, which forms the population of Khasso, Logo, and Natiaga. M. Pascal, in 1859, found little to admire in these people, and thirty years before their cupidity had made Major Gray's expedition a failure. I was not without some fear of meeting with a similar reception. Besides, I had left my baggage behind in the bushes, under the care of some of my men; but it was well I did so.

We were very well received by Diadié, the village chief, who, according to the custom of his country, gave us lodgings at his smith's. After a night spent under this hospitable roof, where we were almost eaten up by mosquitoes, we wished to go, but were obliged to submit to a quarter of an hour of palaver, which I shall not forget for a long time. I would not yield to intimidation, and told the chief that I had nothing with me which I could give him, but that if he would send one of his confidential men with me I would send him a present. When he saw that I was not to be moved from my purpose he yielded, and we parted on good terms.

The father of this chief is the one who received Mungo Park when he came from Oualih. He distinctly remembered the circumstance, and showed me a hill on the other side of the river which that celebrated traveller had climbed. I thought I should like to do the same, so I ascended it, by a very steep slope like that of all the hills in this country. There is an extensive plain at the summit of the mountain, which is clothed with a similar vegetation to that on the plain below. I could see the Bakhoi flowing from the east or rather

south-east, where it is lost to sight between two hills, which did not seem much higher than the one on which I stood (about 300 feet high); towards the west I saw a defile leading to Oualih. In descending we took a wrong road, and were obliged to slide down a perpendicular wall, helping ourselves by roots in the interstices of the rocks. I nearly broke my neck, for one of the stones gave way, and I was left hanging by the tips of my left-hand fingers; and nearly at the same moment the doctor was in danger of falling from the top, through a sad and sudden accident. He stumbled, and a straw pierced his eye. That evening, when I returned to my encampment, I made up my mind not to set out on this dangerous road without protection. I knew that I must be near a village belonging to El Hadj, and I preferred trusting myself to his talibés to facing the cupidity of the chiefs of the Malinké villages through which I should have to



RACINE TALL, EL HADJ'S CHIEF AT KOUNDIAN.

pass. I stayed at Bafoulabé twenty days, deliberating what to do, at the same time seeking for building materials, which were to be found in abundance, with the exception of lime. While I was thus engaged, an ambassador from Diango, El Hadj's chief at Koundian, came to me and commanded me to leave his master's country unless I was coming to pay him a visit. This was just what I expected. At length I had to do with the Toucouleurs, and the future of my journey was about to be decided. I asked a great many questions, and learnt that Koundian was a strong fortress, garrisoned by an army which commanded all the Malinké countries under El Hadj's govern-

ment, and pillaged others at their pleasure. Diango, the chief of this military station, was a slave of El Hadj's, and was only anxious to receive me well. His envoy had a fine appearance. He belonged to the "Tall," a Toucouleur family of Torodos,

village, near which I established my encampment in the bushes, and set off with the doctor and two men.

The road from Oualiha to Koundian runs at a little distance from the river, and occasionally close to it. There is

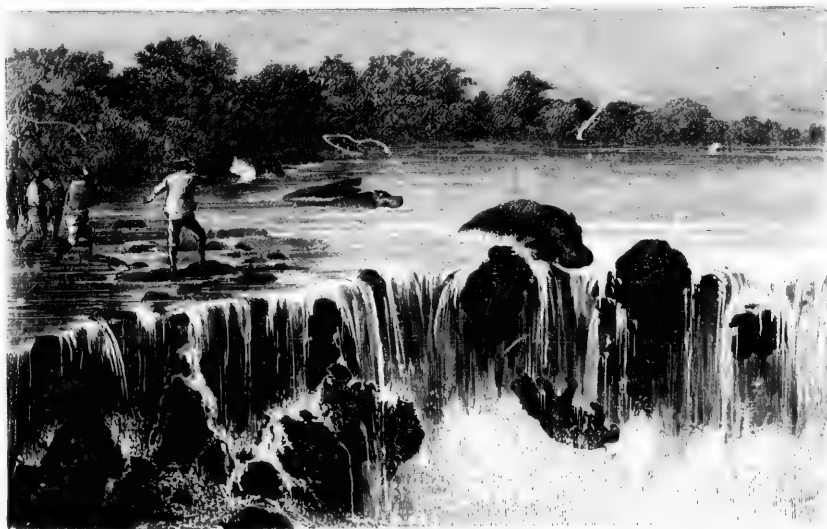


CROCODILE ATTEMPTING TO SEIZE AN OX.

to which El Hadj Omar himself belonged. He was not more than five feet high, thin, and with a face which showed both energy and cruelty. Employed for a long while by a farmer of public revenues, he had become general-in-chief of the army at

only one serious difficulty in it, and that is the crossing of two fords—the one near Korja, the other a rapid torrent, the Galamagui,* a short distance on this side Koundian.

After having crossed this torrent, we were close to the



HIPPOPOTAMI AT THE FALLS OF THE SENEGAL, IN BAMBOUK.

Koundian. His escort consisted of six cavaliers, mounted on good though small horses, and thirty foot-soldiers. Faithful to my habits of prudence, I offered to go with him to Koundian, but to leave my baggage, saying it was necessary that I should come to an understanding with Diango as to the route I should take. So, in spite of numerous obstacles, I went up the Bafing in a canoe as far as Oualiha, a Malinké

village of Kabada. There our guide, Racine Tall, told us he should leave us and go and prepare Diango for our arrival, and conducted us to another village a little further east, called Bougara. It was there that, after long hours of waiting, we saw

* This torrent, enormous at high tide, is a defence to Koundian. In 1857 El Hadj's army had to swim across in escaping from Medina, and several hundred men perished.

Diango approach at the head of three companies of foot-soldiers, before which a hundred cavaliers played a most brilliant fantasia, while the tabala slowly beat the march. This march is beaten by striking a single blow, followed, after a long interval, by two blows together. The tabala, as is well known, is a hemispherical drum of wood covered by a bullock-hide, on which is struck an india-rubber ball fixed to a flexible handle. Diango, dressed in a red burnous, with a black turban, was mounted on a horse led by four slaves at the head, and followed by four more. A considerable number of Marabouts* and talibés followed him. His welcome was cordial, but tinged with defiance, which I attributed to the circumstance

* Marabouts are people who are reputed to know Arabic and to be able to read the Koran. The talibés are their pupils, of whom El Hadj made soldiers.

that Sambala, King of Medina, had just sent his army to pillage one of the villages. Sambala knew that I was travelling; he had even predicted to my men that before reaching Baoulabé we should all be dead; and perhaps it was with the intention of raising obstacles in our way that he had made this expedition; for Sambala, having had par. of his family massacred by El Hadj, having been besieged by him, and having seen us at war with him on behalf of the Khassonké, could not view with much pleasure any attempts at friendliness with the prophet on our part, especially as the first result would be to forbid all raids among the chiefs, thus taking from them a great source of revenue. But the testimony of General Racine, to whom I had shown my baggage, and the openness of our march, which left us entirely at his mercy, overcame his scruples, and Diango took us to sleep at Koundian.

The Regions of the Cazembe, and Dr. Livingstone's Recent Explorations.—III.

BY CHARLES T. BEKE, PH.D., F.S.A., ETC.

THE second mission from the Portuguese Governor of the Rios de Sena to the Court of the Muata Cazembe, in 1831, was very different in character from that undertaken by the governor of the colony in person in 1798. It consisted of Major José Manoel Corrêa Monteiro, in charge of the mission, Captain (afterwards Major) Antonio Candido Pedrosa Gamitto, second in command, an escort of twenty soldiers and a drummer, of whom four only were whites, from the garrison of Tete, and a creole interpreter, with 120 negro slaves as porters. In company with the mission, and as auxiliaries, went two creole traders with fifty slaves. Of this party the only persons who could read and write were the two Portuguese officers. With the exception of one magnetic compass, they took with them no instruments, not even a telescope, neither were they provided with medicines of any sort or kind. Captain Gamitto, who wrote the narrative of the mission* of which I am now about to make use, appears to have been an intelligent and observant man, perfectly honest and unassuming, making no pretensions to any scientific knowledge, and seeming to have deemed it an advantage to the mission that no man of science was attached to it.

The expedition left Tete, and crossed the river Zambesi on June 1st, 1831, and after a most disastrous journey, reached the frontiers of the Cazembe's dominions on October 27th following. The barrenness of the country traversed is almost inconceivable. Dr. Lacerda had mentioned in his diary the absence of animal life, observing in his sarcastic, but good-humoured manner, that he supposed the inhabitants, having exhausted their food, had declared war against the butterflies, and consoling himself for the absence of mosquitoes by the reflection that they were spared the torture of their sting and the annoyance of their "infernal music." On this second expedition numerous deaths are recorded as having been caused by sickness brought on by want of proper nourishment, if not from absolute starvation. When once within the territories of the Cazembe they met, however, with larger sup-

plies, the country being partially cultivated and having a larger population.

On November 9th the mission halted at the residence of a petty officer, on a little hill named Chempire, to await the Mambo's permission to approach his capital. The treatment they experienced there, and subsequently during their stay in the country, was widely different from the welcome received by the former mission, under Dr. Lacerda, from the Muata Cazembe Lekéza, whose memory, Gamitto says, continued to be respected both at home and abroad, on account of his many estimable qualities; whereas his son, the reigning Cazembe, was, on the contrary, deficient in everything that was good, and was, therefore, detested even by his own relations.

As manifesting the different treatment the two missions received, I may notice the royal message sent to the Portuguese at the same time that permission was granted for them to proceed to Lunda, the capital. It was to the effect that things were then very different from what they had been in the time of the king's father, when the former Mozungos visited the country; that every negro who should be caught stealing should instantly lose his head; and that every soldier or negro who should be found intriguing with any of the wives either of the Muata himself or of his *kibolos* (nobles) should have his ears and genitals cut off, but not his hands, because without them he could not be of service to the Mozungos.

It is indeed true that things were not the same as in the time of the Muata Cazembe Lekéza; for Father Francisco Pinto relates that before the arrival of the mission, that sovereign called his nobles together, and ordered them to look after their wives; for that if they neglected to do so, and anything improper occurred, they would have themselves alone to blame. And when, afterwards, one of the courtiers complained to him of the conduct of a Portuguese officer with respect to his wife, and demanded satisfaction, the Muata ordered him to chastise his wife for having gone and inveigled the Mozungo!

But so far was the politic and conciliatory conduct of the

* "O Muata Cazembe," Lisbon, 1854.

father from serving as an example to the son, that the latter ordered the Muaniacita, or interpreter, not to make the "Géral"—as the Portuguese envoy was called, as being the representative of the Governor of Rios de Sena—acquainted with the ancient customs, because, as the Mozungos were all new men, they should be made to give larger presents than formerly. And, accordingly, they were subjected to all sorts of extortions and ill-treatment.

However, it is not my intention to relate the history of the Portuguese mission, but to describe the manners and customs of the strange people whom they went to visit, and with whom, it is to be hoped, we shall shortly be made much better acquainted by our countryman, Dr. Livingstone.

On the road to Lunda the mission had to pass by the Mashámos (by Dr. Lacerda called Massangas) or sepulchres of the deceased Muatas. As they approached the spot, the soldiers of the escort donned their uniforms, and put themselves in marching order; and on reaching the Mashámos they were received with *lunguros*, or cries of joy, from crowds of persons of both sexes and of all ages, smeared over with mud from the waist to the crown of the head, some using instead, as a mark of distinction, a white powder like chalk, called *impemba*. On their encamping there, the soldiers forming the escort were sent to the Mashámos, at the request of the chief commissioned to accompany the mission to Lunda; and as a mark of greater respect, and for the sake of order, Captain Gamitto himself took the command.

They were first conducted to the Mashámo of the Muata Canyembo III., the third sovereign of that name and of this state. It consisted of a large quadrangular enclosure, about a hundred paces on each side, constructed of branches of trees and stakes, forming an impenetrable barrier. Near the entrance stood a heap of human skulls, and outside the door, seated cross-legged on a lion-skin, was the Muine-Mashámo (grave-keeper or minister), smeared over with *impemba* from the head to the waist.

The soldiers here fired three volleys of musketry, and the captain and the interpreter made their offerings to the Muzimo (spirit) of the Muata by placing them in front of the minister, who said they were insufficient, and that unless an addition was made, he would not be able to offer them. His demand having been complied with, he took the presents with him into the Mashámo, and shortly afterwards sent to desire the strangers to enter.

They found the whole space inside in a state of the utmost cleanliness, and in the centre they saw a large circular house, thatched with straw, in front of the door of which stood another heap of skulls. In the centre of this large house was a smaller one, of a cylindrical form, made of plaited cane-work, perfectly empty, and without any decoration, except two painted pillars at the entrance. This was the tomb of the Muata, and here they found the minister seated cross-legged, with the presents before him. After he had so remained some time in silence, and apparently in deep meditation, he was heard from time to time to mutter a few words, and at length he exclaimed, with a loud voice, "Averie!" (Hail!). Gamitto says that this exclamation meant "much obliged;" but, even if the true meaning of the expression were not known,* the context shows that the Muine-Mashámo was addressing himself to the spirit of the Muata,

and not to the officers; for he then turned round to them, and said, "The Muzimo is much obliged to the Mozungos, and to the Cazembe Ampata for having brought them!" On this there was a loud clapping of hands, and cries of "Averie!" on the part of the Cazembes who accompanied the detachment; and the ceremony being then over, they all retired, the Cazembes resuming their arms, which they had left outside the enclosure, for no armed person is allowed to enter.

On the following morning the sepulchre of the Muata Lekéza—the fourth sovereign, and father of the reigning one—was visited in like manner. Here everything was found to be similar to the other, with the addition only that there were seen two skulls attached to a tree, which, they were told, were those of two powerful Mambos whom Lekéza had vanquished and slain, and that near the monarch's grave stood thirty gun-barrels, some of which were in very good order; but, as they could not be repaired, they were deposited here as trophies, dedicated to the deceased conqueror.

The ceremonies performed here were a repetition of those of the day before at the grave of Canyembo III., except only that the offerings on this occasion had to be increased, for the alleged reason that Lekéza was the first Cazembe who had ever seen and conversed with the Mozungos, and it was his spirit that still watched over and protected them; an argument which there was no withstanding. All the offerings made at the sepulchres of the deceased Muatas were, however, for the benefit of the living one, by whom they were taken possession of.

On the following day, November 19th, the mission made its formal entry into Lunda, the capital, by a road some fifteen yards in width. On this occasion an incident occurred which is deserving of notice.

Captain Gamitto relates that on the journey from Tete one of the creole traders had brought with him a donkey; but, the owner having died on the road, he had appropriated the animal to himself, and had ridden on it, instead of using a litter like the other Europeans. As it happened, he was a great gainer by this; for, in consequence of the sickness and incapacity of the bearers, his companions, and even Major Monteiro himself, had often to go on foot. As there was no saddle nor bridle, Gamitto had to put up with the best substitutes he could, covering the little animal with a tiger-skin as a saddle-cloth. It was mounted on this charger that the gallant captain took his place in the procession on its entry into the capital. His uniform consisted of a jacket of blue nankeen and white trowsers, with a scarlet cord and tassels for a sash. He, as well as the other Europeans, had allowed the beard and hair to grow so long that the former reached to his chest, and the latter as low down over his shoulders. On his head he wore an otter-skin cap, and at his side hung his trusty sword, the scabbard of which had become the colour of the natives themselves, from exposure to the air. Thus magnificently equipped, and mounted on his little donkey, caparisoned as already described, he made his solemn entry into what he says is perhaps the largest city of Southern Africa.

The post occupied by the cavalier, who in his own person formed the cavalry of the escort, was immediately after the vanguard; and, as may well be imagined, the singularity of his appearance attracted universal attention, and gave rise

* See page 87, ante.

to innumerable remarks among the spectators. The ass, like the horse, is an animal totally unknown in that part of the world; so that some of the natives said, "It is a man with six legs;" others, "It is an animal that feeds on iron;" others, again, "He is a great warrior;" &c. The immense multitude assembled together, the clamour that was raised by them, and the difficulty of penetrating through the crowd, excited the captain's charger to such a pitch that it galloped on with its mouth open, as if it wanted to bite the people, every now and then giving utterance to a prolonged bray, to the intense amazement of the people. "Were any one to appear in this trim in any town in Europe," profoundly remarks Gamitto, "he would assuredly be an object of ridicule;" but here the donkey and himself shared between them the admiration and applause of the public—so much so, indeed, that the rest of the mission was without importance, and attracted no attention.

This mention of the first appearance of the ass in the country of the Cazembe induces me to refer to a subject that has of late much occupied the attention of naturalists and archaeologists, both in England and in France, since the time of the visit to Egypt of the Prince and Princess of Wales. At the anniversary dinner of the Royal Geographical Society, on May 24th, 1869, Professor Owen, who had accompanied their Royal Highnesses on their interesting tour, drew attention to the fact that "to the Arabian shepherds, Hyksos or Sheiksos, Egypt was indebted for the horse as a beast of draught. Previously to this Philistine or Arabian invasion, the manifold frescoes on the tombs of Egyptian worthies show no other soliped but the ass."* And at the meeting of the Académie des Sciences of Paris, on December 13th last, M. Milne-Edwards, whilst admitting that the horse appeared to be originally a native of Central Asia and of a part of Europe, considered it as being, at the present day, perfectly demonstrated that the ass is a species essentially African, which did not extend itself into Asia, except in the domestic state.† However this may be, it seems quite certain, from the anecdote I have just related, that the ass is not a native of Southern Africa.

On the morning of November 29th they were summoned into the presence of the Muata Cazembe, who was waiting to receive the principal members of the mission. In pursuance of the arrangements previously made, they proceeded to the court with the greatest ceremony, the detachment being under arms, with their officer at their head; and as they had received an intimation that they were all to take something as a present to the Muata, so that he might know how many persons there were, and who they were with whom he had to communicate, each one carried a piece of cotton cloth.

On arriving at the Mossumba, or residence of the Mambo, they entered a spacious court, which was already filled with an immense crowd, so placed as to leave a small quadrangular space vacant in front of the east door of the chipango, as the inner enclosure containing the residence is called, whether it be of the prince or of a subject. The soldiers stationed in the court were the garrison of Lunda, consisting of about four or five thousand men, all armed with bows and arrows and

spears; the nobles and officers wearing in a leather scabbard suspended under the left arm a large, straight, two-edged knife or sword, called *poucué*, about eighteen inches long and four inches broad. They were all standing apparently without any military discipline.

The Muata was seated on the left side of the east door of the Mossumba. Several panther-skins, with the tails turned outwards, so as to form a sort of star, served him as a carpet, on the centre of which was laid an enormous lion-skin, and upon this was placed a square stool or ottoman covered with a large green cloth. On this species of throne was seated the Muata, clothed with an elegance and sumptuousness such as the Portuguese officers had never witnessed in any other native potentate.

On his head he wore a sort of conical mitre, upwards of a foot in height, formed of feathers of a bright red colour. Encircling this was a diadem of stones, which, from the variety of colour and their quality, presented a most brilliant sight. At the back of his head, and rising from the nape of the neck, was a fan-shaped ruff of green cloth, fastened by two small ivory pins. The neck and shoulders were covered with a sort of cape, the upper edge of which was composed of the bottoms of cowrie-shells; this was followed by rows of pretty artificial stones of glass; below which was a row of small circular and square mirrors, placed alternately in regular order, on which, when the sun happened to shine, it was impossible to keep the eyes fixed. These formed the lower edge of the cape, falling equally over the shoulders, the chest, and the back.

On each arm, above the elbow, was a band of blue cloth four inches broad, trimmed with very narrow strips of fur, of which the hair, black and white, was four inches in length, having the appearance of a fringe. This, being a badge of royalty, could only be worn by the Muata Cazembe and his near relatives. The forearm, from the elbow to the wrist, was covered with rows of light blue beads.

The monarch's body, from the waist to the knees, was covered with a yellow cloth, having two borders on each side a couple of inches in width, the upper one being blue and the lower one scarlet. This cloth was several yards in length, and the way in which it was worn was by placing one end of it on the body and then bringing the cloth round over it, and fastening it in front with a small ivory pin. The rest of the cloth was then gathered up in small and very even plaits, which were secured by means of a strip of raw leather, so that the plaits were formed into a sort of rosette or frill. They call this cloth *muconzo*, and the girdle *insipo*. This strip of leather is cut out of a cow-hide, the whole length from the neck to the tip of the tail, and is five or six inches broad. When the *insipo* is fastened round the *muconzo*, the end of the tail hangs down from the rosette or frill in front.

The Muata had hanging on his right side, fastened to the *insipo*, a string of beads, and at the end of this was a small bell which, when he walked, knocked against his legs, keeping time with his pace. On his legs, from his knees downwards, were rows of beads like those on his arms. Dressed and ornamented in this fashion, his face, hands, and feet alone were naked, all the rest of his body being covered, and, as it appeared to Captain Gamitto, with great elegance and good taste.

To protect the Muata from the sun there were seven large umbrellas, made of different coloured cloths of native manu-

* In the *Athenæum* of June 12th, 1869 (No. 2,172), under the head, "The Prince of Wales's Visit to Egypt," are some remarks of mine on this most interesting subject.

† See "Comptes Rendus," tom. lxi., p. 1259.

facture, raised on large bamboos fixed in the ground. Round the umbrellas stood twelve negroes, plainly and cleanly clad, each holding in his hand a whisk made from a cow's tail, the handle being covered with beads of various colours. These whisks were all shaken at the same time, as if to drive away the flies, on a signal given by the Cazembe with a smaller one which he held in his hand.

At a short distance from him twelve other negroes with brooms moved about slowly, their eyes fixed on the ground, sweeping and picking up all the weeds or other objects, however minute, that they might find; and these were followed by two others walking at the same slow pace, each one having a basket at his back to hold whatever the others might sweep up. But so clean was the place, that none of them had anything to do, only the court etiquette would not dispense with these ceremonies.

From the back of the Muata's seat were drawn on the ground two curved lines, which met together in front of him at a distance of four or five yards. The line on the left was simply cut in the ground; that on the right was made with impemba, the white powder already mentioned. In front of the Cazembe, outside and along these curved lines, were placed in two parallel rows about two feet apart several images of coarsely-workmanship, representing half-length figures of human beings with negro features, having on their heads the horns of animals, and

fastened upon sticks driven into the ground. Between these two rows of figures, at the end nearest the Cazembe, was a wicker basket in the form of a barrel containing a smaller figure. Close to those at the further end were two negroes seated on the ground, having before them a small earthen vessel filled with live coals, on which they kept throwing leaves that produced a dense aromatic smoke. These two men, as well as all the images, had their faces turned towards the Cazembe. From below the last image on the right, nearest to the foot of the fumigator, ran a cord reaching to the feet of the Muata, though for what purpose was not apparent.

The door of the chipango was open, and within the doorway sat the two principal wives of the Muata. On the left was the chief wife, who is styled Muaringombe, seated on an ottoman

and wrapped in a large green cloth, having her arms, neck, and head adorned with stones of various colours, and on her head an ornament of scarlet feathers similar to that of the Cazembe, only smaller. The second wife, who bore the title of Inteména, was seated on a lion-skin spread on the ground, being dressed in a plain cloth without any ornaments. Behind these were more than four hundred females of various ages, all standing, and dressed in uhandas, or waist-cloths reaching down to the knees. These formed the establishment of the chipango, or the seraglio as it may be called, being divided among the four principal wives, whose servants they were.

Seated on a lion-skin laid on the ground to the left of the Cazembe, protected from the sun by two umbrellas, and dressed like the Muaringombe, or chief wife, sat a young negress styled Nineamuana, mother of the Muane, or Muata, which title devolved on her on the death of the Cazembe's real mother, as being her next of kin. Behind her stood about two hundred negresses dressed in uhandas, forming her state establishment.

Within the square left vacant by the guards, ranged in a semicircle round the Cazembe, according to their respective ranks, were the kilólos or vambires (nobles), seated on the skins of lions or panthers, each with his umbrella, and all dressed like the Mambo, with the exception of the cape and the scarlet feathers. In the centre of the semicircle, and forming part of

it, were two persons who attracted particular attention on account of their scarlet feathers and fur armlets, like those of the Muata, only smaller. These were his relatives, the one named Kalulua being his uncle, and the other his nephew, named Suana-Murópue.

Between the Cazembe and the kilólos were the musicians, playing on instruments of divers shapes and sounds, quite different from anything the strangers had seen among the other people they had visited. They were divided into bands; and, as each band played its own tune, the effect was anything but harmonious; but when one band was heard alone the music was not without sweetness and harmony.

Among the musicians, and near the Muata, were several buffoons, ridiculously dressed in panther-skins, hanging down from their shoulders, with the heads of the animals covering



THE CAZEMBE IN STATE DRESS.

their own heads, the rest of their bodies being naked. Others had their heads decorated with the horns of animals, and wore a girdle of straw, professedly for the sake of decency, but so arranged as to be, in fact, indecent. Others had strips of leather hanging from the waist, but in other respects were quite naked, their bodies being painted all over red and white. And lastly, some went altogether naked, their heads and faces alone being covered with grass. Dressed up in this fashion, these buffoons made all sorts of grimaces, and put themselves into the most ridiculous postures, without, however, attracting much, if any, attention from those present.

The multitude of persons thus assembled, and the great variety of their costumes, presented a confused but most brilliant spectacle. The Muata Cazembe appeared to be about fifty years of age, but was said to be much older. He had a thick beard, which had already turned grey. He was stout and tall, and in possession of health and agility which gave promise of a long life. His manners were majestic and agreeable, and his state and style of living were, in their way, showy. Most certainly it was not to be imagined that so much etiquette, ceremony, and ostentation would be met with in the sovereign of a region so remote from the sea-shore, and among a people apparently so savage and barbarous.

When the Portuguese envoy and his escort had come into the presence of the Cazembe, and advanced between him and the kilólos, they halted and presented arms, intimating to the Mambo that this was intended for him, it being the way in which they saluted kings and great personages, to which he responded with a deep bow and the expression of his thanks. As they were all standing, the Muata ordered a large tusk of ivory, covered with a tiger-skin, to be placed at the feet of the envoy, whom he desired to seat himself on it. But as he had not done the same to the rest of the party, so that they must either have remained standing or else have sat down on the ground, the envoy explained that he could not be seated whilst

the other Mozungos remained standing, such being contrary to their custom, at which the Muata smiled, and sent a panther-skin for each of the party.

When they had all taken their seats in front of the Cazembe, close to the images, he made a slight motion of the head, and immediately there began a drumming and dancing quite different from anything the visitors had ever seen anywhere else, which entertainment lasted a considerable time. When the Cazembe Ampata—that is to say, the envoy from the Muata to the Portuguese Government—who had accompanied the mission from Tete, came forward and danced before the Cazembe, the latter stretched out both his hands towards him and said, "Uávinga," which means "Well done!" this being the greatest honour he ever showed to any one. On this, that officer and all his suite prostrated themselves before their sovereign, rubbing their bodies with earth from the waist to the head, and crying out repeatedly, "Averie! averie!" (Hail! hail!) The Mambo then, turning round towards his courtiers, made a sign to them, and immediately they all rose and went to salute the Cazembe Ampata, who, as they approached him, fell down on his knees. All those of superior or equal rank went up to him, each separately, and took hold of both his arms, clasping the inner part of the elbow-joint with the hand, he doing the same to them. The kilólos of inferior rank, however, did not touch him, but merely approached him in front, raising both arms in the air with the hands open, to which he responded in like manner. During the whole time he remained on his knees, not rising till they had all gone through the ceremony of thus saluting him.

The Portuguese envoy then intimated to the Muata that he also would like to fire a salute, which he approved; and when this had taken place he desired that it might be repeated, which was done accordingly. The solemnity being thus brought to a close, the Muata dismissed the mission, sending a female slave as a present to its chief.

The Caucasus.—II.

BY DOUGLAS W. FRESHFIELD, M.A., F.R.G.S., AUTHOR OF "TRAVELS IN THE CENTRAL CAUCASUS AND DASHAN."

THOUGH we have turned aside to visit the Caucasian watering-places, it is not my intention to linger long over them, or to inflict on the reader's attention any detailed account of the medicinal properties of their springs. All we have space for is the mention of a few of their leading features. The arrival at Pätigorsk will prove to most people a pleasant surprise. Having begun to fear that they have bidden a final farewell to civilisation and its comforts, they will suddenly find themselves installed in a spacious hotel, with a restaurant and a *salle de danse*. When they go out of the courtyard, they will find a boulevard prettily planted with trees, which will lead them to shady gardens, enlivened by a military band, a lending library (consisting, however, chiefly of Russian books), and numerous baths, built over the various sulphur springs, and fitted up with every reasonable comfort. When disposed for a wider range, they may climb, in half an hour, an isolated

hill, Machoucha by name, commanding a noble prospect, or they may drive by a good carriage-road round its base. Here they will find during the season—the months of June and July—the cream of Russian society in the Caucasus, slightly too military for English taste, but still amusing for a time. Pätigorsk, though the principal, is only one amongst four places in the neighbourhood at which baths have been built over mineral sources. Its chief rival—to use an inappropriate term, as both are managed by the same company as lessees of the Imperial Government—is Kisslovodsk, distant some twenty miles. The two towns are in many respects the opposite of one another. Pätigorsk is on a bare hill-side, facing the south, and consequently hot; its springs are sulphurous: Kisslovodsk lies deep in a well-wooded glen, and its pride is a spring of enormous volume, impregnated with carbonic acid. This source was made use of by the

natives long before the Russians gained possession of the country, and was known to them as the Narzan, or Giant's Source.

While at the Caucasian spa the traveller will have a good opportunity of making acquaintance with the Cossacks, those military inhabitants of the March which Russia maintained to resist the constant incursions of the mountain tribes. Only separated from Pätigorsk by the stream of the Podkumok is Goriatchevodsk, one of their villages which are scattered thickly along the northern flanks of the Caucasus. One of these military colonies may be taken as a type of all. The houses stand at short intervals, and are planted in regular rows, an open space being left in the middle, near which the church is generally found. The whole is surrounded by a low moat and mound. The gates bear signs of having been defensible in former days, and are still sometimes guarded by a sentry. Along the line of all the great roads isolated Cossack posts are constantly seen, generally perched on some mound to obtain a better view of the approach of the foe. Any natural advantage thus obtained is increased by the erection of a look-out post. These sentry-boxes on stilts are constructed by fixing in the ground four posts, which at a certain height support a small platform sheltered by a quadrangular roof. Others less primitive, and more like a pigeon-house, have their platform constructed on the top of one stout trunk, round which circles a spiral staircase. The outposts are in many cases falling into ruin, their use having ceased with the complete subjugation of the neighbouring tribes. In olden days the dwellers in these stations, which are quite incapable of defence, had often to trust to the speed of their horses to escape the savage onslaught of their foes. A life half spent in the saddle, and often depending on the skill and promptness of the rider, has given the Cossacks extraordinary skill in horsemanship, and they are always ready to execute their feats in honour of any traveller whom they may have been charged to escort. Bounding away with a wild yell from the side of the carriage, they rush along the plain erect in their short stirrups, or even standing on their padded saddle. They will wheel their horses suddenly with a jerk, and return towards you, throwing their heavy flint-and-steel guns over their heads and catching them; or again, dropping them on the ground, they will pick them up while still at full speed, with a swoop from the saddle little short of miraculous to an English eye. In personal appearance these champions of Holy Russia are scarcely distinguishable from their hereditary foes of Circassia and Georgia, whose costume they have closely imitated. Both, as will be seen in the illustrations, carry the high sheepskin hat, and wear the silk shirt, the long frock coat decorated with cartridge-pouches on the breast and fastened in at the waist, and the comparatively close-fitting trousers which distinguish the Caucasian from other Eastern races. Their religion is a primitive offshoot of Russian orthodoxy. Their women resemble in costume those of Little Russia. They bear a high character for personal bravery, and those specimens we met with impressed us most favourably by their superiority in intelligence, manners, and pluck, to the ordinary peasant. Their employment in Ciscaucasia being partially gone, many have been transplanted to the Persian frontier; and the traveller between Erivan and Tabreez, delayed by swollen streams, will often have to thank Cossack activity and promptitude for his escape from difficulties.

The Cossack and the Russian are not, however, the only types of humanity whom we can study during our stay at Pätigorsk. We are here (and it is the only place in our journey where we shall be) within the borders of the Tcherkess country—the true Circassia, so famous in romance and history. It is well at once to contradict the prevalent belief that Schamyl was the leader of a Circassian revolt, and that the scene of his struggle was in that district. His native highlands of Daghestan lie far away east of Vladikafkaz, where the mountain chain, spreading out widely its roots towards the shores of the Caspian, offers capabilities for guerilla warfare which the famous hero of the Caucasus well proved his power to use. Only once—in the year 1848, when at the height of his power—Schamyl burst boldly, at the head of 12,000 men, across the Dariel road, and traversing the Kabarda to the foot of Elbruz, endeavoured to induce the western tribes to join the standard of national revolt. His success was not such as to induce him to repeat the experiment, and since then the intermittent revolts of the Western Caucasus have been unconnected with the chronic war in Daghestan, which was only put an end to by the capture of its great leader in 1856.

Of the Tcherkess women we shall see nothing as yet, for being Mahomedans, they abide at home in the seclusion of their mountain "aouls;" but whenever we stroll down to the bazaar where the Armenians—the Jews of the Caucasus—keep their stores, we shall meet with specimens of their men—ideal mountaineers, conspicuous among the Russian soldiery as eagles among bustards, by their long aquiline noses, fiery eyes, and lofty stature. Their homes lie in the valleys west of Elbruz, and along the flat country at its base. The upper waters of the valleys east of Elbruz are inhabited by a less numerous but still more remarkable race, of whom frequent examples may be seen at the Russian watering-places. These are the Kabardans, the most noble of all the Caucasian clans, and the one which, exhibiting in the most marked manner the characteristics common to all, may well be selected for a somewhat detailed description. The following tradition as to their origin—given here for what it is worth—is current in the country. The tribe are said to have been originally dwellers in Egypt, which they quitted to establish themselves in the Crimea, on the banks of the streamlet Kabarda, from which they derive their present name. Driven from their second home, they crossed the narrow mouth of the Sea of Azov, and followed the banks of the Kuban to its sources, where a large part of the tribe established themselves. The rest, striking farther east round the flanks of Elbruz, pitched their tents on the Baksan and the Tcherok, in the districts now known as Great and Little Kabarda. The new-comers, either by force of numbers or intelligence, very soon succeeded in taking a leading position among their neighbours, and the manners of the noble families of Kabarda seem to have been accepted as the standard of Caucasian chivalry. Such a people were little likely to submit easily to Russian rule. The venal justice of a military tribunal scarcely served to reconcile them to the abolition of their own ruler but far readier courts; and forbiddal of the pilgrimage to Mecca was the match which roused into a blaze the long smouldering heap of discontent. At the commencement of the present century, a pestilence, which raged during fourteen successive years, destroyed half of the nation, and lightened the task of General Yermoloff when, in 1822, he set himself to ravage the Kabardas with fire and

sword, and scatter and slay those whom the pestilence had spared. A small relic, scarcely numbering 10,000 souls, is all that now remains of this once powerful tribe, which, having lost its old leadership, has been of late years one of the most constant in its obedience to its northern masters.

So much for the history of the Kabardans. Though the

up our minds to abandon, for a time, our tarantasse or telega, and to hire horses capable of carrying us over the mountain by-paths. The villages, moreover, on our road will be few and far between, and, unless provided with a portable tent, we shall do well to purchase one of the huge sheep-skin cloaks known as "bourcas," and worn alike by the Cossacks and



A KABARDAN OF THE CAUCASUS.

old gradations of rank which are ascertained to have existed among them—and which in their number and complications remind us of our own feudal system—no longer exist, or are hard to recognise, the most careless observer can distinguish two classes, the nobles and the common people, distinct from one another both in air and dress. But at Pätigorsk or Kisslovodsk we shall only see isolated specimens of the mountain races—a noble come down at the command of the Russian officials to report on his district, or a peasant in search of some article purchasable in the Armenian bazaar. If we would study these tribes in their homes, we must make

natives of the country. These are impervious to the heaviest rain-storm, and large enough to protect the whole figure, and are probably the origin of the fable that the Caucasians are in the habit of carrying about with them tents, in which they take instant shelter at the approach of bad weather. The excursion we propose to our readers will be based on actual experience, and where we go beyond it due warning shall be given; for we have no desire to imitate those travellers who reserve their greatest eloquence for the description of what they have never seen. We will, therefore, first ride across the steppe till we strike the Baksan, and then follow its banks to the foot of

Elbruz; returning thence to Atashkutan, we will penetrate the defiles of the Tcherek, and spend a few days amongst the hospitable Tartars of Balkar, a mountain citadel almost over-

snows of which will loom larger and larger on our right as we advance towards the mountains. On the river-bank is situated a large Tcherkess village, a long straggling collection of home-



COSSACK WATCH-TOWER.

shadowed by the granitic heights of Dych Tau and Koschtantau. Were it not for the difficulty of concluding arrangements for horses with the impracticable peasants of a Tcherkess village,

steads, each surrounded by a low fence. The steppe here becomes slightly undulating—a sort of rolling prairie—and is carefully cultivated, its whole surface seeming to wave with



COSSACKS AT SHOOTING PRACTICE.

we might profit by our carriage for the first day's journey. Our road will lead us a little to the east of south, across the great plain; passing, first, a Cossack village (Zonitzki) with its green cupolæd church—more like a tea-garden summer-house than an ecclesiastical edifice—in its midst; then reaching the ford of the Malka, the meltings of the northern glacier of Elbruz, the

corn, except where it is dotted by the small ricks into which the cut sheaves are first collected. We now climb the side of a low rounded hill, the first footstool of the mountains, and wind in and out of its heights and hollows, admiring the prodigious development of weeds and grasses which the summer sun has called forth and ripened, Wild sunflowers

and thistles overtop the dense mass, affording a home to myriads of insects, which issue forth in swarms to attack the passer-by and his unhappy animal. Horse-dies almost darken the air, and smaller foes, members of the mosquito tribe, whirl in ceaseless circles round our heads. At last the moon, rising in the east, brings into relief the pure snows of a distant summit seen over the nearer ridges, and shows at the same time a long white line flowing beneath us, and at right angles to our course. At our feet, on the banks of the Baksan, we distinguish the Tcherkess village of Atashkutan. Here food and shelter for the night will be easily obtained at the house of the chieftain, which, with its white-washed walls, is even now conspicuous amongst the dark-coloured cottages surrounding it. Lying on the edge of the plain, and within ten miles of a Cossack station, we must expect to find traces of Russian influence in the character of our quarters, and of the welcome offered us. Though old custom prevents the stranger from being repelled from the door, he can scarcely avoid seeing that he is looked on as a nuisance, and that the servant who brings him his food, regards with anything but a hospitable satisfaction the strength of his appetite. Still, he will have bread, eggs, and a copious supply of tea from the omnipresent samovar, and sufficient cushions to lie upon. But his slumbers must not be very prolonged if he wish to reach Uruspieh, the Kabardan village on the upper Baksan, the next day, for a distance of fully fifty up-hill miles still separates him from his goal.

At daybreak, then, his hosts being all asleep, he will rouse his horse-man, and having awoke the old steward, who attended to his wants the previous evening, sufficiently to offer him the fitting recompense in Russian rouble notes, he will pass out of the gates of the enclosure of the chieftain's abode, and getting clear as soon as possible of the houses and their fenced-in gardens, enjoy the freshness of a morning canter between the corn-fields. After an hour's ride these will gradually cease, and fording a tributary of the Baksan, the traveller will pause a moment to notice a weird-looking group of tombs, now falling into decay, and concerning which his horse-man can give no further information than that they mark the resting-places of men who were once princes in the land. Following the river through a basin of the richest verdure surrounded by low hills, we may well lament the way in which nature's gifts are permitted to run to waste, owing to the sparseness of the population—a fact sufficiently proved to us by our encountering only two hamlets in our long day's ride. The scenery of the Baksan valley is divisible into three portions. The lowest stage lies amongst the rounded downs, which reach to Atashkutan; a defile narrow and well wooded, but on so small a scale as to seem out of place to one already acquainted with Caucasian scenery, leads to the middle portion, where the grassy meadows on the river-bank are overhung by scarped crags, the ruddy hues and broken outlines of which are almost Sinaitic. Till a second defile, wider, larger, and more rugged than the first, is passed, the country is absolutely treeless; above this a sparse forest of firs clothes the mountain-sides; the stream descends, and the path mounts rapidly, and a broad snowy mass, curiously like the Zermatt Breithorn, closes the view. A few scattered farms occupy portions of the still wide meadow-land; and at last the village of Uruspieh comes into sight, situated on the left bank of the river, where it is joined by two tributary streams.

And now the traveller, who has come expecting to find the Caucasian Chamouni, will suffer a grievous disappointment. It is unfortunately true that as the valley of the Baksan is the dullest in the country, so is Uruspieh the most uninviting in situation of all Caucasian villages. We state this so strongly because, owing to its facility of access, the excursion to it is the only one ever made by Russians, and the one they recommend to strangers, who may thus form a most unfairly unfavourable view of the whole chain. The surrounding slopes are barren, uniform, and arid, and the houses themselves—low, flat-roofed edifices, built without any pretence of ornamentation—do not lend any picturesque elements to a position naturally destitute of them. The beauty, however, denied by nature to this nook of earth, she has amply bestowed on the male portion of its inhabitants. We feel, indeed, that we have left Russia and its type of humanity far behind, as we meet some of the villagers bending their steps homewards. Guided by one of them, we shall alight at almost the first house in the village, before an open portico supported by massive fir trunks, beneath which we sit down while news is carried to "the princes" of our arrival. Meantime we shall be fully employed in scanning the crowd which gathers rapidly round us. The men are all habited in the sheepskin bonnet and dress already described, but we cannot fail to observe the handsomeness of their appointments. Their cartridge boxes, belts, and daggers are adorned with silver, their clothes are in good condition, and their whole bearing is unmistakably that of gentlemen of the mountains. The effect of their tall stature is increased by their dress, while the open and friendly look of their countenances entirely takes away any feeling of distrust which might be caused by the sight of the numerous arms they carry. A few children—boys and girls, bright and intelligent-looking little creatures—hang on the skirts of the crowd, which will include no women, the female sex being kept more or less in seclusion. We shall be already beginning to regret that our ignorance of the language prevents our entering into conversation, when a stir becomes visible among the people, and two tall men, distinguishable from the others only by their more costly accoutrements, come forward, and addressing ourselves or our interpreter in Russian, welcome us to the village. These are Ismail and Hamzet, the two princes, or present heads of the family which by hereditary right lords it over the community. We shall learn more of them during our stay; at present they lead us into the house, a one-storied building constructed inside and out of unsmoothed fir-logs. It contains two rooms, one opening from the other. Both have earthen floors; the inner, also the larger, is provided with a fire-place and a wooden divan. On this a domestic piles cushions, while another brings low stools and a round three-legged table, on which is placed the samovar and a lordly pile of cakes. Over the tea we shall improve our acquaintance with our hosts, while a circle of villagers, gathered round the door at a respectful distance, indulge their curiosity by picking up what scraps they can of our conversation. Our past travels will first be demanded of us; having answered as to these, we may proceed to unfold our future plans, in confidence that we shall meet with all the assistance possible. On hearing the word "Anglicany," (English), Hamzet's—the younger brother's—face will light up; for the years he has had to spend in the Russian army do not seem to have prejudiced him against our nation. He will

proceed to tell the story of the first ascent of Elbruz; of how, in the last week of July, in 1868, three weather-beaten Englishmen suddenly dropped from the mountains which separate Kabardia and Suanetia, accompanied by an interpreter and an enormous Frank. Then he will recount their demanding men of him to accompany them to the top of Minghi Tau (for Elbruz, the Russian name, is almost unknown at the foot of the mountain), and the amusement which they created thereby in the village; how they started on the expedition, and how, on the fourth day, they returned, swearing by Allah they had been on the very highest summit; how the village at first thought they were like Russians, who called the sides of the mountain its summit, until they had talked over the matter with Djapofej Djaktchi and Sotaf Achya, who had been of the company. These men, who were almost blinded by the hours they had spent on the snow-fields, declared that the foreigners had many strange devices to escape death, fear of which had made the mountain unscalable heretofore; that they cared nothing for the hidden pitfalls, from the danger of which they secured themselves by cords; and that when ice covered the mountain side so that even the chamois would slip, the gigantic Frank stepped forward and cut steps, by which, as by a ladder, they might scale safely to the highest top. The prince may add that Achya and Djaktchi are at hand, and will themselves tell the guests how they found of a sudden all the world at their feet, and beheld on one side the Karatchai, the Malka, and their own Baksan; on the other, saw, over the intervening ranges, the blue mountains which lie in the land of the true believers.

Turning to other topics, we shall discover Hamzet to be a man of no small intelligence and of some practical skill. He will show us carts of an improved model, which he has had constructed to imitate some he saw while in Russia; he may present us with a very fair imitation of a Gruyère cheese he has himself succeeded in making, and he will ask us a hundred questions about England, London, Turkey, and European politics. After a lengthened interview, we shall be left alone to decide on our plans, with the assurance that we have only to mention our wants and they will be attended to.

Having come thus far, no traveller will think of going away without gaining a nearer sight of the great Elbruz, which, though close at hand, is still quite invisible. To do this it will be necessary to be away at least two days from the village; but this will not involve any real hardship, as water-tight huts, used by the guardians of the flocks and herds, are found close to the glaciers. The sources of the Baksan are distant some seven hours from Uruspieh. The first feature observed after leaving the village is a gigantic moraine, which bars the valley like the Kirchet above Meyringen. Higher up, the mountain sides are densely forested with firs; snowy peaks of fantastic forms peer down through gaps in the southern range, and an occasional farm-house, with its surrounding enclosures, diversifies the foreground. Further still, a large glacier comes in sight, closing the head of the valley. We turn off before reaching it up a side glen, which leads to the foot of another and smaller glacier, descending straight from Elbruz. We must climb the steep hill-side beside its ice-fall until, when our aneroid barometer shows us to have attained a height of over 12,000 feet, we find ourselves on the rim of the snow-field lying at the base of the final cone of the great mountain, which, in shape like an inverted tea-cup, rises before us with

very little beauty of form, but much grandeur of size, to recommend it. Beyond the fact of having seen close at hand the Caucasian giant, we gain from this point a superb view, across the head of the Baksan valley, of that portion of the main chain which separates us from Suanetia. Above all other rivals tower two glorious peaks; the nearer one is the same we have seen from Uruspieh, a close counterpart of the Orteler from the Stelvio road; the other is the terrible Uschba—a peak destined to future celebrity—shooting up from the forests of Suanetia, whence, before leaving the country, we must hope to obtain a closer view of it.

What course our traveller now takes will depend on his climbing capabilities. If sound of lungs and legs, and provided with a rope and ice-axe, the knowledge that the summit of Elbruz is only eight hours distant, and that it may be gained without risk, will prove a sore temptation to him to seek higher ground. A less vaulting ambition may lead him to cross a glacier-pass over the ridge connecting Elbruz with the main chain, and descend thence to Uschkulan, the highest village in the Karatchai, inhabited by a tribe generally described as "brave fellows and no thieves." An introduction from Uruspieh will insure kindly greeting, and aid in returning along the northern flanks of Elbruz, the complete tour of which may thus be made in about six days. Whichever of these alternatives he may accept, we must carry back our traveller to Uruspieh, whence, in place of returning at once to Pätigorsk, we shall propose to him to retrace his steps to Atashkutan, and if not already wearied with the mountain recesses, to turn southwards to Naltschik, and thence make a fresh plunge into the heart of the Caucasus.

Naltschik is a small town or large military post at the foot of the hills, within a few miles from the point at which the Tcherek, one of the largest affluents of the Terek, flows out into the plain. We do not purpose to give any detailed description of the Tcherek valley, but only shortly to recommend it and its inhabitants to public notice. Unlike the course of the Baksan, densely wooded in its lower portion, it soon forks into two branches which run up to the watershed of the Caucasus, and are separated near their heads by the great ridge, two of the summits of which, Dycheau and Koschtantau, are the second and third highest mountains in the Caucasian chain. The cluster of villages in the western of the two branches is called Bezeenghe; at the head of the valley is a glacier marked in the Russian map as the largest in the whole range; and, owing to the fact that the upper basin is wider and more open than that of the eastern branch, the great snow peaks are said to be best studied from this side. Of the eastern valley leading to the community of Balkar we can speak from personal experience. Above the junction of the two torrents the path wanders through dense beech-woods sheltering an undergrowth of azaleas and rhododendrons. In one day's ride from Naltschik a party, even though delayed by the presence of baggage horses, may reach the foot of an overhanging crag commonly used by the natives for their night's bivouac. Above this, a gorge is entered which may, without fear, be ranked far above any to be found in the Alps. The imagination even of a Doré could scarcely find anything to add to the savage sublimity of the scene. Towering walls of crag, 5,000 feet high, every ledge and cranny of which affords a resting place for noble forest trees, first meet the traveller's eye. As he penetrates further into the gorge, the torrent is so closely

hemmed in that a few fallen boulders form a natural bridge 300 feet above its waters; by this the path crosses the stream and descends to the bottom of the defile, through which, by persistent and sometimes almost desperate endeavours, it at last reaches the upper end of the gorge, and emerges into the Balkar basin. Here, in villages resembling Uruspieh in

the pilgrimage to Mecca, and wore the Syrian in preference to the ordinary Caucasian costume. From the head of the valley—seven hours' ride from Muchol—two passes lead, one to the sources of the Rion on the south side of the chain, the other to the valley of the Uruch, the next eastern tributary of the Terek. The scenery is some of the wildest and grandest



Cossack.

general character, we find a Kabardan tribe, whose industry makes the slopes of their mountain retreat yellow with corn. As the entrance to Balkar is more difficult than that to Uruspieh, so are the people of the former more primitive and less Russianised than those of the latter. During a two days' stay at the chief hamlet, Muchol, we were entertained by a worthy chief who loaded us with all the good things at his disposal; so far, indeed, were we from meeting with any religious bigotry amongst these strict Mahomedans, that we found our best friend in a Mollah who had made

in the country; its chief elements consist of granite peaks varying from 14,000 to 17,000 feet in height, vast glaciers, and mountain pasturages feeding the numerous flocks and herds which form the staple of the wealth of these patriarchal mountaineers. We can do no more than point out the glorious scenery and good work which await an explorer in this part of the chain; it is time that we return to our head-quarters at Pätigorsk, and again follow the high road of the Caucasus, from which we have made a long, but we trust not altogether unprofitable, digression.

A New Zealand Snow-storm.—In Two Parts.

BY FREDERICK NAPIER BROOME.

PART II.

DOMESTIC affairs were now in extremity. Supplies of coal, wood, and house stores were to have arrived this week; they could not come for a fortnight, and on Wednesday there was absolutely nothing in the larder, except some flour and sugar, and a little mutton: there was no tea, rice, coffee, &c.; there was no fuel; the dogs were buried in their kennels, and the fowls in their fowl-house. The first remained warm, but unfed, and a huge drift preserved the poultry. Could they have been got at, the greatest age would not have saved either cock or hen from the pot. There were no tools wherewith to dig away the snow which encumbered door and window; all axes, spades, saws, &c., were buried "full fathom five." By great labour of hands only, the pigsties were torn down and broken up. These had to be economised for cooking purposes; also for one good fire to sit by in the evening, and, with curtains close and lamp lit, endeavour to forget the weather. In the paddock were six horses and two cows. These had all gathered in a corner by the gate, and stood miserably, kept alive by hay. The house lying in an undulating hollow, there were deep drifts in every direction; and it took the best part of the day to struggle down to the stack, and back to the animals with fodder. It took one hour to battle 200 yards through the drifts with a truss of hay. In places they were over head and ears in depth, and quite soft all through; and in addition to this, there was the never-ceasing force of driving flakes and deafening wind. In the stable were stalls for two horses, and there was the empty coal-shed. With great difficulty the doors were got open, and three of the best horses housed.

On Wednesday there was a calamity; the cows were not to be seen. The supply of milk was now cut off, if not the cows themselves. On Thursday morning they were found, their horns just visible above a snow-drift. Half starved and smothered, they were got out; but this was a whole day's hard work. The snow and wind continued. Not a sheep was to be seen or heard; indeed, beyond 100 yards round the house all was unknown. There was a drift in the verandah six feet deep, darkening the drawing-room windows. It was with difficulty the doors could be opened in the morning. The wind seemed to whirl and heap up the snow on all sides of the house at once. By this time there was not a fence to be seen; no gates could be opened; all garden shrubs were covered or broken down. Had the snow been frozen, it would have been easy to move about; but as it still continued soft all through, progression was painfully slow, consisting, as it did, of an alternate plunge and crawl. Their dinner to-day had been a scrap of rice and some suet dumplings; for tea there was the last box of sardines and some apricot jam, but *no tea*.

On Thursday evening there was a lull; the wind changed, and it poured heavily with rain all that night and all Friday. On Friday afternoon yellow floods were seen rushing over the snow down the hill-sides. A trickling stream close at hand swelled into a tremendous torrent. The house would have been flooded, when, luckily, a dam burst through, and

the water ran off. The smallest creek was now an impassable river. Judging from the watermarks left, there could not have been such floods for twenty years; indeed, the oldest natives remember none like them.

Nothing can describe the joy of all, when on Saturday the sun shone for the first time that week, and the day settled fine, with a warm wind blowing. After breakfast, which had by this time come down to a crust and a glass of water, all sallied forth, dug out the dogs, and started over the run to discover the state of the sheep; even my wife, in a short petticoat and a great pair of my boots drawn over her own, joined the party. The snow, soaked by the rain, was now a little harder; but locomotion was still slow and very difficult. The man on horseback again returned from an attempt to reach H——'s house and procure some mutton; he had been unable to cross a deep gully which was quite filled up with snow. And now the first discovery of sheep was made; at the edge of a creek, under a high bank, a great drift had formed, covering a small "mob" of about 250. They had remained beneath it warm and snug till the stream flooded, and, washing into their shelter, drowned them. At several other spots above and below this sheep were found, in various quantities, which had perished in the same way. Sometimes there were survivors—ten or twenty standing clear of the water on a trampled heap of the drowned. In one place was found a solitary ram, the Crusoe of an island of dead ewes. An attempt was made to rescue him; but, impelled by grief for his kindred, or by innate stupidity, he plunged into the water and disappeared, being too weak to swim.

Digging in the drifts at the side of this creek, sheep were also found, some alive, but more dead. There were strange anomalies; from one snow cavern several little lambs leaped out alive and well, while all the grown sheep had perished. Often old and weak sheep, technically termed "crawlers," had outlasted the young and strong. It took them days to explore this creek, in which about 400 sheep, and as many lambs, were found dead.

On Monday evening was written the letter I had received in Christchurch. By this time communication had been effected with H——'s house, and on Tuesday morning, at great peril, the dray started with his luggage, which, as we have seen, arrived in town on Wednesday, but after the steamer had left. It was all floated down the river, but luckily secured again. On Wednesday the shepherds attempted the hills. They returned, having penetrated but a little way, and reported that there were very few sheep to be seen, and these dispersed in small flocks of fifty or a hundred, whereas sheep generally range the hills for feed in large numbers together.

Affairs now looked serious, and very like ruin. Not to speak of lambs, all of which would certainly be lost, 400 grown sheep had been found dead along one stream, and there were fifty such streams on the run. What if a dozen other spots, each strewn with as many or more than those lying in this one, should come to light? Drowning would be as easy for a

thousand sheep as a hundred; indeed, easier, for a large, helpless, crowding flock facilitates disaster.

On the Thursday morning I returned, and we all set to work, like camp-followers after a battle, making the most of the dead, stripping them of whatever about them was valuable. The warm wind shortened this disagreeable job. That friendly nor-wester saved me from ruin. In a week it had taken the snow clear away from wherever it had fairly fallen; it then ceased blowing, and there were fine clear days, followed by frosty nights. The drifts became crusted over, and walking was easy; but I trod them tenderly, with a sort of churchyard awe, not knowing how many of our sheep might be lying dead or alive beneath them. On the leeward side of every spur the snow had blown over and lodged, and along these ridges there were drifts half a mile long and twenty feet deep. Of course, digging in these was useless; twenty men, working in the dark, might toil for days, and find not a sheep, though hundreds lay buried. Before it ceased, however, the warm wind liberated numbers, and by the end of the week flocks again gathered in the hills. But, alas! the lambs were conspicuous only by their absence; they were to be found, but only lying dead along the hill-side.

On the Saturday subsequent to my return, the dray arrived from town with stores, and we enjoyed the luxury of a cup of tea once more; a supply of fuel was carted, but with extreme difficulty, and our privations came to an end.

I now sat down and wrote a letter to follow my partner to England. We had found by this time about 600 dead sheep, and we knew that hardly any lambs remained, but of our exact loss I was far from certain. I may here state that when, after shearing, I counted up the cost of that snow-storm, I found it to be 800 grown sheep, and at least 2,500 lambs, and this out of a small flock of only 13,000 of all ages. But on comparing notes with our neighbours, it seemed that we had come off very well. One station was reported to have lost 20,000 lambs and 10,000 grown sheep; but this was, of course, out of a very large flock. Had the storm occurred in June, our month of shortest days, when the sun has little power, when warm winds rarely blow, and the nights are generally frosty, the snow would not have thawed six inches a week. Every night the melted surface would have frozen hard, the sheep would have been imprisoned for weeks, and few indeed could possibly have survived. As it was, it seemed amazing that so frail a sheep as the merino could endure through a fortnight of such desolation. Before the storm there were numbers of wild pigs on our run; these we afterwards found dead in all directions. Great boars, cased in hides an inch thick, had perished through sheer stress of weather, while thin-skinned sheep, with only six months' growth of fine wool upon their backs, had endured it all; and I think that the actual destruction of sheep was mainly owing to the two days of heavy rain which succeeded the snow. Sheep covered in drifts are warm and snug; the snow is lightly heaped over them, the heat of their bodies thaws away a cave; air can reach them, and, if liberated within ten days, they are not much the worse. Huddled up as they are, the stronger will trample the weaker, and even so there will be some loss; but the snow itself will have caused very little. They are better off in their prison than driving over the hills before the bitter gale. But the rain soaked the snow till it was sodden and heavy; it crushed down upon the sheep, and did not so readily admit

air. To the rain and to the creeks we laid almost all our losses; high up in the hills, where little rain fell, and where the streams were insignificant, few sheep died, except in some monster drifts, which did not melt for six weeks. I found several alive, but in a dying state, that must have been under snow a full month. They were so worn and light from starvation, that I lifted from the ground quite easily with one hand a wether which, before the storm, must have weighed at least seventy-five pounds. He had diminished at least thirty pounds.

It might be expected there would be many anecdotes and accidents reported after such an extraordinary visitation; but on all stations the people were hemmed indoors for a certain time, after which they busied themselves with their sheep in safety. I think one or two were drowned attempting to cross the flooded rivers, but in the snow itself I heard of no loss of human life. The *Lyttleton Times* at first placed the total loss at a quarter of a million, but afterwards at half a million. I am inclined to think that, including lambs, the latter number is correct. The growth of wool was greatly affected; it is this season generally poor and stunted all over the province; and altogether the community must be a loser of £200,000.

In conclusion, as I have told all our miseries, let me also record some capital fun I got out of the snow. Close to my house a hill slopes smoothly for about 200 yards at an angle of 40°; along this was a perfectly level and deep drift, which did not thaw for a month. I constructed a sledge, or rather a succession of sledges, for the first were not perfect, and in the end contrived one with a patent brake, in which I could descend the drift with moderate safety at about fifteen miles an hour, carrying one passenger besides myself. But my first attempts resulted in tremendous catastrophes. I had read that in Canada a similar slide is made on small sledges, using the heels to moderate the speed. Instructed by this, I climbed my drift, which was frozen on the surface, and on a board about four feet long, covered beneath with sheet iron curved upwards at the end, I launched down the hill. In a second I was off at a thousand miles an hour, beyond all control of my heels or of any other mortal influence. Down the hill I dashed, turning round and round, heels and head alternately uppermost, and breathless with the immense speed; I stuck fast to my board, possessed by an intense thought of the rocks and stones at the foot of the drift, and fearfully ignorant of any navigation which would save my being brained amongst them. Arrived at the edge of the snow, my board and I shot with a horrible jolting over the stones and grass of the level ground for some sixty yards when we came to a stop, and I found I had escaped with no severer injury than several cuts on my hands. The next time I made a sort of brake, but that broke, and the result was the same, or even worse; for my board and I parted company. I slid swiftly and head first on to the stones, where I turned a somersault and alit on my feet; but my neck is still stiff from that bump. I was now convinced that the Canadian angle must have been very slight, or the snow quite unfrozen and altogether different from my snow, so I set to work and made a sledge which proved quite equal to the dangers and exigencies of the situation. I covered a board about six feet long by one foot broad with sheet iron nailed beneath it, and curved upwards in front. Across the upper surface of the sledge I

fixed two battens, one quite at the foremost end, and one fastened about midway. My passenger and I sat resting our feet firmly against these, my passenger sitting in front. For breaks I fixed two iron bars about four feet long, working through strong staples, one on each side about a foot from the rear of the plank. By raising or depressing the upper ends of these, of which I kept a firm grasp, I took a greater or less hold of the snow, and so pulled up or shot ahead. Still there was a speed at which even this invention became unmanageable and of no avail, and that speed I was incautious enough to attain once or twice, when the result was swift and signal misfortune.

The most sudden disaster was on our last day's sledging. The drift had thawed till it was soft at the surface, and worn away almost to the rocks. During a rapid descent the nose of the sledge dipped through the snow and stopped dead against a rock; my passenger was instantly buried, but I shot over his head some ten yards. I alighted in the soft snow, and was not hurt. This was a perfectly harmless capsize, but so sudden; one second gliding smoothly at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, the next a dead stop, a flight through the air

over my passenger's head, finishing, feet first, plump down in the soft snow.

I have told my story of the great New Zealand snow-storm of 1867. As a child, they used to teach me that nothing was ordered but with a beneficent purpose. This is a beautiful precept, but sadly difficult of demonstration. I do not think that we in Canterbury were too rich; very few of us were paying our way, and now there are fewer than ever. However, let us hope that that overwhelming fortnight has emptied the next ten winters of their snow and rain, for another such season would put the few solvent sheep-farmers into the *Gazette*.

Writing this at mid-summer, and looking out over our green and cloud-shadowed hills, planted with their semi-tropical palms and grasses, the more distant veiled in a sultry haze, it is difficult to believe that what I write is true; but the evidence still remains. Palms eight feet high show where their topmost branches were gnawed by sheep, that must have stood on five feet of snow to reach them; and the banks of the creek where so many were found the day after the storm are still strewn white with bones.

The Palms of Tropical America.

WHEN travellers speak of palm trees as contributing so much to the beauty of a tropical landscape, it is generally the coco-nut palm that is present to their minds; for of all the numerous species composing the palm family this is the most conspicuous and widely-spread. Its native home is the East, especially Ceylon, the shores of the Bay of Bengal, the Malay Archipelago, and the countless islands of Polynesia. It thrives best and is most abundant on or near the sea-shore, and being of so much utility for its fruit, leaves, and fibre, groves of it are planted around settlements, thus bringing it more immediately under the notice of the passing voyager. Beautiful as is this common and well-known palm tree, in its smooth and lofty stem, well proportioned in height and thickness to the wide-spreading crown of dark green, elegantly pinnate leaves, it is perhaps exceeded in beauty, and certainly in singularity, by many of its allied kinds in tropical America. The luxuriant wooded region along the Atlantic coast in Brazil, and extending through all the river-valleys up to the slopes of the Andes in Peru and New Granada is, in fact, the head-quarters of this noble tribe of trees. The coco-nut palm is found there also, but it is only an importation brought from India by the early Portuguese settlers, and it rarely attains the height and beauty that distinguish it in its native domain, especially in Ceylon. In compensation, the rich and varied forests of the Amazons and Ecuador abound in other magnificent species. More than 100 distinct kinds are known and described from the banks of the Amazons alone, and this number is probably far below the reality, for they have never yet been thoroughly investigated by a botanical traveller. As in other tropical countries, they form that feature of the vegetation which first strikes the eye of the wanderer newly arrived from a colder climate. As the

vessel nears the port, the plume-like clusters of leaves, borne airily on the top of lofty, bare stems, amidst the rounded masses of the more ordinary forest vegetation of the shores of sea or river, rivet the attention, and impart an indescribable air of rich luxuriance to the scene. In some places tall slender stems shoot up in clusters, gently curving, their feathery crowns waving in the wind; in others, a colossal species, from 100 to 150 feet in height, stands erect, the cylindrical stems, as broad and symmetrical as the columns of a temple, bearing at their summit an immense cluster of fan-shaped leaves, whose leaf-stalks alone are ten feet in length. This grandest of the palm-trees—the *Mauritia flexuosa* of botanists—is extremely abundant on the low lands in the neighbourhood of the Port of Pará. In some places it grows in vast groves, many miles in extent, on islands, to the exclusion of every other tree; from the base of its crown are often seen hanging the ponderous clusters of its fruit—a round, bright red, pulp-covered nut, with the outer skin crossed with lines, which give it the appearance of a leather cricket-ball. As the fruit is eatable and the tree valuable, like almost every other palm, for the many uses to which its leaves and other parts are applied, the growth of this palm is encouraged in the neighbourhood of houses, farms, and villages. In some places along the narrow channels which the river-steamers navigate in going from Pará into the interior all the timber around a farm has been cleared except the fan-leaved palms. There is then left a grassy meadow, diversified by scores of these noble trees, few lower than 100 feet high, with cattle grazing beneath, and the white-washed balconied farm-house in the distance.

Other species of palms project long roots from their stem towards the damp earth, radiating like the spokes of a wheel

bent downwards, so that as the tree grows and the bottom part of the true stem decays, it appears as though mounted on stilts. One of these species bears a very elegant head of straight leaves, each with only a few broad leaflets. Another exceedingly curious kind has no stem, or only a very low one, but exceedingly long leaves, which often project from the river-bank and arch over towards the water. Leaves of this species (the Jupati palm) have been measured fifty feet in length and six feet in width. It is common along some of the river channels near Pará, and passing steamers often sweep under or past its gigantic leaves.

A companion species offers a totally different picture, having rigid, nearly erect leaves, not divided into leaflets; it has but a short stem; but the head of light-green leaves, precisely like a colossal shuttlecock, is frequently seen amidst the mass of vegetation on the river bank. The graceful Assai, or *Blacpe* palm—the sylph of the vegetable creation—is another very common species. Its stem is not much thicker than a man's wrist, and rises, when full-grown, to the height of twenty or thirty feet, bearing at its summit a most elegantly-proportioned crown of finely pinnated leaves. The round, bluish-black fruit, growing in lax bunches at the base of the long smooth sheath of the united leaf-stalks, is universally used to make a nourishing beverage, and the tree, in consequence, is grown almost everywhere in gardens. There is scarcely any house, even in the suburban streets of the towns, that has not a group of this elegant tree growing near the door.

A much larger palm is the Inaja; this is often seen in great abundance around farms and country-houses, in places where the soil is light. The trees of this species, represented in the engraving, are but young; when full-grown, the stem is about

twenty or thirty feet high. The fruit is an oblong nut, having a quantity of pleasantly-tasting yellowish pulp on the outer side, which forms part of the ordinary food of the poorer classes; hence the cultivation of the tree in the neighbourhood of houses.

The flower-spathe is of a tough woody texture, shaped like a boat-shaped bowl, capable of holding about two gallons of liquid; it is often used as a kettle to boil porridge, withstanding fire for a considerable time.

The uses to which palm-trees are applied in this beautiful region are

To the poorer classes they afford all the material necessary for building houses; the entire stems serve for posts; the split stems for floors; the pith-like leaf-stalks sawn into laths for partition-walls; and the leaves (especially those of a flinty, durable texture, produced by a dwarf species called *ubim*) for thatch. The cane-like rind of the leaf-stalks, divisible into fine threads, is excellent for baskets; the fibres of the stem and spathes serve for tow and brooms. Many other of the palm-fruits are used for food, besides those already mentioned, and, in addition, the young tender leaves of several kinds, before they are fully opened, make an excellent vegetable, superior, in fact, to cabbage.



THE INAJA PALM.

Thus when palm-trees figure so largely in the descriptions of tropical America given by travellers it is not without good reason. They impart an indefinable grace and charm to every landscape, and enter, in a thousand ways, into the daily occupations, thoughts, and feelings of the inhabitants. They are present everywhere; the outlines of their elegant stems and crowns, set off to magical effect by the background of cloudless sky, greet the early riser wherever he may be. One set of species grows in the dry grounds, and another set in the marshy places, whilst in the woods every day's walk reveals some curious dwarf kind never noticed before.



VIEW OF KOUNDIAN.

Journey from the Senegal to the Niger.—IV.

FROM THE FRENCH OF LIEUTENANT MAGE.

CHAPTER V.

THE POSITION OF KOUNDIAN: ITS FORTRESS—DEPARTURE—WE CROSS THE BAYING—MARCH TOWARDS THE EAST—ARRIVAL AT THE BAKHOV—THE MOUNTAIN MAKANDIAMBDOUGOU—PRODUCTS—CULTIVATION—MUSIC—A WEEK'S DELAY—REVOLT OF THE DÉLÉDOUGOU AND THE MANDING—IMPOSSIBILITY OF PROCEEDING TOWARDS THE EAST—JOURNEY TO THE NORTH ACROSS THE FOULA-DOUGOU—THE LESSER BAKHOV—THE BAOLÉ—MANACLED SLAVES ON THE MARCH—ARRIVAL AT KAARTA—ENTRY INTO KAARTA—ITS LIMITS—SOME REFLECTIONS ON THE COUNTRY—MARENA—KOUROUNDINGKOTO.

I SPENT three days at Koundian. Returning then to my men, we started again on the only practicable road to Ségou. I had agreed with Diango that he should give me a guide to take me there, passing by a direct and easy road which would bring us to Ségou in less than a fortnight. It is this route that I am going briefly to describe.

Koundian is the fourth station of which I have determined the position by astronomical observation; the latitudes by meridian altitude of the sun. The result is as follows:—

	Latitude.	Longitude.
Gouina	14° 00' 45" N. ...	13° 30' 14" W.
Bafoulabé	13° 48' 27" ...	13° 09' 46"
Oualiba camp	13° 39' 53" ...	idem.
Koundian	13° 08' 57" ...	12° 58' 22"

The town is composed of the fortress, and a village, in which some of the huts are partly constructed of masonry, but nearly all covered with straw. The fortress is a complete square, measuring on each side 530 feet, and flanked with six towers, in two of which there are doors. The one on the east is

open; the other, in one of the western towers, is always shut. This wall is 25 to 28 feet high, and 4½ feet thick at the base. It is built of stones and mortar, and every year they rough-cast it with earth. We were not permitted to enter. In addition to El Hadj's house—in which he has a wife—governed by Diango, it contains the dwelling of most of the *sofas* (warrior-slaves) and some of the *talibés*. A plain stretches all around, which is only entered by four narrow passes, bordered by high mountains. This situation would present great difficulties, even to an attack of regular troops. The country is rich in gold and millet, but there were no cattle, for in a famine after the war all provisions had been consumed. On this account the gift of a bullock from Diango was munificent.

Diango was a Malinké, and the rapacious instincts of his race continually betrayed themselves. I made him a present which did not satisfy him; but when he found that I cared nothing for his discontent, but threatened to tell his master, saying he might take but I would not give, he became humble, and drew from me by degrees a great quantity of salt and other trifles. On all sides they beset me with petitions. The musicians came to sing, the chiefs came to beg, one a pair of pantaloons, the other a *boubou*; the sick people came to the doctor, who saw his medicines disappearing, and was made ill by his exertions. I had the fever myself after a cold bath, so altogether it seemed necessary to get away. I made Diango give me the promised guide, and fixed the time of departure.

On the 9th of January Diango came on horseback to accompany me a short distance, and on leaving gave me as a sign of friendship a little gold ring—about twelve grains in weight. I gave him then willingly a velvet cap, embroidered

in silk, and departed, glad to be free from these importunate beggars, and to be again on my way. Diango assured me that he had heard from El Harj a few days before, and that I should find him at Ségou. I saw that my mission was nearly accomplished, and believed I had surmounted the greatest difficulties.

On leaving Koundian we marched towards the north, to rejoin the Senegal or Bafing, which we should have to cross at this place, the road directly eastward being impracticable for laden animals, and even for horsemen, because of the mountains. In the evening we reached the river, opposite Medina Gongou, or the isle of Medina, so called after the village upon it. Farther down the river there was a considerable fall of water, and farther up a ridge of rocks. This confirmed what I had been told of the impossibility of a complete navigation of the Senegal in its upper course—a fact which had caused me to abandon my canoe at Oualiha. My guide, with whom we are soon to become better acquainted, wished me to sleep in the village, and to begin transporting the luggage and the animals the next morning. It was a difficult task to ferry our caravan across. We were obliged to work with two very large canoes, which we had no means of propelling but with native paddles, made with a bamboo handle, on which five or six pieces of bamboo are fastened crosswise by means of a cord, forming a blade. These two canoes were placed on the two sides of the island. I made known at once that I intended sleeping on the other side of the river that very night, and we began to work. My men divided into two companies. While some crossed from the river bank to the island, others carried the baggage across to the other canoe, and then embarked for the opposite bank.

At seven o'clock that evening I had passed the Senegal, and so great was the fatigue I had experienced at Koundian, from being continually pestered by the people, that from this moment I resolved never again to encamp in a village. Any one who knows what negro villages are, will understand that by this I saved some considerable time. Whether the villages are of mud or straw huts, fortified or surrounded by a simple palisade, or only a hedge of thorns, the disposition of the people is the same. The entrance is by a narrow door, through which it is not possible to pass the luggage without unloading the animals. It must then be carried to the lodgings, which are often distant and very bad. The party must then separate, some going to the right, others to the left, and thus a great deal of time is lost both in the arrival and departure.

The houses, too, are often very dirty: in the cottages the heat is unwholesome; in the open air the smoke from the kitchens is stifling. Instead of submitting to all these inconveniences, I preferred encamping in the open air. I looked out for a tree, under which we left our baggage. Those who know the *boutinier* tree will understand why I chose that in preference to all others. Its gigantic roots, projecting above ground all round the stem, form so many partitions, enclosing spaces like stalls, where the small luggage can be stowed away. We set a man to sleep beside it for security's sake, and rested tranquilly by the light of a blazing fire. The life of violent excitement which we had previously led seemed all passed away after leaving Koundian. We were now in a country under regular government, where there was no cause for fear. It was no longer as when, between Gouina and Bafoulabé, we were disturbed by fierce animals nearly every day, and where we went on without knowing what was before us.

On the 10th of January I began my march towards the east, across a desolate tract of country. Every step I took showed me a ruin: broken remains of household utensils, and a few skulls bleached in the sun; this was all that remained. I was told that the inhabitants had rebuilt their village on the other side of the river, and I saw smoke rising; on the sides of the mountain I could see the roofs of some cottages. Perhaps one-hundredth part of the population had survived the conquest, the massacre, and the terrible famine of 1858, and the countless other woes which certainly fall far more heavily on negroes than on other people, on account of their improvidence.

Thus we traversed the country of Bafing, situated on both banks of the river. We followed the course of the river for some time, and then left it to turn eastwards.

We found ourselves then in a plain covered with tall green herbage, smooth as a field of grass. To the south the high chain of mountains disappeared after some windings; these had doubtless run along the left bank of the river from Koundian to Fouta-Djallon.* A little farther to the left, a parallel plain, but not so high, stretched along the right bank and made a vast circle round us.

Troops of antelopes bounded over the plain, seeking refuge in the crevices of the rocks; but our presence was scarcely betrayed by the slight motion of the stalks of the tall herbage. We walked in file: one of our men led; I followed; then the baggage—the mules first, and after them the donkeys; a man (generally it was Samba Yoro) keeping watch behind; at each side the bullocks, and the doctor going backwards and forwards. This was the order of our march, closed by Fahmahra, our official guide. We lost no time in leaving the valley of the Bafing, which was now only a narrow strip of land by the side of the river; and we entered the Gangaran, a country a little more thickly populated. It is still the Malinkese race who inhabit this district, and we met again with their national costume—yellow mantles and trousers, and yellow cap, or sometimes white. This colour is procured from a tree named *rat* or *rhat*, the wood of which is yellow. The root and leaves are used for dyeing; the wood is burned for domestic purposes, and its ashes, slightly alkaline, are used to obtain, by washing, an acid for the blue tint of the indigo. The Malinkese villages are entirely surrounded by cotton-fields. Cotton is extensively cultivated, for having no communication, or very little, with the European settlements, the Malinkese cannot procure cotton cloths, and are obliged to confine them selves to the resources of their own country.

On the evening of the 11th of January, we arrived by a gentle slope at a nearly perpendicular ascent, which surrounded us on the east, the north, and the south. At our feet was a muddy pool, in which there was no water. Two women who had come to fetch water fled to the mountains on seeing us, and it was with very great difficulty that Fahmahra induced them to come and speak to him. Every time a troop of horsemen appear on the horizon these poor people—on whom the sword of the conqueror has weighed heavily for a long time, and still weighs very oppressively—fear there will be war; and as they daily revolt in their hearts against the cruel yoke which oppresses them, they think, no doubt, that they will be punished for these rebellious thoughts.

* It is known that the Senegal takes its rise in the mountains of Fouta-Djallon, south of Timbo.

The guide announced that we were at Firia, and the ruins of a large village supported his assertion. But what had become of this village? The ridge was 330 feet high, at least; we could not think of climbing it that same day, and the prospect of passing the night in the bushes did not give me much pleasure. Ever since leaving Koundian, I had looked forward to Firia as a new port, and here we were without water! We were obliged to do as best we could. The animals did without drinking; some calabashes of dirty and bitter water were drawn from the pool for us, and we stretched ourselves on our beds.

The night came on quickly, and about eleven we were wakened by a fairy-like scene. The mountain before us was illuminated. The night was dark, but a hundred torches lighted up the sharp edges of the rocks, and some shadows of men, shown in relief against the light, animated a picture which I could never have been weary of admiring. It was a troop of villagers of Firia, which was built on the summit of the ascent, bringing us supper: thirty gourds full of the common food of the country for the men, and for us two fowls and some eggs, and a basket of millet for the horses. Besides this, it was agreed that the inhabitants should come the next day to assist in carrying the baggage over the mountain; for I was wondering how the animals could climb these rocks, where men could only pass with the help of a bamboo. This passage was difficult. Except one mule and a donkey, all the animals had to be unloaded, and we carried the burden in our arms to the top. Happily we had not to descend, for we were on a plain which was intersected by different mountains, themselves pretty high. Now I understood the face of the country: we had left the valley of the Senegal.

The same day we encamped at Niantanso, a fortified village situated in a valley amid the mountains, which we reached by a narrow gorge. Some magnificent baobabs near the village formed a natural camp. This tree is one of the most useful that are found in this part of Africa. It grows throughout the Soudan in remarkable abundance, and furnishes a fruit called monkey-bread, which is very astringent. The sweet and yet acid flour mixed with milk is, as I know well by experience, a valuable remedy for dysentery, and also makes a refreshing drink. In times of famine I have seen the blacks make porridge of it. The leaf dried and bruised forms an impalpable green powder, which is the indispensable accompaniment of certain dishes of the Yolloffs and Bambaras; and its bark, when beaten out, furnishes thread of considerable tenacity and a beautiful colour, with which they make very regular but not very durable cord.

Thanks to our guide, we were well received at Niantanso; the people came and built us a hut with a sort of coarse matting made of plaited straw. They cleaned the place for our encampment, and brought us a large earthenware vessel full of clear fresh water; we were then able to take a little rest.

Afterwards the chiefs of the surrounding villages came, most of them bringing some provisions of one sort or other; amongst others were the chiefs of Diakifé and Bambandinian. The chief of Firia sent me three fowls; the chief of the village gave me two, and a calabash of fine rice. I bought some provisions for my escort, at the rate of a fowl for two handfuls of salt, and three measures of rice for five charges of powder.

I made the ascent of a mountain to the west of the village. To the east the horizon was very limited, shut in by a chain

of mountains we should have to cross the next day. These mountains produce iron, and the inhabitants smelt the ore by a process which resembles the Catalanian method, described by all travellers. This metal is not of much value here: I bought a large knife for Bara, who had lost his, in exchange for some tobacco (value about sixpence).

In the evening the village musician came to honour me with a serenade, carrying with him his large Mandingo guitar—an instrument with twelve or fifteen strings. I made a crayon portrait of him, at which he was much astonished. Every one recognised him on the paper—he himself among the rest. No doubt he had never seen his face in a glass, but only reflected in the water; so it was no wonder if he did not understand how it was possible that this piece of paper could resemble him. This, at least, his stupid looks seemed to say; and it was neither the first nor the last time that I have had occasion to make a similar observation.

The next day we were off again. We crossed a pool, then a hill of small elevation, a second pool, and arrived at a steep hill about 500 feet high, which, however, we were able to climb without dismounting, but not without difficulty, because of the bamboos which cover it, and which are sometimes so interwoven as to prevent all passage. When I reached the summit I saw we were passing a sort of defile, and that this ascent—the most considerable I had crossed during my journey—formed part of the line of heights which separates the valley of Bafing from those of its tributaries. The descent was rapid; the plain which we reached on the other side was at a higher elevation than the one we had left.

We at last reached some cultivated plains, and the desolate country we had been travelling in was succeeded, for a few days, by an appearance of prosperity. That night we slept at the village of Makhana, where we received the first news of the troubles which were agitating El Hadj's empire—events which would have great and disastrous influence over the final success of our journey. At this time, however, we did not think them of much importance: it appeared only to be a rebellion in Belédougou, where some villages had been pillaged by Ahmadou's soldiers. But at our encampments, in crossing Gangaran, we could not deceive ourselves as to the meaning of the tribute of provisions that the natives brought us; it was not a voluntary present, but one of those arbitrary taxes which El Hadj's men levy, wherever they pass, on the vanquished. I noticed the dejected looks of these oppressed people; and felt that on me, a poor inoffensive traveller, rested a part of the hatred they must cherish towards their conquerors.

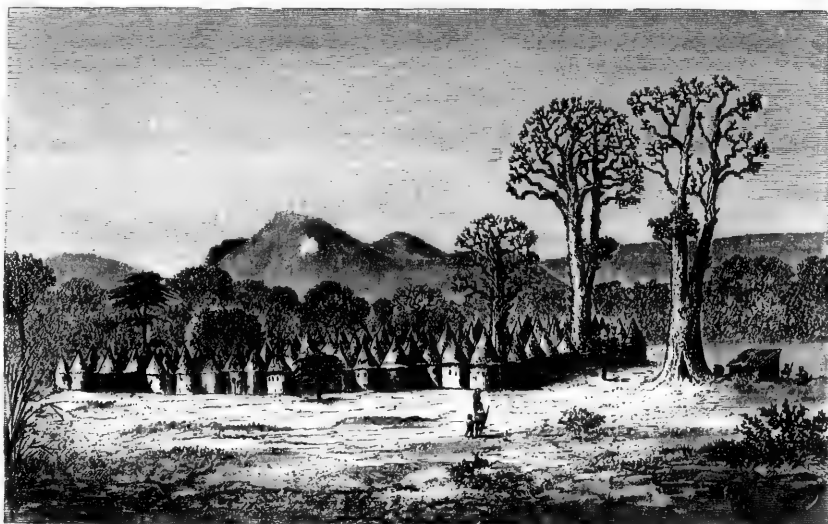
On the 15th of January I arrived at the Bakhoy, at a place where its waters broke violently over a bank of rocks which formed a natural ford. The crossing was difficult, and, owing to the rocks being slippery, several men fell with their loads. We lost a bag of salt which was very valuable to us. The animals, especially the donkeys, kicked, reminding me of the scenes described by Mungo Park; and with the difficulties I was experiencing before me, I recalled the time when that traveller crossed this very same river a few miles lower down, at the village of Medina or Gamfaragué, and I saw that there was nothing exaggerated in his account. At a distance, these things sound a mere nothing. To cross a river over a ford sounds a mere joke; but in reality, it is a very different matter, as everything interferes with the conveyance of baggage, and when

one has only taken what was absolutely necessary, or even less, every loss amounts to a disaster. A man falls, gets hurt, and for a week is unable to walk; he must therefore be put on a donkey, which being thus overloaded fails in its turn. One man gets into a perspiration and falls into the water, and of course there follows an attack of pleurisy, inflammation on the lungs, or some other ailment equally troublesome.

As our provision of dried beef was exhausted, I resolved to kill an ox; but that I might not be persecuted by applications for portions of it, I decided on doing this in the bushes. The fact is, there are no cattle in this country, and the meat eaten is the produce of the chase, which supplies a large number of cobas and gazelles. If I had killed an ox in the village, I must have given part of it to the chief, to the griots, to the black-

It was during our stay here that the symptoms of discord among my escort came to a crisis. There had been several outbreaks already, and I had been obliged to interfere; but this time Samba Yoro came to tell me that he would no longer have anything in common with the others, who had insulted him, forgetting that he was their superior. I softened him down, and persuaded him to be temperate in his conduct. I reproved the others, reminding them that they owed respect to their superiors, even if they were all employed in the same service; but there was an end to the harmony which I should have wished to have seen amongst them. I was troubled by it; and afterwards these outbreaks—and even more violent ones—constantly occurred.

On the 18th of January—when I started again—my guide



VILLAGE OF NIANTANSO.

smiths, and half the animal would have been wasted. So I made my escort halt on the left bank of the Bakhoy, which forms an island in this place. My guide did not seem pleased, as he would have liked to go to Kita, which was only some hours farther on; but I kept to my original intention. Some men came to the camp from different parts, and confirmed the reports of war in the Bélédougou, which was on our route; but there was nothing which led us to suppose that we could not pass through it.

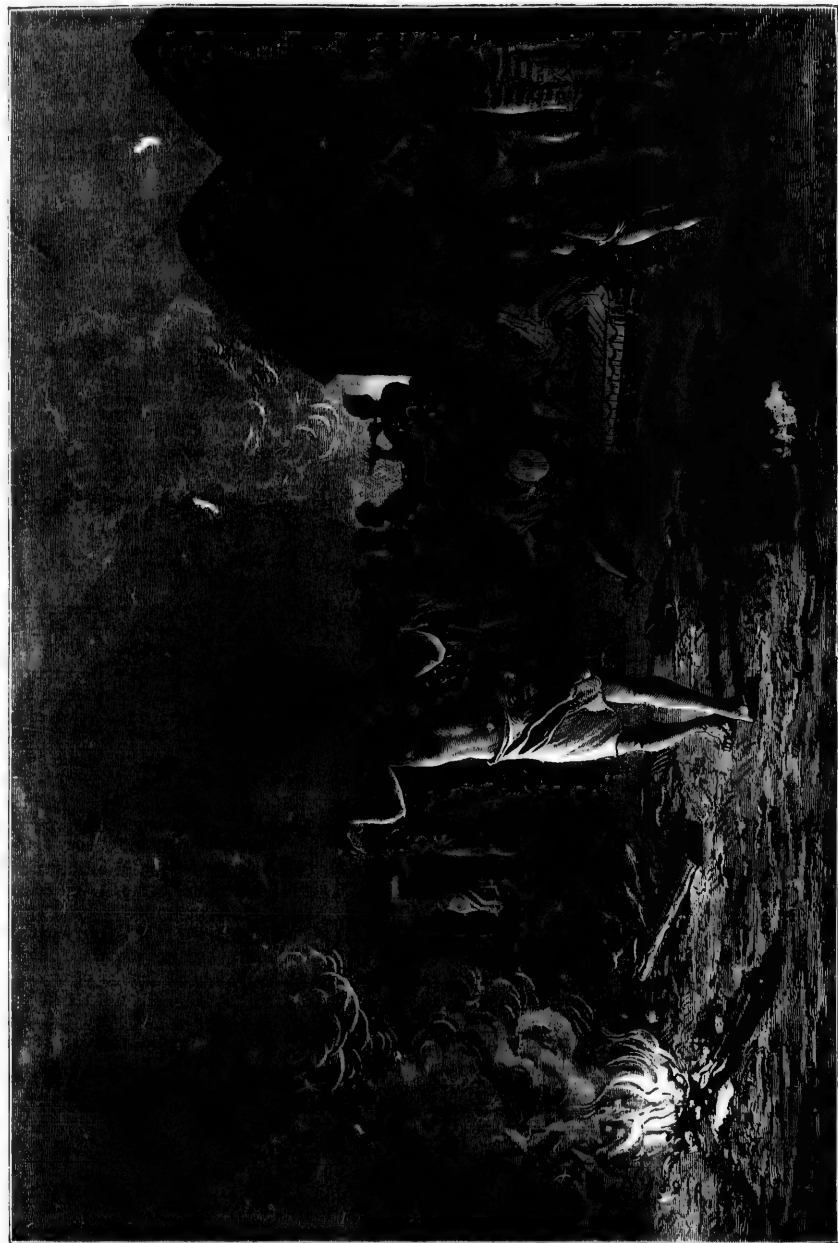
I took the opportunity, during my stay at Bakhoy, of fixing the latitude by means of the sun's meridian altitude, and made it $13^{\circ} 7'$ north. I made a fair copy of my charts, keeping to the rule I had laid down for myself, of never passing three days without making a fair copy of the rough sketch which I had made from day to day. I consider this precaution indispensable, in order to make the work satisfactory. On the road, one notes down such items as mountain elevations, a marsh, a stream, a hillside, in the most hasty manner; and a few days after, one no longer knows what these memoranda mean.

I fell sick. We encamped at Kouroukoto, the first village of Kita. I had thought that Kita was the name of a village; but it proved to be the name of a mountain, at the foot of which we now were, and which gives its name to a small province enclosed within the Foula-Dougou, which we had entered a little before crossing the Bakhoy. The Kita is inhabited by Malinkés, its capital being Makandiamougou, and sixteen villages surround the mountain. Most of them look towards the east. This mountain is an isolated mass of granite. The upper plateau, which is very accessible, is intersected by gorges, and surmounted by three peaks, the highest of which I judged to be 770 feet above the level of the plain. I ascended it, and from the summit I discovered, towards the east and south-east, a somewhat distant horizon, and several mountain ranges, which seemed to rise perpendicularly in the direction towards which I was now looking. On my way down I found several natural cisterns of rock full of water. I then came to a ridge of the mountain in a state of cultivation. I heard afterwards that during the war this mountain had served as a place of

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DANCES OF THE MALINKÉ TRIBE

refuge for the inhabitants, who found it not only a natural means of defence, but also a certain means of living. While considering this fact I was led to ask myself the question, how it was that, in a country so subject to revolutions, the inhabitants had not fixed their dwellings permanently on the mountain, as is the case with some villages of Bambouk, which are established on the tops of the mountains, and to which precaution they are indebted for their being saved from destruction by the armies of El Hadj, which had already suffered considerable losses from them.

At this part of our route we were obliged to stop for nine days, the longest delay we had hitherto had to undergo, and I was much annoyed by it. But our guide was attacked by inflammation of the lungs, which made our doctor uneasy. All that could be done was to creep along slowly to Makandiambougou, where we should find some help. So I passed four days at Sémé, and five at Makandiambougou. We were everywhere well received; but it was evident that we should not have been but for the influence of our guide. At Sémé I met a Moorish priest—almost black—belonging to Ouale, who quite overwhelmed me with kindness. His daughter, a tall and lovely girl, of about sixteen or seventeen years of age, was quite naked, with the exception of a linen band which, fastened to a narrow string passing round her loins, hung down behind her. A girdle of beads completed this primitive costume, which, though common among the little negroes, is seldom seen in young girls. I pointed this out to her father, who told me it was the custom of his country. I remembered, indeed, to have seen a daughter of Bakar, King of the Douaichs, who appeared before me even less clad without feeling the least disconcerted; and another, who occupied the same tent with me, with her family, in a camp at Kountah, and whom they had literally put up to fatten. Great collops of fat hung down to her feet, and she was consequently considered of great value.

The villages of Kita are surrounded by fields of cotton, pumpkins, and water-melons. Other products, such as millet, earth-nuts, and rice, are found more to the north. We met, also, with the tomato, a bitter vegetable, known by the name of *Diakhatou*, and the *Shea Toulou* of Mungo Park, the *Cé* of Caillé. We saw the manufacture of the black soap made from ash dust, and the oil of the earth-nuts. One evening, I was attracted to the village by the sounds of music and dancing. The orchestra consisted of two trumpets, iron cymbals, a flute made of bamboo, and two tom-toms, the drums of the country. Though this combination of instruments caused great discord, still there was sufficient measure to which one could hop and dance as well as to the best orchestra in Europe.

In the meantime Boubakary Gnian, our guide, fell sick of pleurisy. As he had already a chronic complaint, I was afraid for a short time that I should have to leave him behind me. But an improvement took place, and he found himself strong enough to follow us on the back of an ass, at the very time that Fahmahra was ready to start.

The population of Kita is made up of Malinkés; but owing to the proximity of Foula-Dougou, a number of Peuls—not those speaking the Malinké language, but the *Diawadou* Peuls—are found among them. All the Malinkés I have seen in this country seem to be devoted to the business of weaving, and the Diawadous apparently live at their expense, as, in fact, they do almost everywhere.

The wells at Kita are about twelve feet deep, and are

surrounded by tobacco plantations. Around one of them we saw with great satisfaction some banana-trees, a few feet high, which, we were informed, had been brought thither from a great distance. Though they bore no fruit, I recommended the natives to take special care of them, and at the same time showed them how to plant and prune them.

When I saw we were ready to start I took stock of my provisions, and found that I had abundance to last me until I reached the Niger, from which I could not be at the very outside—as the crow flies—more than eight days distant.

I had been advised to pass by Bangassi—it being, in fact, the only resting-place that could be recommended. Our knowledge of this place is due to Mungo Park, who spent three days here, when he was entertained by Sérénoumo, King of Foula-Dougou. This state was at that time a dependency of the crown of Ségou, as well as Bélédougou. At the present time it is not in existence. Bangassi is nothing but a ruin; and, as Foula-Dougou is only inhabited by robbers, we did not, of course, even think of passing through it. Besides which, at the point where I now was, this route would have taken me away from the Niger, for it was quite evident that my best course was to go down to Mourgoula, a fortified place of El Hadj's, in the Birgo country, and so from thence make my way to Koulikoro, or Nyamina. I was intending then—as we had agreed—to follow that route, when on the 27th we were informed that Bélédougou and Manding were in a state of insurrection, and that consequently there was no longer any road for us in that direction; so that we were obliged to try to find one at Diangounté. Before, however, leaving this country I will recapitulate my observations upon it.

Makandiambougou is situated in $13^{\circ} 2' 56''$ north latitude, and $11^{\circ} 44' 34''$ west of Paris. It is an important place, not only on account of its position, but in reference to its future condition, should civilisation ever reach that corner of the globe. It stands on a high and healthy plateau, which is rich in vegetable soil and timber. Behind it is a range of mountains, which form a natural defence to it. The facility with which cultivation can be carried on in the plains towards the north, the grain of the bamboo, which is gathered in large quantities, the *Shea* or *Cé* of Mungo Park and Caillé (the *Bassia Parkii* of botanists), and the forests of timber, are natural products which cannot fail to be developed by the double passage of caravans, which trade in salt and oxen from Niore to Bouré, and which of necessity are obliged to pass through Kita, as forming a junction with all the routes from Senegal to the Niger; this point will, therefore, become of very considerable importance as a place of commerce.

If France, realising the idea of General Faidherbe, should ever advance towards the Niger, with a view of taking up a position there, Kita would be one of the best halting-places that could be recommended. When I left Kita I was informed that for three long days' journeys I should have to cross vast deserts, inhabited only by a few brigands. In fact, we found ourselves in a country uninhabited, mountainous, often barren, but occasionally offering to our view valleys, in the bottom of which we saw trees of various kinds, marshes, and rivulets, bordered by bamboos of very large size, the finest I had yet seen in Senegambia. Continuing our route, sometimes amid ruins which indicated that there had formerly been very large villages, such as Mambiri, we at length arrived at the camp of Seppo, so called from a spring, which, in the midst of a stony

plain, has produced grass and calabash-trees. On our right was the granitic mountain Dioumi, which, according to the doctor, who explored it, was in colour of a violet tint. On our left, towards the north, stood the mountain from which the spring flowed. It is formed entirely of schistose rocks, a specimen of which I took, which seemed to be bituminous. The water was bad, and so dirty that we were obliged to filter it through linen to get rid of the black sediment in it. On the following day we reached the Lesser Bakhoy, which runs into the river of the same name, being itself a tributary of the Senegal. The junction of the two Bakhoy is a little above Fangalla, in the Malinké district of Féléba. On this journey we only met two small caravans, one of which carried salt, and was going to Bouré for gold. The other caravan which we crossed on our road was driving cattle, which were to be bartered in exchange for slaves. They all seemed delighted to see me. One of the Diulas, in his desire to testify his joy, wished to embrace me. He had, no doubt, seen white men do so, as it is not the custom of the blacks themselves. I had some difficulty in resisting his embraces.

At the point where I crossed the Bakhoy it receives a tributary from the east. I thought that in this circumstance I saw the solution of a geographical problem, and that I had discovered a third tributary to the Senegal. But when I questioned the persons who accompanied us, they told me that this river flowed out of the Niger, which was evidently a mistake. On inquiring the name of this watercourse, they told me it was the Ba-Oulé. This was, in fact, the name I found given to it in answer to all my inquiries. But whence did it take its rise? After a careful investigation, I heard in the evening, at Marena, that it was only a branch of the Bakhoy, which encompassed with unequal arms a small island; and, in fact, as the current there is rapid, and there are banks of sand and rocks raised upon it, it is, no doubt, a watercourse. If it came more from the east than Bakhoy, and parallel to it, then it must be crossed on the route from Bangassi to the Niger. On the other hand, all evidence agrees that there is only a marsh in that part which falls into the Niger. It is this which, no doubt, gives rise to the supposition that these two streams are in reality only one.

I believe, therefore, that I can state with positive certainty that the Ba-Oulé is only a branch of the lesser Bakhoy. We found the depth of this river about two feet, and the stream rapid. As there was no difficulty in crossing it, we encamped on the other side. The first thing we thought of was to take a bath, of which we all stood in great need, more especially as it was a long time since we had met with any running water, and, as we had been making very long journeys through great heat and under clouds of thick dust.

At noon I observed the altitude of the sun, and made out the latitude of the passage and the junction of the Ba-Oulé to be $13^{\circ} 40' 55''$ north. Having ascertained this, nothing prevented us from entering Kaarta, which is separated from Foula-Dougou by the Bakhoy.

On our road I had become acquainted with a band of Diulas, who acted as guides for us. It will be, perhaps, desirable to say something about them here. They are Sarracolets, or Soninkés, of Kaarta. One of them had left Guémoukoura, his native country, about five years ago. He had quitted it poor, but was now returning to it with a moderate fortune. His attire, however, was very simple—I

might almost say wretched. He was taking home five slaves and a wife and child. He had gone first to Bouré with salt, which he had exchanged for gold. Thence, passing by Timbo, he went to Sierra Leone, where he spent some time in the cultivation of earth-nuts. Having made himself master of a small fortune, he set out for his home, having first purchased a female slave—whom he had married—who, after having given birth to a child, was then raised to the rank of a free woman. A strong slave carried the child. After them came three other young girls, who went limping along in consequence of the long journey they had recently made; being further afflicted with the Guinea-worm, and being obliged to support themselves by sticks, owing to the swollen condition of their legs. Besides these was a poor little child of three or four years old, and of attenuated limbs, who kept running between the horses' legs, walking with the others five or six leagues a day. Our doctor took special interest in this child, and often put him before him on his horse. As to the poor women, of whom I have already spoken, the burdens of our asses being lessened by the large consumption of our provisions, which supplied the wants of almost all the party, I placed upon the animals first of all the weights which the women carried, and then the poor women themselves. Though used to scenes of suffering, I could not bear to see these poor unfortunates, when we started on our journey, with their limbs stiffened by fatigue, and too weak to stand up. Often when their master arrived he struck them, and then I sometimes saw tears silently coursing down their cheeks. Often, without doubt, they were thinking of the land of their birth, and their mothers' huts. Slowly, and with pain, they continued their journey. If, in addition to these trials, one considers the bad food, their compulsory abstinence, and the scarcity of water during our three days' journey between Kita and the Bakhoy, one will be able to form an idea of the sufferings of these herds of human beings, who are driven from one market to another throughout the whole of Africa, according to the barbarous custom of the country; and besides this band we had the horrid spectacle of captives chained two by two together. The master of these poor wretches was a Toucouleur from the banks of the Senegal, from a village on the marsh of Douai—as great a boaster as ever lived. He wore a very large turban, and a long sabre in a sheath made of copper. He had been commissioned by Abibou, Chief of Dinginray (Fouta-Djallon) to carry to his brother Ahmadou two boxes, containing burnous, silk, and other presents.

These people were Malinkés, or rather Diallonkés. I was not at that time even aware of the existence of a Diallonké race; and it was only after a time that the idea suggested itself to me, as I remembered, among other things that struck me, their difficulty in speaking the Malinké dialect. They are evidently negroes of the same type. A stick of small dimensions, with a hole at each end, fastened these people together. To each of these holes was attached a collar of ox-hide, which was fastened round the neck of the prisoners. As they had no knives, it was impossible for them to rid themselves of this fettering together, which caused them very great suffering. When, for example, they had to cross any dangerous place, or to pass over a stream, or a trunk of a tree, or a ford of rocks, their sufferings were excessive, without speaking of the many things in every-day life which would make it insufferable to be fastened to another person. The other band was fastened together nearly in the same manner, but not so cruelly. Instead

of a stick, it was a flexible chain of copper which bound them. At least, these were not compelled to keep very close together, as were the others, for fear of being strangled.

In addition to their burdens they carried two or three guns each, when it pleased their lord and master to entrust them to their care. As long as we travelled together, they carried in addition, and in turn, a canvas pail which I lent them, and which they filled with water.

Their costume beggared all description. When we started they wore a sort of blouse and trousers; but the wear and tear caused by use, and the thorns on our route, soon quite transformed them. The stuff had never been remarkable for its firmness; it ought to have been white, but wear and the want of washing had changed it into a dark brown. One might

visited the country—Mungo Park in 1796, in the reign of Daïsé Coro Massassi, and Rafienel in 1845, during the reign of Candia. One has but to read the accounts of these two travellers, in order to be convinced of the weakness of Kaarta as a kingdom. Though a formidable enemy to its black neighbours, it is evident that this country, from its being a constant prey to internal disorders, and being further continually at war with Ségou, never could oppose any serious resistance to a well-organised army. After I had crossed the Lesser Bakhoy at 13° 40' 55" north latitude, I entered the province of Bagué, passing by two Kaarta villages, Marena and Kouroundingkoto. The first of these two, which I reached after a walk of three hours and a half, through a barren and irregular country, and by a very tortuous route, is small and



VIEW OF MOUNT KITA.

truly say that it was all in rags, while their tattered trousers were only kept on their bodies by the cord which went round their loins. If a rag-gatherer were to take it into his head to fasten the rags he collects to a cord, and then tie it like a belt round his waist, the effect would be precisely the same.

Our arrival at Kaarta was a great boon to these poor people. To some of them as putting an end to their misery, as they would now enter upon the sedentary life of slaves, that being probably their past condition of life. To others, it was an alleviation of suffering, as they would henceforth travel from village to village like ourselves, and would at least be certain of getting enough to eat and to drink.

Kaarta, which I was entering, is a vast country bounded on the north by the desert, on the east by the Bakhounou, on the west by the Diafounou and the Diombokho, and on the south and south-east by the Bakhoy, Foula-Dougou, and the Diangounté river. Before my arrival, only two Europeans had

dirty. The huts are joined together in miserable clusters. We found nothing there but a few fowls and some goats. The marsh which we crossed before reaching it, by its yielding a natural irrigation, secures to this village certain advantages in the way of cultivation. The plain in which it stands is two or three yards above the level ground on the other side of the marsh, by which it must be inundated during the winter season. At the time I passed it the plain was covered with rich grass; but, alas! for us, no oxen were seen in the midst of this grassy carpet.

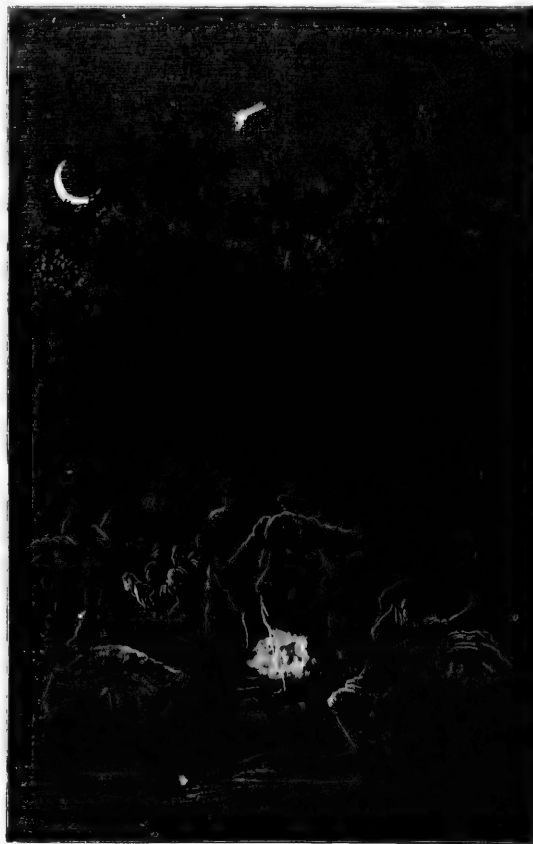
We were very well received by the inhabitants; but it was evident that Fahmahra, our guide, had lost his authority, and that we could depend upon nothing but our title as ambassador to El Hadj. This district was not, besides, under the sovereignty of Koundian, but rather under that of Farabougou, another fortress of El Hadj's. They made us huts of coarse straw, and the chief brought us a fowl and a little rice for our supper. As I could not provide anything for my

companions, as soon as I had made up my journal to February the 1st, 1864, I left at mid-day, to encamp at Kouroundingkoto. Our route was bounded on the right by mountains of moderate elevation. We then crossed a flat country intersected by marshes; here the land seemed to be covered with plantations of cotton. We had now left the mountainous district, and had entered upon the plains of Karta. Kouroundingkoto is a small village of straw huts, situated at the foot of a hill about one hundred and eighty feet high. It is tolerably clean. At the time of our arrival it presented a very animated appearance, as on all sides the sounds of weaving "hurtled" in the air. A bright sun enlivened the scene and made the village quite gay. A large number of women and children soon gathered round us. We went to the end of the village, and there encamped on a spot where the inhabitants hold their "palavers" or assemblies. The chief was absent, but his brother Sema came to pay his respects to me, and presented me with a kid, apologising at the same time for making so poor an offering to one who was going to visit El Hadj. During the evening he supplied all our wants and gave abundance of food to our beasts, which stood in great need of nourishment.

A Marabout of the village came to see me, and told me that as he was placed in the village by El Hadj, he ought to have entertained me—that is, lodged and fed me; but that, as he was poor, he could only give me a kid. As the kid was very young we took it with us, and for some time it was our companion. We named it after the village where it was born. In all the places where we halted, it used to annoy the women by its impertinence in stealing their food from under their very noses; when caught in the act, it often got a beating, but it then lost its good temper and butted its adversaries, to the great delight of my servants, who had become very fond of it. The day of its death was a day of mourning for them, as they had

formed superstitious notions in connection with it, and affirmed that so long as it should remain with us we should never suffer from hunger. At Kouroundingkoto they gave me also a cock, some rice, and in the evening a little poor hay, with some milk, and a fowl. My companions received from them four calabashes of the food of the country, so that at length we were abundantly supplied with food, and were enabled to recruit ourselves after the

fatigue of the preceding days. Our fatigue had been so great that one of our horses—that belonging to the doctor—could not follow us, therefore I killed it the evening previous to our arrival at the Bakhoy, and from that time the doctor rode upon an ass. My horse being very much injured, I mounted the last of our convoy, one for which I had paid thirty-six francs. It was a strong little beast, but very lean. My servants christened it Farabanco, as a memento of one of their companions who was proverbial for his leanness. Our oxen could not walk without difficulty, and this occasioned us great delay. It was evident that it was high time to take a little rest, and therefore I resolved to make short journeys. The mountain which hangs over the village of Kouroundingkoto shelters it towards the east. Its summit, from the side that we saw it, has this remarkable feature, that it is crowned by five baobab-trees at almost equal distances from one another. The one in the centre, at the top



FORDING THE BAKHOY.

of the mountain, is of very great size. Among the rocks a large number of trees find sufficient nourishment to sustain them, and two of them were very large. From the spot on which we were encamped, there was a distance of about five hundred yards to the central baobab-tree. I said in joke to Fahmahna, that if he liked, we could make a target of it. For some days past he had asserted that the blacks are better shots than the whites, and, in fact, with their wretched guns, loaded with ill-forged iron bullets and coarse powder, I had seen some of them hit an object at a short distance with remarkable skill. He accepted my

challenge, and I proposed that we should fire at the baobab, which, with its dark outline lightened by the first rays of the rising moon, had a very fantastic appearance. He immediately began to laugh, and said, "Fire first, then." So I took the carbine from Mamboye, and after satisfying myself that it only contained one charge, I raised it to my shoulder and fired. They not only heard the ball strike the tree, but, as luck would have it, it cut one of its fruit in two, and rolled it down upon the rocks. I believed at the time they were ready to cry out that it was a miracle.

Fahmahra not only would not return, but would not attempt to fire. The fame of this little incident followed me as far as Ségou, and raised me very high in the estimation of the blacks when they were informed of my skill. As I was desirous of showing my thanks to the people of Kouroungkoto for their cordial reception of us, I presented them with some charges of powder and some ells of white cotton. In this village we saw a white negro, or Albino. It was a child of seven or eight years old, well formed, with hair almost white, but its eyes were not red. Its body was of a dull yellow colour.

The Lakes of Western Hungary, and the Dwellers on their Banks.

BY R. H. BUSK.

NATURE, which has been so singularly bountiful to Hungary in most respects, has been niggardly in endowing her with lakes. She has the Felkaer-See in the Tatragebirge, and some smaller lakes at a height of something like 6,000 feet in the Karpathians; but in all her western provinces she has only been gifted with two—the Neusiedler and the Balaton—and one of these has been already withdrawn. Although still lingering in maps, and still discoursed of in guide-books, it is now just three years since the last trace of the Neusiedler-See disappeared from the face of the earth, and the spot once famous for the legends of its water-maiden, the excellence and abundance of its fish, and the dank luxuriance of its rushy banks, has become the richest pasture-ground in Hungary.

It was a sore disappointment—compensated, however, by the singularity of the adventure—when, during a late journey through Hungary, I had planned a pedestrian excursion to make out the much-vaunted Neusiedler-See, I found I had been walking for half an hour over its former bed. It is curious now to stand on the high ground behind the primitive village of Roisdorf, a pleasant four-mile walk from Edeburg, and trace its outline, clearly marked by the villages dotted along its quondam banks. The same fate awaits the Balaton. It may have twenty, fifty, or a hundred years before it, but surely and continuously it is passing away, and leaving only a sandy waste behind. Meantime, however, it has intrinsic claims to be visited in its pure air and rare beauty, as well as in the melancholy interest which attaches to its fate. The best point for making acquaintance with it is Füred.

Though the name of Füred has probably not often been pronounced in England, it is that of one of the most charming watering-places in Europe; though its soil has, perhaps, never been trodden by more than a dozen Englishmen, it is the favourite recruiting-place of the beauty and fashion of Hungary, and, in some measure, of Austria also.

Its situation is the most romantic on the wildly-coasted lake, with the broad, flat *pustas* spread out before it, and behind, the great Bakonyer forest, with its mountains and ruined castles, its giant trees, its herds of wild boar, and its very recent, not to say contemporary, traditions of chivalrous banditti, forming the most primitive sixty square miles yet left in this part of the world. All around it are the vine-clad slopes

which pour out their produce in the richest Hungarian wines, and at easy distance the interesting hills of Wesprim, Papa, and Stuhlweissenburg. Wesprim (about ten or twelve miles in extent) is remarkable for containing one of the few remnants of the dominion of the Turks over the country. Nothing can be more striking than the different results of Mahomedan occupation of Spain and of Hungary. The period at which they subjugated the former country was that of their greatest political energy and artistic development; consequently, when the Spaniards regained the upper hand, they preserved the splendid monuments with which they had covered the land, as a trophy of the prowess of the enemy they had conquered. Their rule in Hungary, on the other hand, was coeval with the period of their decadence, and when the Magyar resumed his sway, he found little worthy to stay his desire to obliterate every token of the invader's presence; hence, with very few exceptions, not a stone upon a stone was left standing of anything they had erected. Wesprim possesses one of these exceptions in a tasteful minaret, which is now made use of to serve the German custom of watching against fire. Another architectural curiosity is a round church, a legacy of the Templars. The situation of the bishop's residence, and the ruins of the former castle are admirable. For some it may also not be without interest to meet on this remote spot with a scattered group of trim English model cottages, so different from the rough native huts. Nevertheless, the institutions of one country seldom fit the requirements of another; the model has not been followed, and the country people find that their rich festoons of grape-clusters, Indian corn, and sunflowers can be best suspended under their own deeply-shading corridors, while the lowly rooms behind these are sufficient for their simple needs, and are best thus protected against both heat and cold.

Stuhlweissenburg, though less picturesquely placed than Wesprim, is richer in historical associations, and has its place

• Every peasant grows a patch of sunflowers, to provide his family with oil for burning.

† The store of this rich-coloured produce hangs under a projecting roof, supported by a dwarf wall and columns, outside every cottage, seemingly without fear of pilfering, and relieves characteristically the glaring and monotonous whitewash of the tenements. Grapes will keep in this way till April.

in the proudest episodes of Magyar antecedents. It has a busy market in the fruit and wine season, and the cathedral retains more of its original mediæval features than almost any other. Papa also is a thriving place, full of the strange and peculiar incidents of Hungarian life. The Greek Cathedral is imposing, if only for the size of the blocks of stone of which it is constructed.

But how to get to Füred? It is easily reached now, during the season, either from Vienna or Pesh, by stopping at Sio-fok—which, being interpreted, is, *the port of the river Sio*, neither port nor river being worthy of the name now—a station on the Vienna, Pragerhof, and Ofen line, and thence crossing the lake by the steamer, which is available every day in the season—i.e., from June to October. This is the time for the tourist. Then he will find the Magyar *beau monde* in the full enjoyment of its holiday existence, and a thorough enjoyment it is, even though the routine of the day copies to a certain extent that of the generality of such places everywhere. The "Bath" establishment, covering, at the time of my visit, four hundred bedrooms, and this year considerably extended, is replete with modern comforts. The cooking everywhere throughout Hungary, even in the remotest villages, is always excellent, and at moderate cost; both developments of the art are cultivated lovingly, as part of the law of hospitality imposed by St. Stephen, and to which every Hungarian conforms religiously. And nowhere is there better provision for its development than here. The Bakonyerwald supplies endless varieties of game and "swine's flesh," the lake affords the luscious and delicate *fogash*; the *puszta* provides the finest beef, and the slopes are covered with every sort of grape and other fruit in abundance. The mineral waters, which form the ostensible attraction, have a delicious sparkle, with a slightly acidulated, spoilt by no unpleasant, flavour. Then there are well-planted walks for promenading by the water-side, and boats for pleasure parties on the lake. There is no gambling, but balls and concerts are frequent and admirably conducted; while for lovers of the picturesque, and of the dangerous, there are also the excursions I have named. And besides these, the shore and the rocks that overhang it afford endless clambering walks through narrow treacherous paths, leading to caves, concerning which there are many traditions of the early Christians who found refuge there from persecution, and of the nuns who, from the convent of Westprim, sought out a life of greater retirement on the solitary coast.

But to me there appeared a charm above all these in the comparative absence of the *artificial*, which so spoils our modern life in similar resorts in more sophisticated regions. The Hungarian women especially strike me as caring less for display than their sisters anywhere else where I have been. The men, too, have more of chivalry than can be shown in our conventional *salons*, and their national dress, the use of which does not appear to be as yet much on the wane, is far more becoming than any uniforms of the Paris fashion-books, without being sufficiently divergent from them to seem barbaric or antiquated.

There is a great deal of building going on all around, and the courteous and intelligent steward of the Benedictine monks, who discovered the spring, and whose dependency it is, seems to combine all the qualities necessary for laying out the place with taste with those for making an efficient master of the ceremonies. The development of individual enterprise seems also

to be fostered kindly, and there are villas springing up around decorated in faultless taste, with a singular adaptation of modern appliances to semi-eastern uses. It is expected that the Emperor and Empress (King and Queen I ought to say, for your true Hungarian never sullies his lips by the use of the Austrian title, nor is it considered polite to mention it in conversation with him) will, in their newly-found zeal to make themselves at home in Hungary, visit Füred next season, and a new Kur-saal is being built in their honour. A pleasant spot it is to wile away an autumn, and strongly I felt its attractions grow upon me as I lingered there.

Nevertheless, for the lover of nature it is even a *more* attractive spot out of the season. You are freer then to enjoy its amenities, and more undisturbed in your appreciation of the forms and colouring around you in earth, and lake, and sky.

One of its greatest attractions, too, is the vintage, and the season most unaccountably breaks up just before this begins. For the Hungarians, indeed—and the season is mainly arranged for national enjoyment, not primarily for that of foreigners—the scenes of the vintage can be entered into more thoroughly, near round the homes of each. It is a lively, inspiring scene everywhere, but nowhere more enjoyable than here on the banks of the beautiful Balaton lake. It is impossible to conceive any scene more charming than the evenings and nights while it lasts: the evenings, while the people yet linger over the pleasant toil free and joyous, or walk homeward laden with their primitive baskets of the luscious spoil, the parting sun shedding a glad paternal smile over the merry lands; and the nights, when the air is too exhilarating for sleep, and the jocund pipes measure the rapid footfall of the passionate Csárdás,* and the fitful flare of the torch and the lantern is hardly needed, so clear is the sky with its shining stars.

To the eastern side of the lake, but still on the north bank, is the famous conical vine-hill of Badacsony,† covered to the very summit with its much-esteemed vintage, which generally is somewhat later in the year than that round Füred, or about the 13th of October.

Between those two luxuriant slopes a rocky promontory stretches out more than two-thirds the way across the lake; its rugged height crowned appropriately by the unadorned Benedictine Abbey of Tihany,‡ with its two pointed turrets. This promontory affords the ordinary—before Füred came to be so frequented, the only—mode of crossing; the *trajet* is performed in a common, flat-bottomed ferry-boat in about twenty minutes from Szőlös or Szántód, the next stations to Sio-fok; and singular are the specimens of peasant, gipsy, and animal life that may be made your companions on that same trajet.

The receding margin of the lake has left a vast stretch of waste, no man's land forming convenient camping-ground for the gipsies, and they are to be met here in their most characteristic condition. On the occasion of my first visit to the Balaton-See I had found myself deposited in the midst of the barren and desolate tract where Szőlös stands. The ungainly form of the train I had just quitted, speeding like a thought of modern progress across the sandy steppe, was the only object on the boundless expanse which told that I was not transported

* Pronounced *Shardash*: the favourite popular dance.

† Pronounced *Bodison*.

‡ Pronounced *T'hann*.

to some vision of the primeval world. There lay the lake, lashing its bosom with its solemn little grey-green waves, each bearing a self-important crest of foam, and finally dashing them against its mimic crags, as if fretting itself in vain vexation because its days are numbered. It seemed at no great distance, and the promontory of Tihany stood out so bold in the glow of the western sun, that I deemed I should have small difficulty in steering by it. I had been wading over the sand a weary time, however, the water seeming always to remain at an equal distance, however much I advanced. Suddenly, a half-clothed figure started from the recesses of a tent, which I had taken for some sort of boat-house, and accosted me in broken German: he could carry my bag, he could hail the ferryman, he could do a dozen things I did not want; but I let him have his way in favour of the ethnological study he afforded. The smooth brown skin of his long, well-formed, uncovered limbs, his narrow sloping eyes, and crisp dark hair revealed to me a gipsy of a more purely oriental type than any I had met with before. At the same time his grotesque word-clipping enabled me to appreciate why types of his race form the staple of droll characters on the Hungarian stage.

Now and then he interrupted our conversation to raise a shrill cry as we passed along, which seemed to serve as an announcement to others of his tribe that some one was coming to freight the ferry, and by the time we reached the water's edge a goodly company had assembled of passengers after the same model, lithe of limb and shrewd of eye, yet without betraying the cowering mien of the outcast, and, though wearing scarcely any clothing to speak of, accompanied by small droves of such very respectable ponies as might have been expected to produce them the means of affording greater comfort. The eccentric being who had constituted himself my particular body-guard was communicative enough. His people, he informed me, are the chief horse-dealers of Hungary. They have the monopoly of the tinkering and other minor trades which do not interfere with their wandering habits. He assented sheepishly when I taxed them with dabbling also in quackery and superstitious prescriptions and fortune-telling, but descanted with some pride on their singular talent in rendering the music of the country. The Magyar people have no talent that way, but they delight in listening to it. It is a very passion with them, and as long as he plays to them the alien musician holds them in his thrall. They pay well for the enjoyment, he acknowledged, and think no festival, public or social, no holiday-making, scarcely even the daily enjoyment of their meal or pipe, complete without the accompaniment of the *tsim baloun** and the *shetra* (violin). Many of them amass considerable sums, and it is on record that one gipsy gave his daughter 30,000 florins for her marriage portion. He spoke gratefully of this success, and seemed imbued with all the patriotic affections with which such a fine

country must impress even a wandering race. But he seemed likewise to take pride in their own particular institutions, and narrated, not without some humorous malice, the futile efforts of Maria Theresa and Francis II. to reclaim them. It seems they built houses for them and apportioned them lands, even forbade their living in tents, and provided rich bribes to induce them to let their children be brought up by the peasants and townspeople. It was all vain; they clung to their nomadic habits, and never modified them an iota. Yet it does happen, now and then, that a wandering musician, who has been long used to live in a town plying his art, will buy a house and a little bit of land on which to end his days, and the most vagabond have their settled spots in forest or moor, to which they always return from generation to generation. The majority of the poorer sort live in the wretchedest huts. They do not hold to a particular costume, but dress like the people wherever they are—that is, those who can afford it. Great numbers, like my fellow-travellers of the moment, do with no more clothing than decency requires.

The opposite bank of the lake was as trackless as that first traversed. Night was falling fast, and rendered all the more gloomy for the dazzling glare of several scattered huts, in which a fire upon the hearthstone seemed to serve for lighting and warming at once. I was glad to accept the gipsy's mediation in finding me a guide—a rough young countryman, with a thick braided jacket on his shoulders, but no better protection to his legs, where his tall boots ended, than a pair of loose white linen drawers; he spoke no language in which I could communicate with him, and his shaggy, unkempt hair and undressed sheepskin cap gave him a somewhat ruffianly aspect. There was no choice, however, and all went well, except just one moment, when, in the midst of the solitary road, we were suddenly challenged by a figure still rougher than my guide's. I own I thought of brigands, but he turned out only to be a hospitable friend offering the round flask of wine he carried in his belt as a refresher to the wayfarers.

With no further adventure we reached Tihany, but only to find I was still many miles from Fűed, and that the best inn's best room was a bare place some fifteen feet square, and four-fifths of its accommodation already bespoken, no one in the place speaking German. Necessity made me bold, so once more sallying forth in the dark, I made my way to the Abbey, where I met with a delightful mixture of modern refinement and mediæval hospitality. I had no need to beg to be received. Half an hour's pleasant conversation, and the mention of a respected name in Fűed on the address of a letter of introduction I carried, procured me the insistence of the community that I should take up my quarters with them for the night, and I little thought ever to have felt so much at home within a monastic enclosure. There was, indeed, one moment, when I rose next morning with the memory of the brotherly kindness of those under whose roof I was sojourning fresh upon me, and I looked out from my cosy cell window, so very high above the tossing waters of the lake that I mistook its boats for wild-fowl, and around all seemed so full of rest and peace—there was really one moment when the tranquil air seemed to say, "It is good to be here," and perhaps—. My reverie was interrupted by the entrance of Brother Giles, the model of all lay brothers, with my bowl of coffee and *giffel*—the matter and manner of breakfast all over Hungary—and dispelled the effects of the lotus. Some time after came the prior to show the

* An instrument which may be roughly described as a horizontal harp, played by striking it with a pair of buffers, held on an elastic stem, which can be applied with immense rapidity. The character of the melodies is usually composed of a long wailing passage of intense pathos, yielding to one of triumphant *furor*, which in turn gives way again to the most plaintive sounds. It exercises nearly always the most thrilling effect. The leading air—if I may use the word for want of a better—is played solemnly by two or three instruments only; the *tsim baloun* and the rest of the band, which I have known to comprise two flutes, two violoncellos, as many as seven violins, &c., accompanying it with an endless variety of extravagant *arpeggio*. They have no notes, and play entirely by ear. Some bands will extemporise concerted pieces.

antiquities of the chapel, which was built by Andor I.,* the clear-resounding echo, and other natural curiosities of the rock on which it stands. By the time we returned, a carriage was in thoughtful readiness at the door to take me further on my journey.

This was not the least characteristic part of the affair. The driver and his four horses were all as wild as all the other accessories of the place. The former was dressed exactly like my guide of the preceding night—in other words, like all Hungarians of the lower class—only the materials of his suit were superior. He carried a whip with a long lash, the only uses of which seemed to be to make a very loud crack and to vie with the waving streamers of his hat in looking jaunty and

* Andrew.

flapping in the faces of those who sit behind him; for his team wanted no urging; they seemed bent on showing that they were true children of the fabled Tátoš;* and if the road was seamed with ruts or broken up into holes, or if their driver took them short cuts across heaths and hillocks, it was all the same to them. Away they sped at a confusing rate, which brought back childhood's dreams of John Gilpin and the Wild Huntsman so intimately mingled, as to make me turn comparative mythologist for the moment, and establish an identity in the traditions; and all along the way was the beautiful lake—not this time grey-green and angry, but blue and calm, and even smiling, as if for the nonce resigned to its sad fate.

* The enchanted horse, which holds a high place in Hungarian legends.



BAVARIANS AND BAVARIAN COSTUMES.

From Alsace to the Hartz.—II.

BY PROFESSOR D. T. ANSTED, M.A., F.R.S., F.R.G.S.

ULM—AUGSBURG—MUNICH—RATISBON AND THE
WALHALLA—NUREMBURG.

A SHORT stay at Stuttgart is enough to enable the tourist to see all that is interesting, and our way next lies through the fine old towns of Ulm and Augsburg to Munich. The railway passes the town of Cannstadt, already described, and proceeds up the valley of the Neckar through fields and vineyards to Esslingen, an important manufacturing town, formerly a city of the empire, and having not only a very fine Gothic church of the fifteenth century but another—a Romanesque church—two centuries earlier. Esslingen is well worth an hour's halt, if only to glance at these churches, and enjoy the view of the valley from the Castle of Berfried.

Past Plochingen, where the rail quits the Neckar valley

for that of its tributary the Fils, and leaving Göppingen behind, the road winds below the lofty summits of Hohenstaufen and the Rechberg, celebrated in German history, to the foot of the Rauhe Alp at Geisslingen. This town is exquisitely situated at the opening of the deep and narrow gorge of the upper Fils, clothed with forest vegetation on one side, and with overhanging cliffs of granite on the other. The railway continues on the left side of the valley, gradually rising to the terrace of the Schwäbische Alp which separates the watershed of the Neckar and its tributaries from the upper waters of the Danube. It then descends to Ulm, situated on the left bank of the Danube.

Ulm is a dull town with little to detain us. The tower of its Protestant church is indeed a very remarkable, though

unfinished work of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and if completed would have been the most remarkable in Europe. Its progress was stopped by a subsidence observed in the building. It is now 317 feet in height, and was intended to be raised more than half as much again. The view from the top is very fine and extensive, exhibiting the windings of the Danube in this part of its course. The interior of the cathedral is grand and massive, and contains much painted glass of considerable merit. It is 400 feet long. The streets are picturesque, the houses being of considerable antiquity and rich in gable-ends.

Out of Ulm, we enter Bavaria, and, running along in the valley of the Danube through a country not remarkable for interest, we reach Augsburg in about three hours, the distance being rather more than fifty miles. The city is of great antiquity, and in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries ranked among the first in Europe. Its fine street rising with a gentle ascent—with massive lofty houses, having carved, painted, and scrolled fronts—presents, perhaps, the highest ideal in existence of the abodes of merchants, bankers, and other wealthy inhabitants of the middle class of society. In this fine street are three handsome ancient bronze fountains. One of the houses is the hotel of the Three Moors (*Drey Mohren*), which has existed as an hotel at least five centuries, and has entertained emperors and kings. The churches are less interesting than the houses, and being Protestant have lost much of their decorations; but the cathedral is massive and irregular, and contains some curious antiquities. The Town Hall is very interesting as a specimen of Italian architecture of the beginning of the seventeenth century.

The old walls of Augsburg and the ditches still remain, but the fortifications are pulled down, the glacis levelled, and the ditches converted into public gardens and walks. The town is large and well situated.

Munich is about forty miles from Augsburg, and is reached in about an hour and a half, or two hours, through an uninteresting country, gradually rising and forming part of the great plateau which extends to the south of the Tyrolese Alps, and corresponds on a small scale to the table-land of Tartary in Central Asia. The city of Munich itself is about 1,600 feet above the sea, and owing to this great elevation is subject to a very extreme climate. The plain on which it is built is neither fertile nor picturesque, and the city possesses no history of the smallest interest. The old town, however, of which fragments still remain, was built after the fashion of Augsburg with many projections, numerous windows, and high gable roofs; very quaint, very irregular, and very pleasing to the artistic eye, but neither convenient for habitation, nor in conformity with the very modern and classical taste of the late King of Bavaria, who undertook to regenerate this poor ancient town and bring it into rivalry with the great cities of Central and Northern Europe. Its population has doubled; and the number of fine, modern buildings is out of all proportion to the importance of the town. It is now only in the great market-place that the character of old Munich can be studied.

Almost all the modern part of Munich has, however, been in the way of addition rather than reconstruction, and has converted the former suburbs into the modern city. The old town was on the Isar, and the new portion on the ground

towards the north—till lately a swampy waste. There was a vast old palace very ugly and irregular, but with some fine apartments; there were a number of churches; and there were also some hospitals and schools. Such was Munich at the beginning of this century. Noble streets have now been constructed, connecting the old with an entirely new town. These lead to, and are crossed by, other streets of like noble proportions, and all are crowded with public buildings, galleries, churches, and residences, on a scale of singular magnificence.

Munich may be visited with many views and studied from many aspects; but, whatever be the object of the visitor, he can hardly fail to derive gratification in some way from the singular variety manifest in the constructions, although all were built almost at the same time and under the eye of one man. In wandering over the city, you are led from one surprise to another, and each step affords something new. The architecture, including all classical styles, is certainly not prominently conventional. Byzantine, Gothic, and Italian jostle each other, and are blended without absolute confusion in the same building. Painting and statuary abound, and they are seen out-of-doors as well as in the galleries. All has sprung up suddenly at the call of one mind, and the results are brilliant and striking, crowded with human interest and intensely alive. Even oriental and Egyptian forms are not neglected; everything that art has done elsewhere is here reproduced, but not without having undergone a certain process of digestion and assimilation. It is true that all is not real, and that much of what is very beautiful will not last; much, indeed, of very recent production is already decaying, but certainly no town has risen so rapidly into full growth with so little that is monotonous. No two streets are alike, and in this respect, if in no other, Munich offers a complete and favourable contrast to Paris, where it is difficult to find one's way, owing to the interminable repetition of the same idea and the uniformity of houses and even of public buildings.

Two of the principal streets of modern Munich are the Ludwig's-strasse and the Maximilian's-strasse. They represent father and son—the beginner and the continuer of Munich's glory. The former is crowded with public buildings imitated and adapted from all styles, but it has few houses, little life, and leads nowhere. The latter is pretty, lively, chiefly consists of houses and shops, is arranged in the style of the Boulevards of modern Paris, and is full of loungers. The difference of character of the two kings may easily be traced in this account of what each has done.

Much of the prettiness and effect of Munich is derived from the wide spaces left and the vegetation that is now beginning to fill them with tone and colour. These mix well with the modern and fresh architecture, and the result is sometimes very striking. But this is rather in spite of, than belonging to the original design. It is one of the advantageous results of a change of rule. To the old king, Ludwig, we are indebted for the design and first starting of the town, while the new king, Maximilian, has rendered it lively and habitable.

The public buildings of Munich very well deserve careful attention, and many of them repay minute study; but a rapid glance at the most important is all that the mere tourist can afford. He will see the Glyptothek, or Sculpture Gallery, built

in the Greek style, and certainly one of the most successful adaptations of that style to a northern climate that has been produced. Except at the back, where there are windows which destroy the effect, there are few faults of construction and many great beauties. The contents are of extreme interest, and include the celebrated *Ægina Marbles*, and the *Barberini Faun*, alone sufficient to render the collection worthy of a visit. The *Pinacothek*, the Picture Gallery of Munich, has much merit, but not the capital merit of being well-adapted for its purpose. The view of the front is grand and harmonious, and the design is to a great extent original. As a picture gallery, however, the *Pinacothek* is much too lofty, and the hanging of the pictures rather exaggerates this defect than corrects it. The collection also, though not without many fine pictures, is as a whole poor, and it is both badly and incorrectly catalogued. The Palace, though richly decorated, is fatiguing to visit and hardly worth the effort. The churches are many and offer various points of interest. The gate called the *Propylæan* was intended to be a masterpiece, and its object was to celebrate the dynasty of Bavaria in the classic land of Greece. Unfortunately, the dynasty terminated before the gate was completed. Though very faulty in design, and heavy and clumsy in effect, it will be studied with advantage for the variety of imitation of Greek forms it affords.

The *Ludwig's-strasse* abounds with public buildings of more or less pretence. The Royal Library is grand, and the Hall of Marshals lofty. The *Ludwig's-kirche* is unattractive, but in this and some other churches and public buildings the frescoes by *Cornelius* and other artists are very remarkable. *Cornelius* is sometimes regarded as the father of modern German art, and is heartily appreciated by the numerous members of his family. Nearly a thousand artists, of various styles and many degrees of merit, honour Munich by residing there, and to all of these *Cornelius*, if not a god, is at least the high priest of the divinity.

Munich is not only celebrated for its art. Its inhabitants, beyond the select thousand, know little of it, and care less. They may, indeed, see it at every turn; but we all know that those who do not look see very little. The true Bavarian, and especially the native of Munich, thinks of and lives for beer. This is the subject of his conversation as it is his chief enjoyment, and *Ludwig* would have done well to have availed himself of the national taste, and to induce a love of art worth more than the name, by decorating a gigantic beer-hall and thus ensuring a perpetual contemplation of some worthy objects.

The beer-houses of Munich, such as they are, must be regarded as truly national institutions, and they are places where the people can be best studied. Indeed, no true son of the soil will fail to show himself from time to time at some one of the gardens and cellars where the national beverage is to be had. Beer is not provided with a palace; but, however lowly it is lodged, we have preferred to give, in illustration of real Munich, a correct idea of a well-known beer cellar, rather than picture one of the churches or public buildings. Imitative Greek and Roman buildings are to be seen anywhere, and modern art, like ancient art, is not confined to one or even to several centres; but there is no such beer as that of Bavaria, and the worship of beer is nowhere so completely carried out.

To arrive at the Court brew-house, the chief resort of the

beer-drinkers of Munich and the producer of the best beer, you must find your way through narrow streets to a bare open space, with low doorways and a mean aspect. The small square thus situated is called the *Platz*. Passing under one of the low archways, you come into a yard full of people, some standing, some sitting on casks. The yard is long and narrow. On one side are tables standing out from the wall, looking like stalls in a stable, separated by high wooden partitions and sheltered from rain by a narrow roof. On the other side of the yard is a small doorway leading to the kitchen and bar. At the bar is a tap with running water to clean the stone mugs standing ranged on each side. The customer takes down a mug, washes it himself, and sees it filled from a cask. He then endeavours to find a place at some table. Each mug holds a quart, and when emptied is quickly refilled by an old man who hovers about for this purpose.

A strange sight is this *Hof-brauhaus*—the royal beer-house of Munich. There are tales of one or other of its frequenters absorbing sometimes thirty quarts in a day. The place is crowded with men of all classes. Professors and men of learning, politicians and men of business, noble and even royal people, mix here freely with beer-lovers of the lowest class. The taste for beer is a true leveller in Bavaria. Nowhere is the beer so good, nowhere is it so thoroughly appreciated. This same beer-house has continued to supply the pleasant drink for centuries, and will no doubt continue to do so as long as Munich remains a town.

The Court brew-house is of course only one of many; nor are all in the same style. There are also varieties of beer, according to the season, and various places where the different kinds are supposed to be procurable in perfection. Thus a particular kind, stronger than the rest, called "*Salvator*," is brewed only about Easter. At this season all the beer-drinking world—in other words, all the population of Munich—stroll out to the suburb of *Au* to the "*Salvator*" cellar, where a large shed has been erected, in addition to the tables without number placed under the trees, in anticipation of the annual visit. The "*Salvator*" drinking, fortunately, does not last long, for it steals the wit from the brains very rapidly and effectually; but the beer-gardens are never left empty.

On the whole, Munich is a pleasant city, both to visit in a transient manner and also to stay in for a time. It has its faults. Owing to its great elevation and position between the high Alps and the great European plain, its climate is very trying and extreme. But it has many advantages, and among them is the great one that it is not dull.

From Munich there is excellent railway accommodation, conveying the traveller in whatever direction he wishes. One of the most convenient ways of quitting the city is that which leads north-eastwards towards the Danube. This great river is reached at *Ratisbon*, a distance of nearly a hundred miles, occupying from three to five hours by train. There is not much to detain us *en route*, and the scenery is not remarkable. The picturesque town of *Landshut* on the *Isar* is the only thing that is worth noticing; and the interval between two trains is sufficient to do it justice.

Ratisbon, like *Augsburg*, was one of the free cities of the Middle Ages, and was wealthy and flourishing accordingly. It is now rather dull and gloomy; for its streets are narrow, and there are several tall towers with battlements, that remind one of the time when life and property were not quite so secure as

they are now in Central Europe. The public buildings are not very numerous, but the cathedral is interesting, as having been in course of construction for about six hundred years, and being now on the point of completion. The old town-hall

Danube valley, about six miles from the town, adjoining a ruined castle. The Walhalla is a Greek temple, of the same size and proportions as the Parthenon of Athens, and is devoted to the glorification of German heroes of all ages and



COURT OF A HOUSE IN THERESE STREET, NUREMBERG.

still contains its torture-chamber, exhibiting some of the most horrible combinations to produce unendurable suffering that human ingenuity, exercised to the utmost by the stimulus of a

of all kinds of celebrity. It is highly decorated by the principal sculptors of modern Germany, and is one of the great works originated by King Ludwig. Perhaps when in ruins it



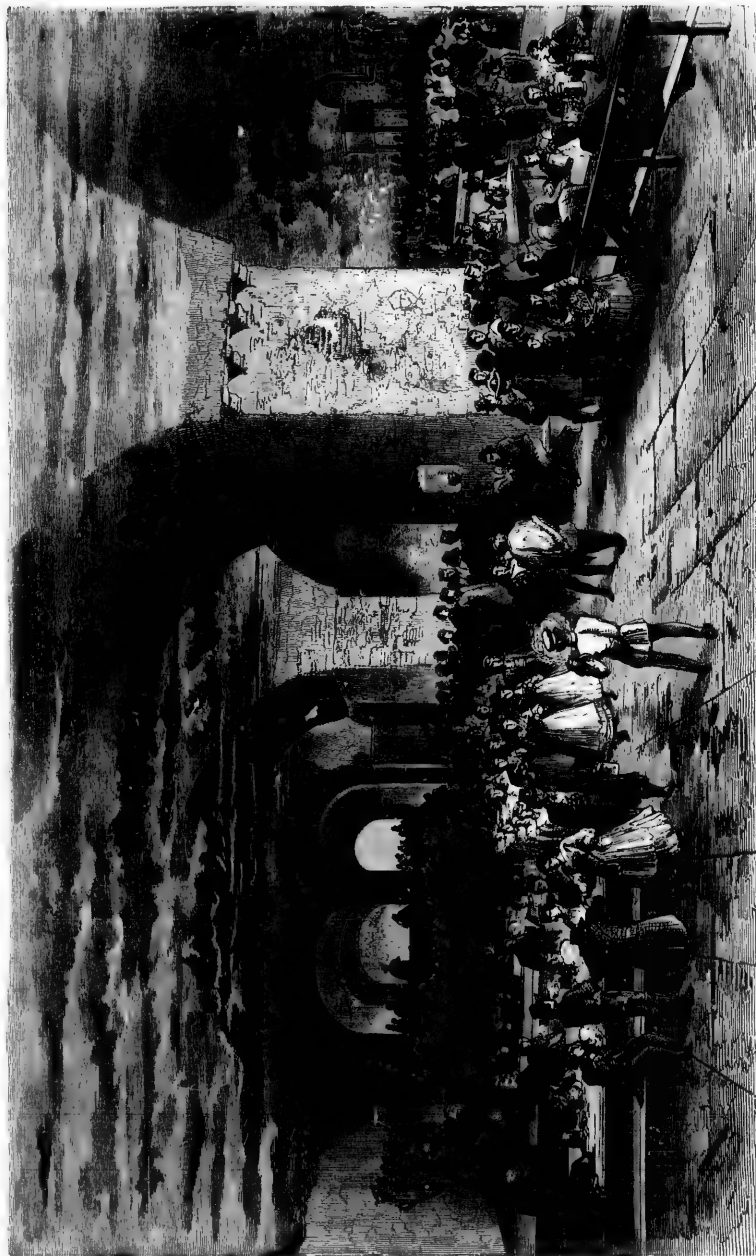
THE PEGNITZ RIVER, INTERSECTING THE CITY OF NUREMBERG.

so-called religion and fanaticism, could suggest. This torture-chamber was, however, used for political purposes, and was immediately below the great hall where the Diets of the German empire were held.

From Ratisbon all worshippers of heroes are bound to make a pilgrimage to the Walhalla, situated, overlooking the

may possess greater interest both for the artist and the lover of the picturesque than now belongs to it.

Nuremberg is about eighty-five miles from Ratisbon, and is one of the most interesting of the old cities of Europe. It is reached in less than four hours by fast trains, but stopping trains take five. As the stoppages by the fast trains are



THE COURT BREWERY IN MUNICH.

numerous, the gain is not at all worth the difference in price, which is increased twenty per cent. for the so-called "Express." There is not much of interest on the road, and the country is flat.

Nuremberg is perhaps the very best example of a large mediæval city that still remains in Europe. Of smaller places there are instances elsewhere, as in the south of France, where towns exist that have been altogether abandoned, and that retain every peculiarity of human existence stereotyped without any human life remaining to interfere with the effect. But in Nuremberg we see man of the nineteenth century by the side of railways, and manufactures, and modern customs, living in the houses and walking along the streets that still retain the dust of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The very manufactures of the place smell of antiquity. The little quaint dolls, so largely exported, are no more like living children than the Nuremberg toys are like modern manufactures, or the Nuremberg streets like those of Paris or London. The streets are all spread out like spiders' legs; the houses are all individuals, each with its own history; there is no uniformity and no correspondence, so to speak, between any one thing in the whole place and any other.

Nuremberg is, as everybody knows, or ought to know, a fortified town. Not like Portsmouth or Luxembourg, or any other fortified place in Europe that could resist for a few days the attack of a modern army with rifled artillery and soldiers with the needle-gun; but made to look formidable by means of certain crumbling walls and round towers that would fall down and leave convenient openings for the enemy, if rudely shaken by an old Roman battering-ram. It is astonishing that these walls can resist the wind, and one can fancy them falling flat if any army of Jews should march round them to the sound of the trumpet. All this, however, adds greatly to the effect. The town is built on a slight rise in an open plain, but is intersected by the rapid little river Pegnitz, which, after a time, falls

into the Main, and ultimately swells the volume of old Father Rhine. The fortifications cross the river. The walls are now converted into pleasant shady walks, and the moat into public gardens, and thus the peacefulness of old Nuremberg peeps out even from among its frowning round towers and forbidding gates.

The Pegnitz divides Nuremberg into two nearly equal parts, and is crossed by a number of picturesque bridges. The houses are built close to the water's edge in some parts, and even on the bridges themselves, crowding up the little stream, which is at no time more than a thread of water.

The streets of Nuremberg are not very narrow, but the houses are lofty and large, generally provided with open courts, round which a picturesque gallery runs. Richly-carved balustrades adorn the gallery, which is approached by an outside stair. The illustration will give an excellent idea of this peculiarity, and is highly characteristic. The houses are often very beautifully ornamented towards the street by fine oriel windows, large and lofty gable-fronts and a large number of windows, in ranges of gradually decreasing width, one above another. The oriel windows often have little ornamental turrets rising over the eaves of the roof, producing a degree of quaint prettiness nowhere rivalled. Besides the general distribution of this kind of ornamentation, which forms the charm of Nuremberg streets, there are some houses of especial beauty in various parts of the town. The Nassauer Haus, in the König's-strasse, and one near the Rath-haus or Town Hall, are among those best worth examining, and if possible sketching. Some of the larger houses extend back from one street to another, with a double front and two or three courtyards, resembling some of our smaller collegiate buildings in Oxford and Cambridge, but always much more enriched. Many of these houses are still inhabited by the families whose ancestors built them. They are constructed of stone and were intended to last.

The Carnival at Pau.

ASH WEDNESDAY!—*Jour des Cendres*—*Day of Follies* rather let us call it. For can anything surpass in absurdity the farcical sport which a whole people will give way to on this particular day in Roman Catholic countries?

Better samples of this kind of masquerade might perhaps be found, but, with the exception of Rome, there are few places, I believe, where both Roman Catholic and Protestant communities join so heartily in this peculiar observance of the Roman Church as at Pau.

Towards two o'clock in the afternoon crowds of people were to be seen hastening from all parts—*à pied, en voiture, et à cheval*—in the direction of the pretty little village of Bisanos, close to the town and also to the river, in whose long straggling street the follies of the day were to be enacted. We had hired for the occasion a large open carriage and pair. Our party consisted of the Rev. and Mrs. I—, Miss M—, F—, and self—self on the box. We were provided with an ample stock of

haricot-beans, maize, oranges, and bouquets—for such, we were given to understand, would be the recognised ammunition in the coming battle—a battle in which the opposing forces were the populace on one side, carriage-folk and cavaliers on the other. We were so early on the ground that we found we had to sustain the brunt of the engagement almost single-handed—to such an unpleasant degree, in fact, that we deemed it advisable to retire for a short period. About three o'clock we returned to the attack, fortified with umbrellas, which we thought would be a famous protection against the shot of the enemy. By this time the ranks on both sides were considerably reinforced, and the sport began in earnest.

Amongst the mob several masks had appeared, and by their freaks and antics were creating much diversion. Others, mounted on donkeys and pre-historic hacks, had fallen into the ranks, and were filing with us in slow procession through the village. In a short time there was a sufficient number of

vehicles to form one continuous stream of *aller et retour*—the gaps caused by the departure of those who were tired of the fun being speedily filled up by the arrival of others. Towards four o'clock the scene began to grow extremely animated. The firing on both sides was sharp and incessant. Umbrellas were soon found to be a hindrance rather than a protection, for the moment you fancied yourself sheltered from attack on one side, a volley immediately assailed you on the other. The mob were so ubiquitous that it was necessary to have your eyes in all directions at once, and both hands free to defend; umbrellas, therefore, were quickly discarded. Most of the ladies wore wire masks which nothing could penetrate—a few mock-valiant young Britishers, too, I grieve to record, had donned this unmanly fence. Others, ghost-fashion, were dressed in white calico from head to foot—four black holes grimly indicating the position of eyes, nose, and mouth. Of this class of costume a French count and his friend were the best specimens. They figured in a large open barouche, with four horses and postillions, the carriage itself being lined throughout with white. One of these phantoms had perched himself on the box—the other occupied the back seat: each one had beside him a huge chest of maize, which, by means of a long wooden spoon, he dealt out right and left with little either of mercy or discrimination. Few parties, if any, were less protected than ourselves. The ladies had nothing but their parasols. The canon, poor man, had only his own venerable physiognomy; and, although amongst the ancient Athenians, doubtless, this would have inspired no other sentiment but that of respect and inviolability, I reluctantly avow that, on the present occasion, among several groups of naughty little boys, those calm, imperturbable features seemed only additional incentives to attack—a target, in fact, of the most attractive kind. As to myself I had no better shield than a broad-brimmed wide-awake, but I had both hands free, and a good position for making use of them. It had been my duty, first of all, to defend the ladies, and to retaliate lustily upon any who rendered themselves particularly obnoxious to them. This I did with such good will that in course of time I found I had made myself no small number of personal enemies. As we were continually passing and repassing the same groups in the long promenade, certain faces grew familiar to me. Thus, for

example, when I found my cheek smarting under a volley of maize that seemed to come with the force of grape-shot, I had but to turn my head to recognise the receding form of a little urchin to whom I had paid a similar compliment on a previous occasion—or, when the orifice of my ear became suddenly bejuiced, bespattered, and bethingled to a most excruciating degree of pain by a half-sucked orange that had been well rolled in the dust, I had but to cast my eyes in the proper direction, and sure enough they would alight on the vindictive face of some low rascal with whom, not long before, I had left a stinging memento of *galanterie*.

Nor did this exchange of very rough civilities take place between the patricians and plebeians only. The carriage-folk themselves, after a milder and more amicable fashion, joined in the mutual interchange; and, as the road was not broad, and the interval between the two rows quite insignificant, bouquets and *bon-bons* were thrown from one to the other with the greatest facility. In this way many a pair of bright eyes were brought into collision with another pair of bold eyes that they had met on the previous evening at the *préfet's* ball.

By five o'clock most of the company had vanished, and, as we were the first to appear, so were we almost the last to retire. In effecting our escape through the crowd we contrived, somehow or other, to get separated from the few carriages that yet lingered, and this brought down on our precious cargo such a furious shower of every lawful kind of ammunition—no less from the windows of the cottages that flanked the road than from the little army of dusty mortals that filled it—that we were compelled hastily to put up the hood of the carriage. The coachman and I were now the only two assailable objects—an unenviable distinction. Arrived in the streets of Pau matters did not improve, but rather grew worse; for here were houses instead of cottages, and windows, balconies, and pavement were all thronged with an enemy determined to keep up the spirit of the war to the end, and to expend recklessly the ammunition that remained to them on what they must have considered almost their last chance. Thus, smarting under our wounds, hot, dusty, and fatigued, at half-past five we regained the H— domicile, happily situated in a peaceful and retired quarter of the town.

The Caucasus.—III.

BY DOUGLAS W. FRESHFIELD, M.A., F.R.G.S., AUTHOR OF "TRAVELS IN THE CENTRAL CAUCASUS AND BASHAN."

FROM Pätigorsk it is necessary to drive back two stages to Georgievsk before we again find ourselves on the high road from St. Petersburg to Tiflis. If lucky in obtaining horses at the post stations, the traveller may accomplish the distance of 150 versts (100 miles), which separates him from Vladikafkaz, in one long day. The road, through gradually drawing nearer the base of the mountains, keeps quite clear of them, and runs for the most part over level country, thus resembling in its relation to the neighbouring range, though in no other respect, one of the great highways of the Lombard plain. The interest of the drive depends chiefly on the state of the atmosphere; if the

mountains are clear, the eye will have a continual feast in observing the gradual changes and development of the snowy rampart which fills the whole southern horizon; if, on the other hand, the weather be dull or rainy, nothing more dismal and depressing can be imagined than the soddened plains over which the way lies. The post-stations along the road are mostly situated in villages which, both by their names and character, reveal their Russian origin, and show that we are journeying on the line of the once carefully-guarded military march. Running along the flanks of the mountains, this portion of the road was necessarily exposed to the sudden onslaughts of the mountaineers, and a

few years ago no traveller would have thought of traversing it without an escort. At the present time the danger is past, and the slovenly and miserable appearance of the military villages seems to show that the inhabitants, their occupation gone, are either migrating elsewhere or have been reduced to the straits of poverty. These cantonments are commonly arranged in the following manner: one-storied cottages, built of wicker-work, plastered over with clay, are dropped in parallel rows into the middle of a sea of mud, so as to leave between them three streets, or rather canals of filth, over which tribes of hungry pigs roam at their leisure in search of the offal which they have seldom very far to seek. A few trees interspersed among the cottages relieve the otherwise monotonous bareness of the plain. Near the gates may sometimes be found an encampment of gipsies, such as that from which our artist has drawn his illustrations. These picturesque wanderers seem to bear much the same character, and to pursue, as nearly as possible, the same forms of industry in the Caucasian provinces as in Western Europe. The men are blacksmiths or carpenters; the women are tellers of fortunes, and professors of the lighter branches of necromancy and the black arts; to both sexes, however, mendicity and pilfering supply the chief means of sustenance. Their stay, consequently, in any one spot is seldom of long duration, as the frequent disappearance of property soon leads the regular inhabitants to dismiss, in a somewhat unceremonious manner, their doubtful visitors. There is nothing in their tents or their costume sufficiently characteristic to merit description; sojourners in all lands, they belong to none; everywhere retaining their national sobriquets of thief and vagabond. Their superstition, though it often interfered with the execution of the artist's sketches, did not seem to be proof against a sufficient consideration; and he found a source of constant amusement in the shrewd bargains driven by their more accomplished practitioners, in which the time expended in sitting for a portrait, and consequently subtracted from their professional labours, was certainly not valued below its intrinsic worth.

During the first half of the day's drive we shall constantly have the noble peak of Dychtau, the northernmost summit of the central group of the Caucasus, before our eyes; and even from Vladikafkaz its soaring ridges and sharp spear-like head will claim our recognition as one of the noblest and most formidable of Caucasian mountains. After passing through a gap in a low chain of hills, and reaching Ardonsk, a somewhat

larger and less miserable place than most of those we have passed, Kazbek and his satellites become conspicuous. The famous mountain, as seen both from the north or south, has two summits, the eastern of which is over 16,500 feet in height. A few miles further west rises Gumaran Khokh, 15,672 feet, a peak equal in height, therefore, to Mont Blanc.

In our memories, Ardonsk is fixed as the spot where, after two months' wandering in the wildest recesses of the mountains, we finally emerged into comparative civilisation; and we must not pass it without bearing witness to the glories of the scenery on the threshold of which it stands. A short but somewhat tedious day's ride across a featureless plain leads to a village

called Tuganova. From this spot the path to the valley of the Uruch lies through a succession of scenery of the most surpassing beauty; following the ridges of a chain of hills, which here branch out from the main mountain-mass, it loses itself for hours in dense beech-woods, bright with a thick underwood of rhododendron and azalea, then emerges again on grass-crowned brows, where parties of peasants are gathering in the fragrant crop. Striking again deeper than before into the primeval forest, it leads the traveller to a sudden corner, whence a view bursts upon him which will long hold him in admiration. He stands on the edge of the deep fissure, through which the Uruch forces its way to the plain; on the opposite bank rise sheer limestone cliffs, 3,000 feet in height, and it seems as though he could throw a stone into the river roaring at an equal depth below him. To the north stretch low hills covered with



GIPSY OF THE CAUCASUS.

dense forests, in the clearings of which rise long wreaths of smoke, the only traces of human habitation; to the south the snowy summits of the Adai Khokh group, seen through the defile, seem to beckon onwards to the heart of the mountains. It is a scene of which it is easier to analyse the constituents, than to render the impression it leaves, and one which only the brush of a Turner or the pen of a Shelley could properly reproduce.

For about two hours the defile remains at its grandest; the path, lately improved, is as good as most Alpine mule-passes, although frequent stone obelisks—monuments to those who have perished—bear witness to its dangers in the old days, when robbers, springing from their ambush, would hurl horse and rider into the abyss. From the village of Zenega, built on a shelf where the gorge widens, it is a long day's ride to the sources of the Uruch. The first part of the journey is through

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GIPSY ENCAMPMENT IN THE CAUCASUS.

a deep and narrow glen; higher up, the valley expands into a wide, smiling basin, dotted with houses and overlooked by the peaks and glaciers of the main chain, to which the Uruch, for the first fifteen miles of its course, runs parallel. Styr Digor, the largest village, gives its name to an Ossete clan, the "Digors," who are more hospitable and friendly than most of their race. Altogether, we know of no portion of the chain where some time is likely to be better or more pleasantly spent than in this valley. The means of exit are varied—a horse-path leads to the sources of the Tcherek and Balkar, and it is possible to reach the upper basin of the Rion by either of the two snowy but well-known cols by which the inhabitants of this part of the chain cross and re-cross its formidable barrier.

To those who are lucky in a fine day and a comfortable carriage, the drive from Ardonsk to Vladikafkaz may be most enjoyable; to us it is associated with nothing but miseries. To begin with, the rain was falling in torrents, and we had only reached Ardonsk from the mountains with much difficulty, by fording on horseback two streams, which were likely in a few hours more to become impassable. No *tarantasse* was to be procured at the next post station, and the officer in command refused to lend us his, so that we were forced to set out in rickety and shelterless *telegas*. At the commencement we were stuck fast in a water-channel; released from this dilemma, and after much monotonous wading through swamp and mire, only relieved by the passage of the mountain torrents over long wooden bridges, which threatened at every instant to give way and be carried off by the swollen waters, we gained the half-way station. Evening was coming on, and there still were eighteen versts before us; but they were the last, and we felt almost cheerful. When the new carts came out of the court-yard, vain remonstrances were made against such indescribably crazy conveyances. "Those or nothing," was the reply of the stolid official. Five versts had been traversed in safety when, with a shock, off flew one of our hind wheels, and we subsided into the mud. At the same moment, a return *telega* passed on its way to Vladikafkaz, but the rules of the post rendered its driver deaf even to a bribe. So François Devouassoud, the big Chamouni guide, was left alone in the steppe, with a revolver and a flask of *vodka*, to guard the baggage, whilst the driver rode back on one of his horses to fetch a fresh vehicle. The rest of the party crowded into the still unbroken cart, and travelling at a foot's pace, with abundant leisure to count the line of verst posts and tipsy Russian soldiers, which alone marked the direction of the road, entered, long after dark, the straggling suburbs of Vladikafkaz. Vereschaguine, the Russian artist, encountered, on the same ground, a different and more serious sort of peril. Three horses, which had never before drawn a carriage, were harnessed to his *telega*; scarcely started from the station, the animals ran away, and pursued their wild career across the steppe, threatening their slight burden with instant destruction. At last, seeing they were approaching some deep gulleys which it was impossible could be crossed in safety, the travellers leapt out and saved themselves from death, though at the expense of many wounds and contusions.

Such unpleasant incidents of posting, however, though not altogether exceptional, do not happen every day, even in the Caucasus; and we will trust our travellers have met with none of them, and are arrived little the worse at their journey's end.

Vladikafkaz, from its commanding the entrance to the one carriage-pass across the Caucasian chain, must always be an important military position and dépôt for the power which aspires to hold in subjection the neighbouring mountains. It is not, however, in the ordinary sense of the term, a fortress; and though in too open a position to be endangered by the attack of foes accustomed only to the stratagems and sudden onslaughts of guerilla warfare, it is sufficiently commanded by the neighbouring heights to be incapable of standing a regular siege. Twenty years ago it was a city of refuge for the Russian, where alone he could feel secure from being carried off into captivity by the savage Tschetschensians or Ingushes. So narrowly did these tribes encompass the neighbourhood of Vladikafkaz, that no party of wood-cutters could in safety enter the forest close at hand without the protection of an escort. This uncomfortable state of things has been brought entirely to an end by the complete subjugation of the eastern tribes, and we need have no fear of being carried off to pay an involuntary visit to the rugged homes of the turbanned mountaineers of Daghestan. The best proof, perhaps, of their submission is to be found in the numbers who throng the streets of their hereditary fiefs.

The town itself is like most of those laid out by Russian hands, and demands no special description. The buildings of the post establishment include a spacious hotel, where the traveller willing to pay for them can be accommodated in large and fairly comfortable rooms. The conception of pleasure-travellers, so familiar to the Swiss landlord, has, however, scarcely entered into the head of his Caucasian brother. To our great amusement we were besought, on leaving, to present our host with some small English coin, which he might keep as a remembrance of the Englishmen who had come all the way to the Caucasus on no business but simply to see mountains. His aspirations were rewarded with a stray sixpence, which was received with great gratitude. Vladikafkaz is, perhaps, the place north of the chain where the most varied specimens of the Caucasian races may be studied, as from its position in the centre of the isthmus, the tribes of Daghestan and Circassia are represented in its streets. It requires some experience to distinguish them without the aid of a Russian officer; but we may make the general remarks that the turban is only worn by the Daghestan tribes, and that the Circassians are, as a rule, handsomer and more stalwart men than their eastern neighbours. The people, however, of whom we shall hear and see most in the bazaar of Vladikafkaz are the Ossetians, a numerous tribe, differing in some important respects from other Caucasians, and the subject of many ethnological speculations. They dwell at the present day round the sources of the Terek, Ardon, and Uruch, on the northern slopes of the main chain, and are said to retain no traditions of their migration from any more distant land. They are believed by the learned to belong to the great Indo-Germanic race, and their language is said strongly to resemble Sanscrit. Haxthausen endeavours, by pointing out numerous details in which this tribe differs from all around it, and resembles rather the modern Germans, to prove that they come from the same stock. The following are some of the principal facts which he adduces for the support of his theory:—The threshing-floor is found in an open hall inside the house, which usually contains a regular constructed fire-place, chairs, stools, tables, kneading-troughs, churns, cradles, and bedsteads—

domestic articles unknown, as our author asserts, elsewhere in the Caucasus. He also dwells on the Ossetes' knowledge of the art of beer-brewing, and asserts that their festive customs have quite a German character. Herr Wagner, the lively author of "Travels in Persia, Georgia, and Kurdistan," ridicules this certainly somewhat fanciful theory of his countryman, and pertinently quotes the remarks of a Russian in whose hearing it was broached. "How can it be possible," said he, "that there can be such fools among you as to believe that people of such different types could proceed from the same stock? No; the ancestors of these two men" (pointing to a German colonist and an Ossetian passing by) "have no more come from the same nest than hawks and turkey-cocks." Certainly the contrast between the plump figure, broad countenance, and slouching gait of a German peasant, and the elegant form and aquiline profile of an ordinary Ossetian, is sufficiently marked.

The Ossetes are at present nominally Christians, having been finally converted to the Russian Church after more than

one relapse into paganism. Their religious knowledge, however, is of the most superficial character, and does not in the least influence their daily life. Many amusing stories are told of the stratagems and tricks by which the new converts disconcerted the young priests sent to reclaim them. Their pious zeal

was so much encouraged by the presentation of a clean shirt and a silver cross to every neophyte who submitted to baptism, that numbers of them received the sacrament five or six times following, in order to become the owners of a corresponding amount of linen. At mass they would show the greatest irreverence, and even catch hold of the priest's censer, to light their pipes from the cinders. They are still in the habit of offering sacrifices in sacred groves, and of paying reverence, under various forms, to the powers of Nature. Their villages are peculiar in character. The houses, sometimes closely grouped together, at others detached homesteads, are two storeys in height, and are often surmounted by circular towers—places of refuge and defence in the frequent feuds which have broken out amongst this sanguinary people. Shameless greed is generally admitted to be the chief feature of their character. Indomitable beggars, they will harass the traveller at every step with fresh demands, which, if they believe force to lie on their side, they will not scruple to maintain by threats of open violence. Of this trait we had more than sufficient evidence during our journey across their territory from the Darial road to the Rion valley. To carry out our scheme we had to cross a high pass leading from the source of the Terek to a secluded basin, part of the upper valley of the Ardon. It was necessary to procure porters to

carry our light baggage over the mountain. With the greatest difficulty ten men were persuaded to submit themselves to a load scarcely sufficient for five. Arrived at the first village on the Ardon, we proceeded through our interpreter to pay off the unruly train which had already caused us sufficient trouble on the road. They resented the offer of the stipulated sum—one rouble a man—for their morning's work, and demanded a present besides, which we, already sufficiently irritated against them, utterly refused. The men took themselves off in high dudgeon, with many threats, which we should have reckoned very lightly had they not also snatched and carried off our interpreter's sheepskin "bourca." Annoyed at the coolness of the thieves, and somewhat rashly supposing they would also prove cowards, our party of four charged the retreating ten as they retreated down the steep path which led out of the village. The onslaught was resisted by the natives with roundabout blows of their arms, which fell harmlessly on our hard wide-awakes; and the smallest of our party was embraced by a sturdy Ossete and rolled down a bank—not, however, before

he had planted his fist in the eyes of two other assailants with a directness of aim and purpose gained only at an English public school. The whole fray lasted but a minute before the thieves fled, carrying with them the fleece, thus leaving us the honour of a barren victory. Mutual fear of consequences

had prevented the Ossete dagger or English revolver being brought to bear.

After our return to the village the enemy still remained visible, seated on a bank on the further side of the stream, rubbing their eyes, and apparently meditating further mischief. Meantime we were surrounded by a crowd of villagers, from under whose tall caps shot out thievish glances of undisguised ill will and covetousness. We felt not a little uneasy, and, determined to yield to any terms, asked for two horses to carry our luggage further down the valley. We succeeded in our object, and got clear of the place before the plots and schemes evidently hatching around us had come to any head. The mountain-basin in which this adventure occurred is one of the most secluded in the range, being only accessible from the outside world by passes, all over 8,000 feet in height.

It might naturally have been supposed that in such a spot the inhabitants would have made use of no means of defence but those provided so amply by Nature. We found the contrary to be the case. Every village is not only perched on some narrow hog's-back or isolated knoll, but is further protected by tall stone towers, giving each separate homestead the character of an independent fortress. The real reason why in Ossetia every man's house is, in the most literal sense of the phrase, his castle, is to be found in the constant and bloody



DISTANT VIEW OF THE CAUCASUS.

feuds which have ere now existed among the various clans. Herr Wagner tells the following story of the end of one of these wars, which took place within the last forty years :— "Two tribes had been excited to the most furious rage and a deadly feud by a murder, and many of the members lost their lives, partly in a fair fight, partly by foul means. As both clans were numerous and powerful, no end could be seen to this

"the gentlemen of the mountains." This is, no doubt, partly owing to their having long since made their submission to the authorities, and having taken no part in the recent risings. It must be admitted, however, that their external appearance is to their credit. Their clothes are seldom soiled or ragged, their weapons are generally ornamented with taste, the dagger is sheathed in silver and hangs from a silver-studded belt, and



GIPSY WOMAN.

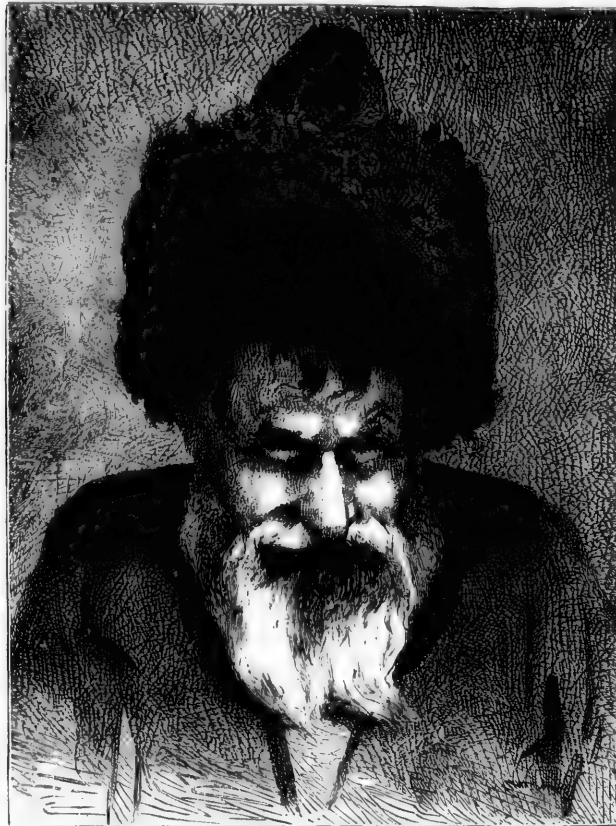
feud until both were utterly exterminated. A compromise was effected, and their dead were counted up by both sides. One of the tribes, which had suffered greater losses than the other, received as a compensation from their rivals a number of children, who were barbarously butchered; whereupon, accounts having been thus squared, peace was concluded between them." Despite, however, their unprepossessing moral qualities, it will be found that Russian officers usually speak well of the Ossetes, and, on the ground of the beauty of their dress and accoutrements, will even give them the title of

the cartridge-boxes on the breast are ornamented with the same precious metal. The various clans differ, of course, in character, and some we found by no means unpleasant hosts; but on the whole, the feeling with which we left their country was a desire that we and the Ossetes might become better strangers. After these discouraging remarks it is, perhaps, unkind and unnecessary to point out that several interesting expeditions may be made from Vladikavkaz into Ossete territory; the northern glaciers of Kazbek and also those of the Adai Khokh group are still almost wholly unexplored, and scenery of the noblest

description may probably be discovered in the valleys which lead to them.

We must notice before leaving Vladikafkaz an element in the population which the traveller coming from the north will here meet with for the first time. Persian peasants, with their thin sallow faces, wiry forms, close-fitting skull-caps, and long blue blouses, will be constantly seen hanging about the bazaar,

in places, is smooth and good throughout. The post stations are roomy and comfortable buildings, and the supply of horses is in a fairly reasonable proportion to the demand. Comfortable conveyances can be procured at Vladikafkaz. A solitary man will prefer a *tarantasse*, a party will journey better in one of the small diligences supplied by the Russian post, to which is attached a conductor, who takes all trouble off the traveller's



AN OLD GIPSY OF MOZDOCK.

or chewing a slice of water-melon by the roadside. These men are employed as stone-breakers and labourers on the high road—work which the native Caucasian or Georgian either disdains or is too idle to undertake, and which overtaxes the energies of the ill-fed and poorly-paid Russian soldier.

We have now nearly exhausted the attractions of our place of sojourn, and shall feel impatient to set out on our drive across the famous pass which lies between us and Tiflis. Posting on the Dariel is in many ways a pleasant contrast to Russian travelling in general. The road, though ill engineered

hands in the counter-signing of *podorojnos* and procuring of horses. No one, unless he has a passion for *telgas*, need travel in those vehicles. The natural attractions of the pass have been described more or less vaguely by a sufficient number of writers of different nations. It has been, to our thinking, perhaps extravagantly belauded by Sir Robert Ker Porter, and by the author of a recent work, "*Lettres sur le Caucase*," and we have no hesitation in ranking the scenery inferior, as a whole, to the finest Alpine carriage-roads. Its two great distinguishing features are the Dariel gorge and the view

of Kazbek from the station, both glorious in themselves, but scarcely compensating for the utter barrenness of the upper valley of the Terek, the absence of any panorama of the snowy chain, and the comparative tameness of the descent into Georgia.

At Lars, the second station from Vladikafkaz, we enter the famous defile known of old as the Caucasian Gates, now as the Dariel. It is at least ten miles in length, and for the whole of this distance the valley of the Terek is reduced to a narrow cleft, in places barely fifty yards in breadth, but generally much wider. The gorge is far deeper than any in the Alps, and the summits of the walls of crag, which tower in fantastically broken masses over the traveller's head, are at least 5,000 feet above him. It is difficult on a fine summer's day to appreciate or account for the terror many profess to feel in this passage; and when the country is a little better known we may doubt whether teeth will continue to chatter and hair to stand on end in the way they are at present recorded to do in the "Letters from the Caucasus," which occasionally fill up a column of some morning paper. The terrors of the Dariel will then go the same way as those of the St. Gothard or the Mauvais Pas.

We are far, however, from wishing to depreciate one of the most magnificent gorges in Europe; a scene which will excite the greatest admiration in those who know and love Nature in her wilder forms. Where the walls of rock first retire, the Russian fortress of Dariel, a low whitewashed building, flanked

by two towers, and loop-holed for musketry, occupies a patch of level ground by the roadside. In a far more commanding situation, on the summit of a table-shaped rock on the opposite side of the Terek, stood the older fortress, which from the time of the Romans commanded the pass. Massoudi, an Arab historian, who lived in the tenth century, picturesquely describes its position. "This castle," he writes, "is built on a rock, and is utterly impregnable; it cannot be entered without the consent of its defenders. So strongly is it secured, that a single man who shut himself up in it, might hold out against all the infidels, since the fortress, so to speak, suspended in the air, commands the bridge, the road, and the stream." It is now so far destroyed that no vestiges of the ancient walls can be distinguished by the passing traveller.

A mile further a deep break occurs in the rocks on the western side of the gorge, and through the gap are seen the pure snows and glittering glaciers of the mighty Kazbek. We must pause for a time opposite the opening of the glen of Devdorak, while we point out the route which will henceforth be followed in the ascent of the mountain, and endeavour to unravel the mystery which involves the so-called avalanches which issuing hence have caused periodical devastations of the Terek valley. As a closer examination of the glaciers will best enable us to appreciate the real nature of the catastrophe, we will first conduct our readers (in the spirit at least) to the summit which glitters before their eyes; but this adventure must be reserved for the commencement of a fresh chapter.

The King of Eastern Turkistan.

THE country of Eastern Turkistan, or, as it was formerly called, Chinese Tartary, must now be considered an independent state—the newest addition, in fact, to the kingdoms of the earth. Its ruler or king is Yakoob Beg, a successful soldier and administrator, a member of that robust race of Western Tartars which in the Middle Ages produced those world-renowned conquerors, Zenghis Khan and Tamerlane. Of his early history little is at present known, but six years ago, according to Mr. Shaw, the first Englishman, or, indeed, European who has visited him, he was a petty governor of a town in Khokand, a small principality or Khanat in Western Turkistan, a little south of the territory recently annexed by the Russians. He was during that time engaged in many skirmishes with the stealthily advancing Russian troops, but having espoused the cause of arrival to the Khokand monarchy, he fell into disgrace with its ruler, and was forced to carry his talents to another field.

It was a time of great commotion in Central Asia; the Chinese, weakened at home by the Taiping rebellion, and the war with the allied nations of Western Europe, were losing their hold over the western part of their empire, or, at that part extending from the Desert of Gobi to the Thian Shan, or Heavenly Mountains. This region, of which Kashgar is the capital, forms an elevated plain, encircled on three sides—south, west, and north—by a wall of snow-clad mountains, culminating in peaks 20,000 feet high. The plain itself is

4,000 feet above the sea-level, and possesses no advantages either of soil or climate, the surface being sandy and arid, and the climate one of the driest in the world; but it is copiously watered by streams descending from the snowy slopes of the mountains, and blessed by a summer of cloudless skies and powerful sun. With these aids, the barren waste has been made, by an industrious people, to blossom like a garden, and to sustain a population of three or four millions of inhabitants, including several flourishing cities of a hundred thousand souls. The Chinese maintained their hold on the country only by a strong garrison—especially at Kashgar, the capital—reinforced annually from Peking. Six years ago the descendants of the ancient rulers of Kashgar, who had been living in exile, took advantage of the weakness of the Chinese to strike a bold and successful blow for the recovery of their lost sovereignty, but the fruits of victory were reaped by the ambitious soldier Yakoob Beg, who had joined their forces as leader of the Khokand auxiliaries.

Yakoob Beg, who has assumed the title of "Atalagh Ghazee," or "Leader of the Faithful," being a strict Mohammedan like all his subjects, was visited in the winter of 1868-9 by two Englishmen, Mr. R. B. Shaw and Mr. G. W. Eynward, both travelling independently of each other. Contrary to the vaticinations of many wise people in India, these gentlemen were received with marked kindness by the

new potentate. Both agree in stating that Yakoob Beg is a remarkable man—brave, enterprising, and energetic; a just and wise ruler. Mr. Shaw describes his first presentation as an effective scene. He was preceded by men carrying his presents on trays; after them came a troop of long-robed ushers with white wands. A long avenue was formed up to the palace by soldiers, who kept back the people. The large quadrangle into which he then entered was lined with rows upon rows of guards, dressed in the brightest coloured robes, and sitting in solemn silence, with their eyes cast on the ground, and their hands folded in front of them. A second quadrangle presented the same spectacle; but the robes were richer than before, and the men seemed of higher rank. The stillness of these numbers (there were nearly 5,000 of them), the regularity of their order, and the brightness of their clothing produced a most striking effect. His own servants being then stopped, he had to advance to an inner chamber of a long pavilion to meet

the king alone. He entered, and Yakoob Beg put out his hands to meet him, beckoned him to sit down, and commenced a long and pleasant conversation in Persian. "Your Queen," said he, "is like the sun, which warms everything it shines upon. I am in the cold, and desire that some of its rays should fall on me. I am very small" (showing the tip of his finger), "a man of yesterday." In these few years God has given me this great country. Come, what account will you give of me in your own country, when you get back?" This he said laughing, and Mr. Shaw replied that "he should say he had found the reality more than double what he had heard of him and his country." At the last interview he took quite an affectionate farewell, and Mr. Shaw departed for his southern journey to India, well satisfied with the result of his mission, which was to induce the new king to favour the commencement of trade between his dominions and British India.

About the Chincha Islands.—I.

BY AUGUSTUS F. LINDLEY.

HAVING left Sydney in ballast, the good ship *Colonist* was now on her way to obtain a cargo of guano.

It is nearly fifteen years ago, but I can well remember the remarkable sight that met our gaze on approaching the Chinchas. Three small islands, averaging some two or three square miles each, were just to windward. They seemed to be, perhaps, 600 feet in elevation above the level of the sea. They were flattish on the top, but very rugged and precipitous around the sides, where grey, jagged, and frowning cliffs came down with a sheer descent into the water. The most peculiar feature, however, of this uninviting landscape was the singular appearance of the upper portion of each island. Rising a hundred feet or so above the beetling crags below, and forming, except at two points, a complete and nearly uniform capping and covering, was a dull, mud-coloured, dusty-looking mass, which we knew at once *must* be the vast and far-famed guano deposits of the Chinchas. Not a tree, nor shrub, nor blade of anything green could we see to relieve the sterile, barren, and altogether unpleasing prospect. But, although the vegetable kingdom seemed utterly unrepresented, the animal world—in so far as its fishy and ornithological departments were concerned—displayed an unusual fecundity, as if amply to compensate for the deficiency—as, indeed, Nature always does in one form or the other. Far as the eye could reach were countless swarms of wild sea-birds, of every size, shape, and species, perched all over the islands and rocks, resting everywhere on the waves, and gyrating round about in immense flocks overhead; whilst here and there, to and fro, played and sported in the transparent southern seas fish of manifold hue, shape, and nature—the glittering dolphin, the puffing porpoise, the playful seal, and the powerful but valueless "fin-back" whale.

The anchorage was gained at last, and the good ship *Colonist* rode off the Northern Island in thirty-five fathoms of water. Some twenty vessels were riding here, and about an equal number at the other anchorage between the North and Middle Islands.

The sails were stowed, and then the six youngsters (including myself) who constituted the midshipmen of the vessel, were piped away to man the captain's gig, of which I had the honour to pull stroke-oar; our parents at home, poor folks! being under the pleasing delusion that we were walking about the quarter-deck in uniform, and that, instead of working hard like common sailors, we were being treated all the while as young gentlemen, embryo officers, &c., to whom, by another pleasing hallucination, they fondly imagined that the captain devoted much of his time in teaching them navigation and seamanship.

Upon reaching the little landing-place, where our captain went to report the arrival of his vessel to the officials, watching my chance (for the swell of the wide ocean rolled against the rocks), I sprang ashore after him, clambered up a rudely cut flight of steps, and stood upon the top of the North Island.

Never shall I forget the strong, pungent, penetrating, almost overpowering odour that saluted my nostrils! Hitherto, to windward of the land, we had not felt it. A fine impalpable dust had literally permeated and surcharged the atmosphere. No longer did I breathe the great Omnipotent's wonderful and blessed pellucid ether, but, at every respiration, inhaled the dust of ages—an accursed dust, composed of guano, ammonia, and phosphates of lime! Muffling my mouth and nostrils in my handkerchief, I went forward towards the workings, and saw, as depicted in our engraving, a vast mass of the pungent substance towering up to a height of about one hundred and twenty feet! It was dinner-time apparently, for no work was going on, except by some half-dozen men. For something like a couple of thousand feet the superincumbent mass had already been removed clean off the rocky surface of the island, commencing from the edge. The top part of this enormous guano deposit sloped considerably back, as it was being worked in stages, or blocks, which were reached by steps, from the top downwards. As the stuff was picked, down it fell to the ground, and was there shovelled into trucks running on tramways to the

edge of the island. Nearly suffocated, I turned away and made the best of my way back to the buildings upon a flat hollow, about half way down the side of the island. Here, whilst waiting for our captain to emerge from the dwelling of the commandant or governor, I got into conversation with a party of four strange-looking fellows seated drinking against the side of one of the rough stone houses.

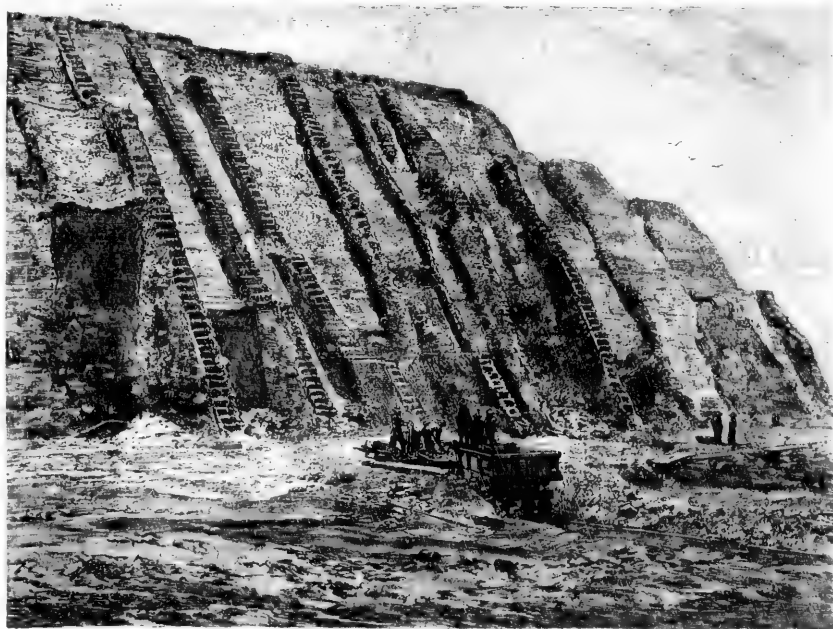
"Hallo, Johnny!" said I, wondering whether they could speak English.

"He, he, he!" laughed the one standing up, as he looked at me in a comical way over his glass, whilst luxuriously sipping away at his "masato"—that ancient beverage, made in the

seers above the Indian workmen on the island, and that, having now served there for four years, they were on their way to their respective homes in the far interior of Peru.

"Come my house, saar. Smoke cigarette, drink leetle aguardiente, see de señoras—de wife of los hombres, me, my amigos?"

"All right, Johnny," said I, willingly enough, preparing to accompany him; when, unfortunately, just at that moment, our skipper made his appearance, and I was obliged to return to the boat and pull him on board. However, I found that my new friends were not likely to leave the island for a week or two, and so promised to pay them a visit before then.



WORKINGS AND GUANO DEPOSIT ON THE CHINCHA ISLANDS.

well-known nasty manner from the cassava, and which was the national drink even in the time of the Incas. "He, he, he! Hullo, saar!"

"Oh, you speak English, eh?"

"Yis, saar."

Noticing their clean clothes, rather smart, and comprising the national costume of the Cuzco Indians of Peru, the drooping sombrero with its heavy flap on either side, the simple sandals, and the holiday poncha or mantle, I continued—

"What for no work, Johnny?"

"Me, other man, finish work, saar; take dollar, go home; me Cuzco-man, saar. Wait for boat come, den go Pisco, saar."

Pisco was the nearest town on the mainland of South America. I ascertained that these men had been petty over-

The Chincha Islands lie in latitude $13^{\circ} 30' S.$, longitude $78^{\circ} 30' W.$, at a distance of some fourteen miles from the nearest point of the Peruvian coast. The North, and most accessible of the three, attains an elevation of nearly three hundred feet at the highest part, over which, however, comes the hundred and twenty feet of guano. The area of this isle is about two square miles; that of the next, or Middle Island, separated by a channel half a mile wide, about the same; and that of the Southern Isle, separated from the central one by a channel of a quarter of a mile, about one. The Middle Island is very steep and precipitous; the cliffs attaining nearly all round a height of two to three hundred feet, and landing being practicable at but few points; whilst its greatest altitude must be about five hundred feet, with a huge capping of guano, greater than that



INDIAN WORKMEN.

upon the other, and at least one hundred and fifty feet in depth! The Southern Island, which is the smallest, and also contains but little of the valuable deposit—is almost inaccessible. Its rugged sides rise everywhere to a sheer and giddy height—the highest parts of the island attaining an altitude of nearly five hundred feet. The substance of these singular islands is either a very fine-grained grey granite, or a species of basaltic trap; most likely the latter, as in many places the peculiar columnar and fantastic contortions natural to that rock are seen.

Of course, the great feature of the Chinchas is their enormous deposit of guano; and, indeed, the subject is most important, as well as highly interesting. The geologist, in especial, may here find thoroughly independent testimony and corroboration as to his theories and evidences of the world's age, and successive eras, changes, or slow and gradual transformations. The sermons in stone—the chapters writ in granite—may here be supplemented; in fact, it seems evident to the meanest capacity that this immense guano deposit must have been slowly accumulating during long ages, and that herein it strongly confirms the belief of those geologists who date the formation of the present condition of our earth's surface to a period incalculably anterior to the vain confinement of our current chronology. Again, there seems but little doubt that a thorough scientific investigation of these remarkable islands would further tend to corroborate the opinion of those who disbelieve in the universality of the deluge; for, during the four thousand years that we are called upon to believe have elapsed since that epoch, it is utterly impossible to gaze upon the enormous guano deposits of the Chinchas and believe that they could by any but miraculous means have been formed within that time. Moreover, the whole vast mass seems to be the deposit of birds alone. A few enthusiasts, wishing to interpret to the very letter the most vague and difficult parts of Scripture, have stated that these great masses have been formed by fish as well, and that here came to die, and increase the deposit, leviathan, and all the smaller living things that have their being in the ocean. But then the difficulties in the way of those who argue, *per fus et nefas*, for the orthodox period, are simply insurmountable. While at the Chinchas I often searched for some sign or remnant of other things than birds, but quite unavailingly, and I believe no such relics have ever been found; whilst through stratum after stratum, from the top to the very bottom of the guano, are found the bones, eggs, and harder tissues of the feathery tribe. Besides, these islands are so steep and precipitous, and the summits whereon rest the deposits are so greatly elevated above the water, that (if those who believe in fish are right) we are forced to imagine that whales must have had wings in those days—a sufficiently absurd theory. To do away with flying whales and fish deposits, the only alternative is to sink the lofty summits of these islands to the sea-bottom; but this is a stretch of imagination too wild for rational argument. No! The Chinchas must be left to the birds, and those awful in the lore of ornithology—and here, I venture to opine, it will take those *savants* long to calculate the time that it has occupied the subjects of their learning to form these gigantic and wonderful accumulations. It seems very singular that these extraordinary islands, with the many deeply interesting questions connected with them, have never excited any particular attention from the scientific world. Perhaps, now that we hear of Martin Tupper's wonderful discoveries regarding that other strange atom in the vast Pacific—the mysterious,

giant-idol Easter Island—they may soon receive the learned investigation which they seem so richly to deserve.

Mariners abhor the Chinchas, and not without some show of reason. The ship becomes a very mud-barge, and worse. The once snowy, well-kept decks are turned into a muck of dirty yellow sludge, the heavy dew at night producing quite sufficient moisture for that purpose. Throughout every part of the once clean and tidy vessel insinuates itself that uncleanly and abominable compound; her inmost recesses, her most secret and sacred places are all equally violated with a most perfect, indifferent, and ruthless impartiality; the captain's state-room and the black cook's coppers suffer alike and equally. Nothing can resist, nothing exclude that pungent, penetrating dust. Your chests (wooden ones, just now) are cunningly entered; your best clothes as regularly and carefully dusted as your worst; and any little trifles in the way of watches, telescopes, and things averse to dirt, stuffed up with the most disgusting want of discrimination. Bolts, bars, and locks are as naught; nothing can resist the dusty guano demon. From pantry to coal-hole every place is equally favoured; that pungent, mal-odorous powder prevails everywhere, having triumphantly permeated fore and aft throughout the ship. You now work amongst guano, carry guano, live among guano, eat guano, and breathe guano! And such, oh, pitying reader! is the fate of those poor sailors who visit the Chinchas, henceforth during the remainder of their voyage, until, the anchors stowed, they take a "dock-head leap" from the stanch but guano-infected old craft to the welcome pier of the London or East India Docks.

Not the least of the ill effects of our disagreeable cargo was the way in which it first affected us, by causing those engaged in working at it to bleed more or less profusely at the nose; some declared (and they were those working in the hold) that they even bled at the eyes and ears as well, but I cannot either say that it affected me like this, or that I saw them in such a state, though I have reason to believe they told the truth.

Getting the guano off from the shore was a difficult and dangerous process, and, indeed, would have been almost an impossibility in any other part of the world, where the weather at sea is less unvaryingly fine, calm, and beautiful than off the Peruvian coast. Even despite the unchangingly fine and favourable weather, the steady and heavy swell—the respiring-like heavings of the unbroken ocean—often placed us in great jeopardy, where, at numerous little indentations in the iron-bound islands, we took our boats for cargo. At these places strong canvas shoots were let down from the top of the cliffs, and the lower ends being fixed with ropes to the nearest rocks, or, where these were not available, moored steadily by anchors, we had to get our boats under the mouth, when guano was shot down into them. But it was no easy task to manage the laden boats amongst those jagged rocks whenever a heavy swell came surging in upon them; and the grinding chains with which we tried to hold them badly lacerated or tore off many a poor man's fingers. Besides this, when the sea would dash the centre of your boat away from under the shoot, down would come the guano upon the heads of her struggling crew, blinding and nearly suffocating them. It may easily be believed that many boats are here dashed to pieces on the rocks, and that many a man has lost his life beneath those horrid shoots.

Besides this slow, dangerous, and tedious way of loading, there was another. At one place on both the North and

Middle Islands were shoots beneath which ships could lay moored and have their cargo thrown directly into them. But this could only be done in the finest of fine weather, and, of course, you had to wait for your turn; loading, in the meanwhile, with your boats.

Our cook, *alias* the "Doctor," had, I think, the best berth on board, during our stay at this strange place. After the first few days, and the first vain efforts to exclude guano from our food, he resigned himself to the irresistible force of adverse circumstances, and, with nothing more than his regular work to do, with entire exemption from labour at the hateful cargo, found plenty of time to enjoy the *otium cum dignitate* of his culinary post. After a comfortable smoke in a reclining posture on the bowsprit (the spot least troubled with the dusty demon, as the ship rode head to wind), dinner being over, and his work finished until tea-time, he would get into our little jolly-boat, scull himself to the shore, and there, at certain cool deep coves discovered by himself, by means of sundry sly little hooks hidden with tempting bits of pork fat, commit deadly havoc upon the tribes of redly-gleaming, delicious rock-cod, sporting amongst the tangled sea-weed, fathoms deep beneath the clear, translucent waters.

I am sorry to confess that the Sabbath was our high-day and holiday. Our mariners, glad to escape from the muddy ship—and a powerfully smelling hartshorn vehicle she had become—were generally allowed either to ramble along the rocky shores of the North Island, to bathe, or use the boats for fishing.

Upon the first Sunday of our sojourn I managed to keep my appointment with the Indian overseers. I found them witty, keen, intelligent fellows. I was treated very hospitably indeed, and though the food they offered could not tempt me to taste it, I yet enjoyed some delicious "custard apples" (brought from the main land), some cigarettes, and *aguardiente*—the latter, an ardent spirit that would kill at twenty paces nearly, plentifully diluted with water. I also had the honour of being introduced to the signoras, the wives of "los hombres," and they made themselves very affable to both the writer and his companion, Jack Pincher. He had no fastidious scruples, but devoured everything that was offered; and I fear, by doing so, rather offended our hosts and entertainers. He was a knowing little middy, that; afterwards he chuckled no end over the affair, and the feast he had "all for nothing."

The wives of our acquaintances were a queer looking set of ladies, especially two of them; one, who wore a little flat cap on her head, was of pure Cuzco Indian blood, and was the wife of the man who spoke English; and another, a native of Lima, rejoicing in a most singular style of mantle and pantaloons. The latter signora, together with the other two, was of something like ten or eleven caste to the dozen Indian breed, and, despite her strange garb, seemed to have a very good figure.

Thus one of the ladies was remarkable for her very *outré* array, the pretty ankles, and the pleasing face it alone permitted to be seen; two of them were only conspicuous by their sturdy, full-developed figures; whilst the fourth, an aborigine pure and simple, was a good type of the South American Indian, present in all the four husbands, the usual characteristics—prominent cheekbones, large, well-cut lips, long, lank, and rather scanty hair, together with a pleasant, smiling expression of countenance. Excepting only this last trait, the woman and the men presented in a perceptible degree all the well-known marks and facial peculiarities of the Mongolian type of mankind;

there was, undoubtedly, a strong family likeness. The further south one goes on the great American continent (to the Patagonians, *par exemple*), the stronger is the resemblance; and here the ethnologist has an interesting problem.

The Sunday following that on which I visited the Indians, I went for a bit of a cruise with our third mate. Not content with catfishing rock-cod and mackerel, we set the jolly-boat's shoulder-of-mutton sail, and bore away to the furthest extremity of the channel between the North and Middle Islands. Taking in the canvas, we then prepared our strongest lines, and were just about to lower them into the water, when, puff, puff, puff, came a shoal of young porpoises right alongside.

"Hold on with the lines!" shouted my comrade, springing to the bow, and catching up the harpoon lying ready there.

Unshipping the rudder, I ran out on our stern by which to steer and have the boat under more perfect management.

"Bow on with her! Bow on! Lay her bow on to them," roared my companion, harpoon poised aloft for striking.

I did so; but just at that very moment saw a large black body slowly turning up to the surface, and in it I recognised a young "fin-back."

The porpoises had disappeared, and, to my horror, the third mate was taking aim at their formidable successor.

"Avast! Hold hard! It's a 'fin-back!'" I cried.

"'Fin-back' or devil, here goes," yelled my reckless comrade, launching his keen weapon with all his strength (and that was not slight) just as the glistening and arched back of the young whale broke water under the bow.

There was a tremendous splash and flurry in the water, now beaten into boiling foam; a terrible dash with the broad and powerful tail—which drenched us with spray—as the monster "fluked" deep down into his native element; and then whiz, whiz! went the strong three and a half inch line spinning over the bows, so we knew that we were fast—too fast to please me.

The next moment we were rushing through the water at a speed our jolly-boat had never known before. Her bow was dragged a foot or two below the surface, and on either side a clear smooth wave was ploughed up to a height of several feet above the gunnel. Every moment I expected that we should be dragged under water and swamped by the powerful "fin-back," and as I could not swim at that time, bitterly did I regret, during that short but apparently interminable period of danger, going fishing on Sunday, especially with our dare-devil third mate.

Straight on in mid-channel, through the shipping at the Middle Island anchorage, did that formidable fish tow us, at a speed of knots per hour I should be sorry to guess. I could see that great excitement prevailed on board the vessels at the unwonted sight; their crews were in the rigging, yelling and shouting to us; but as all yelled together we could not understand any; whilst numerous boats were putting off to our assistance—a very vague notion this, as in half an hour we should have been out of sight of boats, ships, Chincha Islands, and all, had the fearful speed at which we were proceeding continued so long.

Had our little craft been an ordinary jolly-boat nothing could have saved our lives, for she would have been swamped to a dead certainty. Very fortunately, however, she was American built, with the peculiar flanging-out bow, broad and particularly adapted for resisting immersion, in which our Transatlantic relatives delight.

As we dashed past clear of the last ship, my comrade began to appreciate the danger of our position, besides the risk of going right away to sea with the uncomfortable companion to which he had so foolishly united us.

He fumbled for his knife to cut the rope, but found that he had forgotten to bring it from the ship.

"Come along, my hearty. Hurry up! Give me your knife," he cried to me.

Endeavouring to obey, and going towards him along the inclined plane our boat now presented, I put my foot upon a slippery mackerel not quite dead; it gave a last dying wriggle, down I went, the knife flew from my hand, and was added to the treasures of the deep.

The third mate incontinently made use of language much more forcible than elegant; then, finding, I presume, that it was of no avail, he tried to cast off the end of the rope from the ring-bolt in the stem to which it was hitched. Of course, it was effectually jammed; and no wonder, considering the strain upon it.

"Come here, you young monkey, come here!" he then cried (I had gone back to the stern-sheets to add my weight in keeping the boat's stern down and bows up). "You have good teeth; come here, and try to gnaw through the rope."

I did not like being called "monkey," and would not go.

Ships and islands were now fast fading away astern, for we were at least five miles off, when providentially the rope suddenly slackened, the threatening wave on either bow subsided, and we came to a standstill. Then we knew that either the line had broken, or the harpoon had drawn. Our spirits underwent a sudden revulsion; we looked at each other and laughed aloud; I also ceased to wonder whether I was able to punch the third mate's head, providing we were neither drowned nor starved to death at the tail of that ferocious fish. Hauling

in the rope, we recovered the harpoon, which, unable to stand the immense strain, had at last drawn from the "fin-back," being only one of the common, old-fashioned, ineffectual instruments, and not cunningly barbed in a way that fastens inside the wound, as do a regular whalers' weapons.

As we had a fresh, fair wind, we set sail, and were soon back to the islands again. Henceforth I determined to abjure third mates and harpoons in a jolly-boat, which in such cases is apt to wofully belie her name.

As we had plenty of time left before returning on board, and as we had *enjoyed* quite sufficient fishing for one day, we sailed up to the landing-place on the North Island, and took a run ashore.

My Indian acquaintances had departed for their homes, but in their place we saw a ragged, wild-looking set of fellows who had just arrived, and who (there being no work on Sunday) were receiving their barrack and place of labour allotments from the overseers. Some were to remain here, and some were to proceed to the Middle Island. It appeared that these people were natives of other states than Peru, who had emigrated for the sake of obtaining work at the Chinchas. Most of them

seemed to be half-castes between the Mulatto-looking dominant race and the Indians, and were natives of Bolivia. The overseers were very harsh and cruel, and seemed to care but little for the feelings or the comfort of these travel-stained, foot-sore, and weary emigrants. They separated relatives without the slightest care or regard. A father and son so

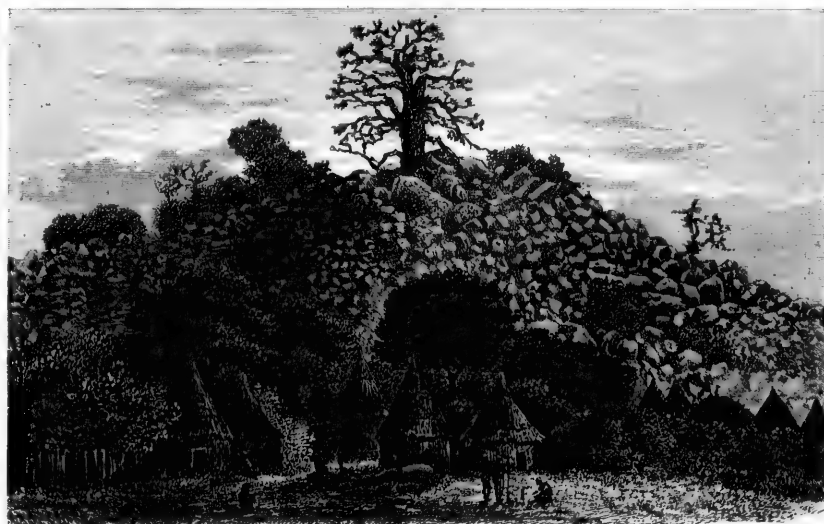
parted particularly attracted my attention—one being sent to the other island—as they stood, hand clasped in hand, with all their little worldly goods upon their backs, in a mute attitude of farewell, gazing wistfully into each other's eyes. We shall have more to say on the labour question (especially that of Chinese) in our second and concluding paper on the Chinch Islands.



THE WORKMEN'S WIVES.



EMIGRANTS FROM BOLIVIA.



THE BAOBAB TREE OF KOUROUNDINGKOTO.

Journey from the Senegal to the Niger.—V.

FROM THE FRENCH OF LIEUTENANT MAGE.

CHAPTER VI.

GUETTALA—POPULATION OF BAGUÉ—HEAD-DRESS—MEETING WITH
DIULAS—ORIGIN OF THE SALT OF TICHIT—ENTRY INTO KAARTA
—BAMBARA-MOUNTAIN—GUÉMOUKOURA—SOJOURN AT GUÉMOU-
KOURA—VISIT OF DANDANGOURA, CHIEF OF FARABOUGOU—
TROUBLES AND ANNOYANCES—MADIGA—OBSERVATIONS, AND
TAKING LATITUDE—FATIGUE AND SICKNESS—LAKE OF TINKARÉ
—SAMBA YORO! HURTS HIMSELF BY A FALL—PRESENTS OF
GIRAFFE TAILS—ARRIVAL AT DIANGOUNTÉ—HEARTY RECEPTION
—VISIT OF MASSASSIS—THE MOORS AND THEIR WOMEN.

A JOURNEY of less than four hours brought us to Guettala, the principal town of the country. It was a village made of straw huts of recent construction, near which we observed the ruins of an old mud-walled building which had been destroyed about three years before. The inhabitants seemed very submissive to El Hadj, and, perhaps because they knew they were in the presence of "talibés," they made a boast of their allegiance. They told me they were happy, that they were no longer plundered, that their country was quiet, and that every one worked because El Hadj ordered them to do so. The head of this village, Ouoio by name, ruled over all the Bagué country. He was a Bambara Kagorota, or Kagoronké, or simply a Kagoro. He had three sons, one of whom, about fifty years old, paid me a visit and brought me a kid and twenty-five fresh eggs. During the evening my men were amply supplied with calabashes of food which they called nouroucoute, a word which signifies in their language "a little of everything." They brought two baskets of millet for our animals. Our reception

by the village was cordial, though at first curiosity so possessed them, that all the women and children crowded round us. Fatiguing as this curiosity was to us, I did not find great fault with it, and I placed no hindrance in the way of it, except with a view to the safety of our goods.

I had an opportunity of observing here that all the inhabitants spoke the Bambara and Soninké dialects, a fact which arises from the intermixture of the two races which form the basis of the population at Kaarta, Ségon, and even as far as the mountains of Kong. Throughout the whole of this vast district these two races inhabit all the villages, sometimes in separate bodies, sometimes united together. In some villages they speak one language, the Bambara, and in others the Soninké, and oftentimes both. They do not admit any intimacy outside of their own circle, except with the Peuhls, who are to be found throughout Africa, from Egypt to the Atlantic. We shall have occasion to refer again to these three main branches of the population of Soudan.

At Marena I noticed, for the first time since I left Koundian, a different head-dress among the women from that worn by the Malinkés. The men have all had their heads shorn since the conquest of this country by El Hadj. But in place of the casque which is the distinguishing mark of the Malinké women—a casque formed by the hair being drawn up to the top of the head and plaited—I found here a far prettier and more original coiffure, which reminded me a good deal of the coquettish head-gear of the Yoloofs of St. Louis. The hair was rolled up into innumerable little twisted curls, which hung

down all round the head. Though the effect was good, it was at the expense of cleanliness. The curls of which I am speaking are made by mixing honey with the hair; it is then greased with rancid butter and blackened with charcoal. One can easily form an idea of what must be its condition when suffering from the effect of heat, perspiration, and dust. Such head-dresses as these are only made once a fortnight, and often take two or three days in constructing. At a halting-place a little further on, we met a band of Diulas coming from Niore with loads of mineral salt in bricks, known as the salt of Tichit. It is well known that this salt comes from Sebkhah of Idjil, a place visited by Captain Vincent in 1860, in his interesting journey to Adrar. The Tichits, a stationary tribe of Moors, go in quest of it and carry it through the whole of the Soudan, where they sell it to other Diulas, chiefly to the Sarracolets and the Soninkés, who re-sell it to others. These bricks of salt, which I saw for the first time, were about eighteen inches long and twelve broad, and about six inches thick.

The Diulas had heard at Niore that I was *en route*, but they could not believe that I really intended to go to Ségou, as the idea that a white man cannot live in Africa on the food of the country is so deeply engrained in their minds. They therefore thought that I was retracing my steps, and great was their astonishment on meeting with me. They overwhelmed me with kindness, assuring me that the whole country loved me, since I was going to see El Hadj, for it would be a very great advantage to them to visit the whites, and after terms had been made with the Marabout, to be able to trade with them, which at present they were prevented doing. It is impossible to conceive the delight I experienced on finding them so amicably disposed. It did not, however, so transport me as to induce me to submit to the embraces which these kind people were ready to give me. A little further on we met two droves of fine oxen, which their owners were going to Bouré to barter for gold and slaves. This circumstance confirmed what I had already heard of this being a safe route. It is by this route that the little gold we get from Bouré comes to us, as in passing through Niore, and sometimes by Tichit, the merchants barter it for salt (with the Moors), which they deliver at Niore. Our road passed between hills, of so slight an elevation as to change but in a small degree the uniform character of the plains. Starting again at two o'clock, we arrived at half-past four at Bambara-mountain, a village where I saw, for the first time since I left Fouta Dougou, a forest of chestnuts. The trees were very numerous, but too high for us to be able to gather any fruit. The blacks in these parts only eat them when cooked, after having been blown down by the wind. They have then a turpentine smell, strong enough to scent a whole house. Their colour is saffron-yellow. I also observed in this village some young persons with long hair plaited in small curls. They told me that they were Bambaras of Soninké origin.

On the 4th of February we passed between two hills, after which valleys appeared at short intervals, and shortly after we passed the village of Namabougou. I had ridden in advance of my escort with Fahmahra, and stopped for a few minutes at a *bentang*, where I found the chief of the village, an old man quite white with age. He was fanning himself with the tail of an ox. He could only speak a few words, which were quite unintelligible and disconnected, as he was in a state of child-

ishness. A little beyond this village we saw some hills on our left, on which were grazing some oxen and goats. Shortly after we encamped for breakfast at Touroumpo, a small village of straw huts, in the centre of which was a fine square, with an enclosed building for their palavers.

We stationed ourselves on the bank of a marsh, where there was an abundance of water. The population is made up of Diawandous and Bambaras. The chief sent me a fowl. Shortly after, Fahmah: a having had a present made him of two calabashes of milk, gave me one, which I accepted with very great pleasure, as milk is one of the most wholesome things one can take on a journey, and had it not been for milk I should certainly long since have died in Africa. Since I left Koundian I had been without it altogether, as the country through which we passed had no cattle, so we did full justice to it.

The women also brought us butter in exchange for beads. I had no time to unpack my stores for them, but I observed that they were of the Peuhl Diawandou race, for the most part pretty, coquettish, and rather shy. Having watered our cattle and given them a hurried meal, I was ready to start, when I was informed that a repast was being prepared for us. Not wishing to deprive my men of this extra meal, I therefore remained, and took a walk among the chestnut-trees, which grew here in large numbers, and were laden with fruit. Their height varied from twenty-five to thirty yards. I also saw, to my great surprise, some grey parrots, which do not live in Senegal, but are met with in large numbers from the Gaboon as far north as Sierra Leone, and even as far as the banks of the River Géba.

At half-past two we resumed our journey for one hour eastward, and reached a large village named Guémoukoura, which, since I had left Makandiamougou, I had heard mentioned as a sort of "port of safety," and that when once I had passed it I should travel without difficulty, and find an abundance of supplies. From a distance I was agreeably surprised to see a village of clay houses, all of which were crowned with terraces (the first we had yet met with), and apparently of one story high. As I approached it, I saw that the walls were half in ruins, but all round the village (which is surrounded by fields of cotton and tobacco, with here and there some wells) most of the houses were of straw. It was, nevertheless, a large village. I was to meet a man named Tierno Ousman here, a Toucouleur, armed with the authority of El Hadj. I therefore expected a comfortable lodging with a good supper. But it will be seen that I was rather disappointed.

After looking all round the village for a clean spot to encamp on, and finding everywhere nothing but filth, I at length halted under a tree, and was making my arrangements for settling there, when they came to tell me that two straw huts had been prepared for me. I went to them (they were about six hundred yards to the north of the village), and had only just reached them, when Tierno Ousman came to pay his respects to me. He wore a very large turban, and holding in his hand a Mussulman chaplet of very large beads, he kept muttering his prayers. He walked between two talibés, who seemed to be holding him up. He was quite a young man. His manners excessively annoyed me from the very first moment I saw him. He seated himself at once, quite at his ease, in our hut, and without a moment's delay had his legs and his back shampooed by his attendants. Though the Mussulman manners of this great man very much annoyed me, they had, on the contrary, a very opposite effect upon Samba Yoro, my

ordinary interpreter; who, generally very chary of his words, seemed now quite astounded, and said to me, "This is a great Marabout." After this there was nothing more to be said than, down with the curtain; the play is done.

Ousman was not long in telling me that he saw I wanted nothing, and had plenty of provisions; he made other remarks of the same character, which augured ill of the supper which he had in store for us. Fahmabra advised me to apply to the Diulas, before they left us, and by whom we had been accompanied to this place, for a guide to take us to Diangounté. I therefore asked them if they could get me one, and also sell me a horse, of which the doctor stood in great need. He promised me all I wanted, but when night came they had not even furnished my hut with straw for my bed. I at once asked for a supply for myself and my men. After a long time I obtained it, and at the same time a fowl and some rice for my supper. As to my men, nothing was sent to them. Fortunately, our own provisions were not yet exhausted. I made a request for some millet for the horses and asses, and after an interval of two hours I received a few pints for them. I then lay down to sleep, little pleased either with the chief or his subjects.

On the 5th of February I awoke, after a bad night, and was afraid, though I cannot say why, that I should have to encounter fresh difficulties. I was, besides, becoming weaker from day to day, from circumstances which I must explain. I had had several disputes with my guide in order to maintain my authority as head of the party, upon which he was desirous of encroaching by opposing our times of rest, and by wishing to regulate our march, &c. &c. As I never left a place without acquiring information about the villages I should meet with on my route—their distance, even to three or four days' journey in advance—I was most unwilling, when once *en route*, that there should be any capricious interference with my plans. The attempt to do this on the part of my guide had irritated me against him, and I endeavoured to prove to him that he was now but of little use to me, as I was in districts under the authority of the chief of Farabougou. As our provisions were diminishing, it was with difficulty I could satisfy his demands and those of the four men who accompanied him. All these anxieties oppressed me during my sleepless night, and when I got up I was very much harassed by them. About seven o'clock Tierno Ousman came to have a talk with me, and I found him disposed to be more hypocritical than before. He came to tell me that I must go to Nioro to see Mustafa, a chieftain placed there by El Hadj, who would be able to assist me in my journey by Ségou, one far more difficult and less secure than that by Diangounté. It would only occasion me, he said, a delay of four days.

One can imagine what effect this statement had upon me. I let him talk for half an hour, during which I exercised great control over myself. In fact, had I not foreseen what would happen? When he had ceased talking, I replied that I had nothing to do at Nioro, that it was not on my route, that I had no more come to see Mustafa than to see him, that I was on my way to Ségou, that I had taken my present route because I understood the country was in the territory of El Hadj, and that I had found the road I had first taken closed against me. I further told him that if the other route was also impracticable I should certainly not look about for a third, but that I should start for St. Louis and not for Nioro. I added that I had

already applied to him for a guide to Diangounté, and that if he refused to send one I should, notwithstanding, start on the morrow, and complain to El Hadj of the delay he had occasioned me, and of the ill-feeling that had been shown towards me.

He insisted upon my following his advice, but, finding that I was very decided in the matter, he fell back upon another plan, viz., that I should consent to go to Farabougou, where there was an officer of El Hadj, who had sent a man (then present at our interview) to pay his respects to me, and to whom he then introduced me. At the exhibition of such impertinence I broke out into a passion, and told him in very energetic language that I intended to go to Diangounté or St. Louis, and to nowhere else.

When he saw me so decided, Ousman began to be afraid as to what I might say next. He lowered his tone, and assured me in the most gracious manner that he had only made the proposition as one likely to be agreeable to me, that I could do just what I liked, and that no one, he was certain, would thwart my wishes. This put an end to our interview.

Shortly after this another very important person—Dandangoura, chief of Farabougou—came to see me. He was a tall man, wearing a red fez, surmounted by a large turban. He came mounted upon a magnificent horse of great size and of Moorish blood. He had an escort of twenty horsemen. He wore Haussa trousers, big in the leg and narrow at the bottom, with embroidered seams. His mantle, known by the name of Turkey, is very like the national dress of the Bambaras. He was accompanied by his griot, his farrier, and a certain number of talibés. He seated himself in my hut with all his followers in so unceremonious a manner that I was at once displeased with him. The hut was so small that we were crowded one upon the other. The heat being oppressive, he immediately took off his turban, and I saw the sweat running down from him. The stench arising from all these negroes became insupportable, and the talk we had did not tend either to lessen my discomfort or abate my ill-humour. Dandangoura began by telling me that I must wait until he could collect an army to serve as my escort, as the roads were not safe for travellers. My reply was the same that I had made to Ousman, viz., that I should start on the morrow for Diangounté or St. Louis. Thinking, perhaps, to frighten me, he then told me that he was an officer of El Hadj, that he was the governor of the country, that he did not trust me, and that he wished to see whether I really had letters to his master. I immediately produced them, but as he wished to open them, I got into a passion as I had done at Koundian, and in similar circumstances, and told him that I would not suffer them to be opened, and that, whatever might be the consequences, I should know how to command respect. This determination on my part quite deceived him. After all, in dealing with the blacks, he who talks loudest is most generally in the right. He immediately lowered his tone, and assured me that as I was in my own house I might do just as I liked, that he had not made the above proposal to annoy me, but simply for my advantage; that he wished me to go to Nioro for Mustafa, or that I should at least stay a few days at Farabougou. I had still too fresh in my recollection the scenes that took place at Koundian in the matter of presents to put myself in the hands of this officer, so I remained firm, and consequently gained the day. But our interview was not yet at an

end. We were twenty-four, all crowded together in a hut of very small dimensions. I intimated to Fahmahra that they must leave the hut, as I could no longer endure the heat. But Dandangoura replied that he had come on purpose to see me, and that therefore he should remain with me. Without further ceremony he laid himself down on my mat. I felt very much disposed to turn him out, and certainly, were such an annoyance to happen to me now, I should most assuredly eject the intruder with my cane. But I had resolved to remain calm, and not in any way to compromise myself by violence. I therefore told him that I wanted to write, and that if he had nothing further to say to me I must request him to quit my mat and leave me alone. But I might just as well have spoken to a deaf man, for he would not budge an inch. Upon

to us, why, then we shall accept them, but we don't ask you for any." A little while after, on finding that I was not to be caught by their baits, Dandangoura intimated to me that he only wanted a red cap. On any other occasion I should have at once given it to him, as I know the prestige acquired by gifts, but I was harassed, tormented, and provoked. I therefore resolutely refused to give it to him, and shortly after this I had the gratification of seeing Dandangoura leave without anything of mine in his possession. Though he did not get anything out of me, he managed, however, to extort from Fahmahra his horse-pistol.

In the evening I had a fresh trouble with Tierno Ousman. I openly reproached him with the bad treatment I had met with, and threatened to report him to his master. He was all



TIERNO OUSMAN SHAMPOOED BY HIS ATTENDANTS.

this, I got up and walked out into the open air, telling him that as I could be no longer master in my own house, I must resign it to him. I went to look at his horses, some of which were very fine, and I tried to make a bargain for one of them, but they asked more than nine hundred francs (£36) or eight slaves. But, however much I desired to buy the doctor a horse, as he was suffering a good deal from riding upon an ass, it was quite impossible for me to give such a sum. After a long discussion about the price, I re-entered my hut, and, finding that Dandangoura and his followers were still in possession, I went to fetch Fahmahra, and told him to inform Dandangoura that I should complain of him to his master. Almost immediately Dandangoura came himself to tell me that my hut was at my service. I left him without a word, and went in to rest myself.

After all, I was not to be duped by his schemes. They were combined, like a set of thieves, to extort presents from me, and they coolly said to me, "We don't ask for anything; oh, no! we don't want any presents; but if you should offer them

the more servile, and used all his eloquence in asking me for a red cap, some powder, paper, and gun-flints. I gave him the cap and a little powder, but I declined to give him anything more, and again reminded him of the guide he had promised me. The following morning, as the guide had not arrived, I had the horses loaded, and resolved to leave under any circumstances; then, on Ousman making his appearance, I rated him pretty soundly through the interpreter from Boubakar, upon which he said he would go and find me a guide directly, and returned to the village. About eight o'clock in the evening, as no one came, I gave a man a gun-flint to show me the best route to take, and then I started. A little while after Fahmahra brought me the guide, and a Marabout with him.

From Guémoukoura we made out Farabougou and Nioro, slightly ahead of us to the north-west—so, at least, it appeared from the direction pointed out to me. Farabougou, which I myself did not see, but which one of my men visited afterwards, has a tata of solid stone. It is about eight leagues from

Guémoukoura, and Niore must be about forty leagues, or four days' journey, from the same place.

The plain gradually rises towards the north. The country becomes more woody, and a good many wild fig-trees and chestnuts are seen. Three hours' walking brought us to Madiga (a village abounding in millet), consisting of poor huts made of straw. On my arrival I was quite overcome by fatigue, and as the distance to Tinkaré, the first village I should reach on my way to Diangounté, was considerable, I resolved to sleep here. At mid-day I took an observation, and found that I was in $14^{\circ} 22' 15''$ north latitude. This proved to me that the calculation I had made of my journey since my last observation was not accurate.

The weather was very cloudy the whole day. I tried to purchase a horse for the doctor, but I could not agree about the price. Our strength was gradually failing us; Déthié N'diaye was ill. He was a very plucky fellow, and when he complained I knew it was because he was in great suffering. Mamboye also was very sore-footed, and could no longer drive his mule, which was wounded in its withers.

In the evening a little Moor, named Tenoijih, a shepherd belonging to the village, brought me some milk and had a talk with us. He amused me very much with his chattering. As I knew by experience that a Moor never makes a present without asking something in return for it, I asked him what he wanted, and it ended by my giving him a little knife.

On the 7th of February, at daybreak, as I was wishing to start, I was informed that they could not make our last ox get upon his legs, so I gave him to the people of the village, by whom he was immediately slaughtered. Four hours' journey brought us to a marsh, which we crossed, and shortly afterwards

we reached the bank of a magnificent lake. Myriads of long-legged white birds stood out in bold relief amid the tall green grass. In less than three-quarters of an hour we arrived at Tinkaré, a village consisting of a few straw huts, with a tata in course of construction, in which we lodged. This village derives a considerable revenue from the large fisheries in the neighbouring lake. The natives dry the fish, and then sell them at a distance from their homes. But when we were there it was impossible to obtain any fish at all, either fresh or dried.

The chief brought us three fowls and some bran of the country for our cattle. Mamboye and Alioun went out shooting, and brought us three Guinea fowls. At night they brought eleven calabashes of couscous for my men, and we were very comfortable except for the mosquitoes. A little while after this they brought in Samba Yoro, who, on leaving the tata, fell into a hole and slightly dislocated his knee. He was obliged to have it bound up and put on a support. I gave him my thin mattress, and on the morrow, and for some time after, he could only accompany us on a horse or an ass.

On the 8th of February I was awake in the morning by a lion out in search of prey. As soon as day broke I left the village, and

heard him roaring very near to me. I prudently hurried back. In the evening some Moors brought me some giraffe tails for sale, telling me, at the same time, that there were many of these animals in the neighbourhood.

After a journey of three hours and a half we reached Dianghité, a name recently given to it, according to the Moors. It appeared that El Hadj had given this name to Diangounté, having selected it from the Koran, Diangounté being only applied to the district in which we now were. Shortly after our arrival, Tierno Boubakar Sirey, chief of a large village,



DANDANGOURA, CHIEF OF FARABOUGOU.

paid me a visit on horseback, followed by a crowd of talibés, among whom were several who spoke a little French. Among them was one named Boubakar Djawara, of St. Louis, who told me that his wife, Maram Tié, was still in that town with her daughter, Roqué N'diaye, well known by my Laptots as one of the prettiest girls in the island.

The palaver commenced on their arrival with a very florid account, given by Fahmahra, of our journey from Koundian, with the reasons which induced us to come to Dianghirté. After this I complained of the pressure put upon me to make me go to Nioro. Tierno Boubakar merely replied that I was very welcome, and that he would do all that he could for me. He then repeated in the Bambara dialect to Lagui, the chief of the Kagoros, what he had just learnt. Lagui, in his turn, told my story in a loud voice to his followers, making at the same time short but very energetic protestations in favour of El Hadj, and of those who were going to him. They then left me, to hold a conference among themselves.

Tierno Boubakar Sirey is an old Toucouleur of Fouta Toro, a Torodo of the Li tribe. When El Hadj founded a house (as they say here) on the ruins of a village taken from the Bambaras, after having slain its chief, Niéma Niéncoro Diam, he entrusted the headship of it to Boubakar. The face of this chief was very prepossessing, and its features were stamped with a look of benevolence. He took our fancy at once, and his conduct never belied the good opinion we formed of him. His old namesake, Boubakar Djawara, had already made himself our friend, and had brought us some eggs, fowls, and earth-nuts.

Shortly after our interview the Bambaras came and built us two straw huts. Their plan of building is very simple. They first of all make holes in the earth in a circle or square; they then put in stakes, the ends of which are forked; these stakes are then fastened together with sticks more or less straight and of various degrees of thickness. The whole is covered with dry leaves piled one upon another without any regard to uniformity, and a few strips of bark consolidate and complete the whole building.

These Bambaras worked in so disorderly a manner, that I was quite struck by it. They shouted and quarrelled, no one directing them. They made and unmade their work, and notwithstanding their zeal, my hut was a long time in building. It was, in fact, a very good representation of their life, and of the life of negroes in general—viz., disorder under every form.

I bought a fine sheep and two bottles of butter for a few yards of cloth. About four o'clock the chief sent us two fowls and some rice, telling us that was only for our supper. An hour after, he himself brought us a young heifer as big as an ass. He apologised for offering me so small an ox, pretending that oxen were very scarce. Then he gave me a large leather bag full of millet, for my cattle and men, and assured me that he would be responsible for their supper, and that in the evening he would send me some milk. At night, in fact, my men received a most abundant supply of couscous, and I had about six pints of milk. We were literally swimming in plenty, which was still further increased by Fahmahra receiving, in addition, presents for himself. The following morning, I had scarcely awoke from a very refreshing sleep when I received a calabash of milk. About nine o'clock old Tierno paid me a visit, bringing for my breakfast three fowls and a calabash full of the

rice of the country, of very fine quality. He brought the doctor a whole host of patients. It would take too long to enumerate the impossible diseases they described to us. There were some who had been suffering from their wounds for two or three years, others were afflicted with ulcers, ophthalmia, dysentery, diseases of the skin, &c. &c. We might easily have exhausted among them all our stock of medicine, of which we had but a limited supply.

Diangounté, the *Chiangounté* of Raffeneil, who was not able to reach so far, is a country which has always been independent, though paying tribute to Ségou, of which it is considered a province. It is of limited extent; from east to west it can be traversed in two days, and even less than that from north to south. Bounded by Kaarta on the south-west, on the north by the Bakhounou, on the east by Ségou, on the south-east by Belédougou, another tributary state of Ségou, and again on the south by Fouta Dougou, which was also for a long time a tributary state of the vast empire of the upper Niger, its geographical and political position is very remarkable. It has but one place of any importance, viz., Dianghirté, where I was now staying. It has no trade but that which is common to all the countries of the blacks, no resources except those which arise from the cultivation of rice, millet, maize, ground-nuts, cotton, indigo, beans, tomatoes, onions, and a little tobacco (called by the natives tancoro, or tamaka). This is all that the country produces.

Dianghirté, its capital, is surrounded by high walls, with here and there a gap intervening. Its principal gate was formerly capped by a dwelling now falling into decay, and in a word, even the tata is badly kept up. Five hundred and forty talibés with their families inhabit the city, of which they are the armed defence. The Bambaras, the former masters of the country, live quite apart from them in straw huts, in six hamlets, which are grouped together around the city, and in sight of the walls which overlook them.

The most remarkable monument in Dianghirté is the Tata or palace of El Hadj. It is a house in *pise*, or kneaded mud, as are all the buildings in the village, but is distinguished by two square towers in good preservation, and castellated in Saracenic fashion.

Of course, I could not get leave to see the interior of this royal abode. I remember even the astonished face of the tamsir of the place, to whom I had given some sheets of paper as a present, when, having invited me to his house, he saw me pass before him, and, ignorant of the customs of the country, go into the court of the women, who fled at the sight of me. This piece of Mohammedan barbarism is one of the innovations introduced among the Toucouleurs by El Hadj; for the women of the tribes of Senegal do not generally shut themselves up.

Our departure was fixed for the morning of the 10th of February. Tierno Boubakar, when he promised to provide me with guides, let me know secretly that if I had anything for him, I was to give it him at night, otherwise he would be obliged to share it with others; and would be plundered. Perhaps he expected a handsome present; but I was true to my principle of giving very little, and sent him a velvet cap embroidered with gold, some paper, and a little powder. I noticed a curious sword he carried at his side, very ancient, but doubtless of great value. It had a richly damascened blade and a finely-chased hilt, and on one of the ornaments was the head of a Roman emperor, beautifully executed.

Afterwards, when Tierno Boubakar sent to thank me, he asked for a boubar of white cotton, which I gave him at once. It was madapolam, a yard and a half wide, and much esteemed in the country. Boubakar Djawara asked only for a little powder. I was well supplied, and could therefore afford to be generous then, as throughout the journey.

On the morning of the 10th, we set out at last in the direction of the Niger, on which we had for some time been turning our backs in the most tantalising manner. Refreshed by our short rest, we were all in good spirits, and walked eastward with light hearts. As usual, the guides had to be waited for. Boubakar, after going on horseback to look after them, came to see us off. He had brought us a reinforcement of three talibés, and one of them had a letter for Ahmadou. The men from Dinguiray with their ragged slaves had joined us, and also two from Guémoukoura, so that, as far as numbers went, we were prepared for anything.

Où Boubakar, at parting, bestowed on me a kind of Muslim benediction—spitting on his hand and passing it lightly over his face. We had started at half-past seven, leaving the Belédougou road on our right. Shortly after ten we traversed a wood, belonging to Dianghité, the trees of which were literally covered with locusts; these insects, from their inconceivable voracity, are a scourge to the crops; they make a noise like hail in their flight, and are continually in movement.

A little further on we crossed a stream, which, although very nearly dried up, had such a deep, defined bed, as to excite my curiosity. On inquiry, I learned from a Moor that in the rainy season it falls into the Niger, passing through the Belédougou territory; it was probably, therefore, the famous Ba-Oulé tributary, described by former travellers, and certainly could not be called a river. I was told then that it joined the Niger near Bamakou; but afterwards, when I was ascending that river, I came to an immense affluent, almost opposite Dina, called the Belédougou tributary; and, as I was told it was the only one in that country, I came to the conclusion that it must be this same Ba-Oulé.

Keeping along its banks we came to Kalabala, an important village inhabited by Bambaras. Beside the recently-built straw huts were the ruins of the ancient village. Devastated as the whole country had been during the conquest, we could still trace out the position of the houses, which were of earth, like those of Dianghité, and many of them under ground. In the evening we were agreeably surprised by the sight of a herd of from two to three hundred oxen at Fabougou, a village in course of re-construction on one of the branches of the tributary. The herdsmen, who came to look at us, all bore the distinctive marks of the Peuhl type—aquiline nose, thin lips, and silky hair in plaits.

We had rather a bad night; I could not sleep at all. In spite of the hospitality we had met with, we were getting worn out. Our store of biscuit was almost exhausted, our coffee and sugar had long come to an end, and we were getting sensibly weaker, so that before starting I wrote the following lines:—
"Passed a sleepless night, and felt very unwell; ate very little yesterday. I must hold out till two o'clock before taking anything. If only I had a piece of bread!" Good God! yes, a piece of bread. That was then, as it has often been since, my greatest wish. These are sufferings which cannot be understood, and which are, nevertheless, at the time almost unbearable.

The following days were most tiring. On the second we crossed the boundaries of Ségou.

As we went on, the country became more and more hilly. The plains of Kaarta and Diangouté were succeeded by wooded land; the uniformity was broken by ravines, and here and there rocks cropped out.

About the villages tobacco was more largely cultivated. Although I noted down all these facts, I did not care much about anything, and had but one idea and object—to walk on and on, in spite of everything, and reach the Niger before my strength failed me. These countries furnish Western Africa with a large proportion of those travelling traders who, under the name of Diulas (a Soninké word which sufficiently denotes their origin), do so much for the extension of commerce. Wherever hospitality was shown me, I made small presents of powder and other things; it was not much, but then I might also have given nothing. I dare say many were left discontented, but that must always be expected, and a secret instinct made me reserve myself, and be careful of my stores. I fully hoped that, having once got to the Niger, I should be able to follow Mungo Park's example, and go down it in a boat to the Bight of Benin; then I should need all my resources, which would even most probably be very far from sufficient. So neither fatigue nor suffering could stop me, and I pushed on again for Tiefougoula, a large village with a tata enclosed by an immense goupoulli, or village of straw huts, and with one of the miserable-looking little villages of the Peuhls in sight, at the foot of a small mountain to the north-east. Numbers of cattle, oxen, and some horses were the first living objects we saw. The population consisted chiefly of Soninkés, who alone inhabited the tata. Besides them, there were numbers of Peuhls and Moors: the latter trade in salt, and were only passing through.

Although the people of the village were pure Sarracolets, and spoke Soninké, they had adopted a custom which is distinctively peculiar to the Bambaras—that of making three incisions in the cheek, running from the temples to the chin. They also, almost all of them, wore the botoque, a split ring, either of gold, copper, or sometimes even of wax, passed through a hole in the nose. It is a hideous and barbarous custom, but much adhered to in the country, and is found with some modifications throughout Central Soudan, from the mountain ranges of Kong to Timbuctoo, and from the Adamawa to the Senegal basin; further, fortunately, it does not extend. Our encampment was immediately invaded by a crowd proportionate to the large population of the place. They brought us, in exchange for glass beads, splendid onions, European tomatoes (or rather of the same species as that of Europe), and milk and butter.

Whilst I was helping to prepare dinner, I heard that a Massassi of Guéméné had come to visit me. I then learned that all the Massassis of Kaarta, who had not been put to death by El Hadj, and had not taken refuge in the Kénasso and Bambouk territories, protected by our allies, had found shelter in the village of Guéméné, about three hours' journey to the south.

Two fine blacks, of the remarkable Massassi type—according to Raffanel, the only one existing among the Bambaras—came forward, with wonderful ease of manner; and very handsome fellows they were, as are all belonging to that tribe, which possibly owes its physical qualities to constant intermixture with the Peuhl race. They were dressed in black lomas, a fine stuff made in the country, and dyed of the very

darkest indigo, and wore turbans, called *tamba sembé*. Their powder flasks and cartouche-boxes were tied on their backs with red silk cords, obtained from the Moors; and they carried swords slung in straps across their shoulders, and double-barrelled guns in their hands. They struck me from the first by their good manners; spoke in a low voice and very courteously, different from the Bambaras, who yell as if all the deaf people in the world were to hear them, and emphasise their yells by the most violent gesticulations. They told me that their father, hearing two whites were in the country, had sent them to greet us, and offer me their help and protection on the journey; that the *Béldougou* territory was in revolt, and its army stationed near *Toumboula*, a village through which we should have to pass; but, if we went to them, we should be in

drying. I wanted to reward my friend for his good reception, and, by *Fahmahra's* advice, sent him a pair of breeches and a dozen yards of calico, with which he was greatly delighted.

On the 15th of February, after a very cold night (50° Fahrenheit), our camp was again assailed by the inquisitive throng—I may say by the entire population of the place, together with the most objectionable visitors of any, the Moors, males and females. The *Laklalls*—a tribe of this race—had their camp not far off; and these Moors distinguished themselves, as usual, by their begging and insolence. The blacks have an instinctive dread of them; in fact, live in continual subjection to them. Those in question were of the pure Arab type, and some of them splendid fellows. The women were draped in dirty and much-worn calico, and had an air of conscious dignity about



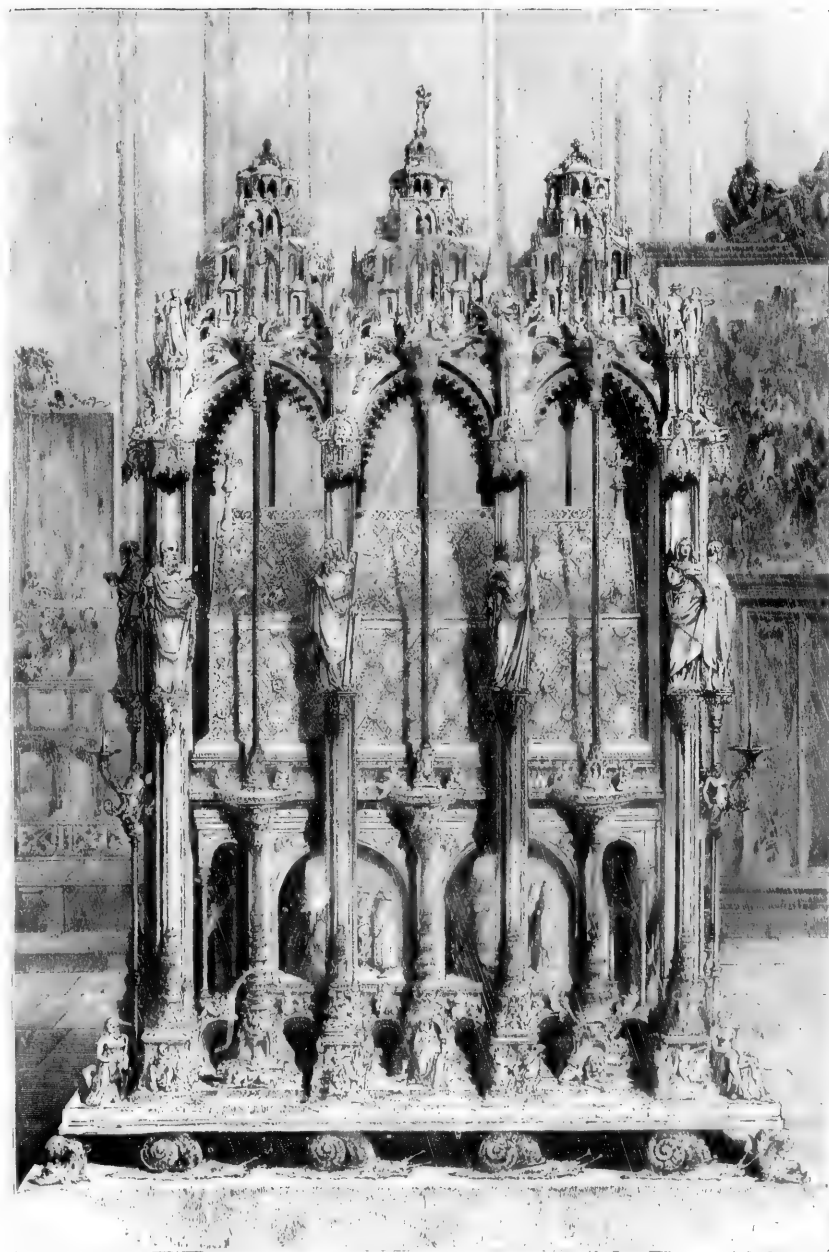
HOUSE OF EL HADJ AT DIANGHITÉ.

complete safety; that they would assemble an army to escort us; that their tribe had ever been friendly to the whites, and, as they had received and treated *Raffenel*, so would they receive and treat me. Those who have read *Raffenel's* travels will understand my feelings. I declined their kind offers with thanks, and told them that, as I was going to *Ségou* to see *El Hadj* under the care of his *talibés*, I must be guided by them, and keep to the route we had originally traced out for ourselves.

When my visitors had departed, the chief of the village brought me a fine grey ox for my supper, and apologised for not being able to treat me better. I had it killed on the spot, and, according to the *Malinké* and *Bambara* custom, sent the donor a fore-leg and several ribs. Oddly enough, the fore-legs are preferred, though the hinder ones are fatter, and of a much better quality; but there is no accounting for taste. I gave away everything but the hind-quarters, which I kept for

them. Two or three were rather pretty, but with a decided tendency to *embonpoint*.

If it had not been for the extraordinary rush of lookers-on, no better place than *Tiefougoula* could possibly have been chosen for a halt. We were in the midst of abundance and plenty, but really the Moors were exasperating. Since my journey in *Tagant*, I had had a horror of them, and now again I found them inveterate thieves. We had been among the blacks for three months, and had never had a single thing stolen; and now, just when I had given orders to pack up and go on to *Medina* for the night, a bayonet was missing. I sent to tell the chief of the villa—and his answer was, "It's the Moors! keep a strict watch over your property, or they'll take everything!" It was useless trying to recover the stolen article, so we started on our march, travelling northward to *Schirinkilé* and then south-east to *Medina*, a *Soninké* village of large size.



TOMB OF ST. SEBALD, NUREMBERG

From Alsace to the Hartz.—III.

BY PROFESSOR D. T. ANSTED, M.A., F.R.S., F.R.G.S.

NUREMBERG (CONTINUED)—THE FRANCONIAN SWITZERLAND—
 BAMBERG—LEIPSIK—MAGDEBURG—HALBERSTADT—STASS-
 FURTH.

THE Burg or Castle of Nuremberg is admirably situated on the summit of a low, isolated, sandstone rock of small extent, commanding a fine view of the town at its base, and of the flat country around. It is reached by a steep path directly from the city; but the most pleasant access is through the gate represented in the illustration on p. 172, and along the outer side of the old ditch or fosse, now converted into an orchard. Within the old castle are three massive towers, forming an admirable termination upwards to every view of Nuremberg. One of the towers is pentagonal, and ugly enough; the other is round and well-proportioned. Both are very old. There are two chapels in the castle, in Romanesque style, probably of the eleventh century; and in the castle-yard is a noble lime-tree, said to be 700 years old.

Nuremberg is rich in churches. The town is now, indeed, intensely Protestant; and the richer and more ornate character that belonged to the churches in Catholic times, has been lost since the Reformation; but they are still full of interest. St. Sebald's Church, in the northern half of the city, is the most important, although it can hardly be called the most handsome. The west front has two lofty square towers, with a prominent angular and highly-decorated gable between them. The east end consists of a vast rounded apse, with numerous richly-sculptured and turreted buttresses and lofty windows. Each, separately, is very fine, but the combination is almost grotesque. Parts of the building are said to be of the eighth century, but the towers and choir are of the fourteenth.

Round the outer walls of this curious church there is much sculpture of various degrees of excellence, and there is also suspended in one corner a richly-ornamented bronze crucifix, said to weigh nearly a ton, and belonging to the earliest period of Nuremberg art in metal casting.

The interior of the church is quite as interesting as the outside. The choir is particularly elegant and well-lighted, some of the painted windows being very good. The chapels also are very interesting; but the great sight of the church is the tomb of St. Sebaldus in the choir. It is, indeed, one of the finest specimens of early German art in existence, and represents twelve years of labour on the part of its constructors—a certain Peter Vischer and his five sons; it was completed in 1519. It still contains the original oaken coffin of the saint, but this is now enclosed in a case of silver and gold, roofed like a house, and supported on numerous figures of snails, shell-fish, and dolphins. It reposes under a rich canopy, and is surrounded and adorned by beautiful statuettes of the twelve apostles and prophets, while its base is decorated with sculptures in fine relief, showing the miracles of the saint. The sarcophagus itself is more than three feet high, about five feet long, and eighteen inches broad. The whole shrine is about fifteen feet high, nine feet long, and five feet broad. The statue of the artist, Peter Vischer, in his working dress as a brazier, is among the figures at the base. The whole is of bronze.

The church of St. Lawrence, on the south or opposite side of the river, is finer externally than that of St. Sebald, and is better situated. It resembles St. Sebald's in the peculiar towers at the west end, with the intervening gable, and the rounded choir at the east end. The western front is, however, grander and more beautiful than that of the rival church, the whole front being filled with the most elaborate sculptures in every available space. The choir is less fine. The interior is also less effective, but it contains a curious pyx, or *Sacraments-häuschen*, which, though it does not rival the shrine of St. Sebald, is yet exceedingly beautiful and interesting. It is a pyramid of open stonework sixty feet high, reaching almost to the roof of the church, and bent over at the top, its object being to receive the sacramental elements after consecration. It rests on three kneeling figures of men, representing the artist and his two assistants.

Some of the other churches are interesting, but less so than these. The town-hall, although newly faced in the Italian style, really dates from the fourteenth century, and was partly renewed in 1522. It contains the ancient council chamber untouched. In it are paintings by Albert Dürer, and under it are torture chambers as at Ratisbon.

In the market-place is a magnificent work of art, called the *Schöne Brunnen*, or Beautiful Fountain. It dates from the fourteenth century, but was restored in 1824, and in its present state is believed to represent a fac-simile of the original. It is a slender octagonal spire fifty-six feet high, decorated with twenty-four statues; the original was painted and gilt. During the restoration it was necessary to replace sixteen of the twenty-four statues. It is one of the wonders of Nuremberg. There are several other fountains, some of great excellence.

The great market-place is full of rich and very beautiful examples of house architecture. The modern market itself is plain, and even ugly, by the side of these specimens of fine mediæval Gothic; but it is altogether lost in the overwhelming magnitude, as well as general effect, of the old buildings. Among them the Catholic church (*Frauenkirche*) is very conspicuous for its richly-carved and sculptured portal of the fourteenth century.

The cemetery of Nuremberg is a great curiosity. It is very ancient, and contains some interesting graves. The total number of tombstones is nearly 4,000, and they are so closely packed that, though not actually touching, it is quite impossible to walk amongst them. They are for the most part high and massive, but without much ornament. Albert Dürer was buried here, but his remains no longer occupy his grave.

Nuremberg has many collections of pictures and museums, and is full of objects of interest of all kinds. It deserves to be visited by every one who would see and feel the kind of life passed in the Middle Ages by the wealthy middle-class merchants of Central Europe, and the luxuries of art they were able to enjoy. Perhaps the absence of cushions and easy beds, the want of carpets and silk dresses, and of the thousand adjuncts now considered essential to a decent house, may have been, in some measure, compensated by a large amount of

architectural decoration in private as well as public buildings, a genuine love of art in all its forms, and a willingness to accept such comforts as are easily obtainable without hankering after others belonging to other countries, and insisting on combining in one time and place all that has ever been contrived or discovered for ensuring personal ease, without reference to taste, climate, or general fitness.

From Nuremberg, starting by an early train, a most interesting day's excursion may be made through one of those picturesque districts in the plateau of Germany, which are dignified by the name of "Switzerlands." The one in question is called the Franconian Switzerland, and there is another, near Dresden, called the Saxon Switzerland. They are, indeed, geographically, as unlike Switzerland as it is possible for two kinds of scenery to be, being the natural results of rain and rivers, running over and eating a way through flat rocks, originally cracked at the surface, either by the upheaval of the strata or by the action of weather. In each case they consist of river-banks broken, worn, and weathered. The Franconian Switzerland is in limestone, and is remarkable for its caverns. The Saxon Switzerland is in sandstone. Leaving Nuremberg at half-past seven in the morning, we reach Forchheim station before nine. There are always carriages at hand waiting to conduct travellers to the various points of interest. The first point is Streiburg (about twelve miles), which is reached in a couple of hours. It is a small but picturesque village, and affords excellent head-quarters for a day or two's excursion to the valleys, which from this point exhibit the peculiar scenery of the district. Immediately behind and above the town is a fragment of a castle, of which the ruined walls are continuous, and seem to belong to the natural pinnacles of rock near them. There are many such castles, half ruins of old walls—half natural imitations, the remains, for the most part, of a chain of defensive fortifications, constructed during the Middle Ages by the Prince-Bishop of Bamberg to keep off the Nuremberg burghesses. They have been neglected more than three centuries.

From Streiburg to Muggendorf up the valley of the Wiesent is only three miles, and the craggy rocks on each side are almost lost in the thick vegetation. The main valley is crossed here and there by others, so that the distance from one opening to another is small, and the number of water-channels large. Each separate little gorge has the same general characteristics, so that in going up the valley we soon enter, as it were, a labyrinth of narrow passages all having the same general aspect.

Throughout the system of valleys the limestone rock on each side is honeycombed with caverns, most of which have once been the resort of wild animals. The list of these ancient inhabitants includes many species no longer living in any part of Europe. The most interesting and best worth visiting of the caverns at present is perhaps the Sophien-höhle at Rabenstein. It is well provided with stalactites and stalagmites, and also contains a large supply of the old bones for which the district is famous. It is not, however, so remarkable in this respect as the cavern of Gallenreuth.

In a narrow part of the valley of the Wiesent, not approached by any carriage-road, a footpath leads through a number of natural arches, partly masked by trees, and over little wooden bridges connecting detached pinnacles also clothed with vegetation. This spot is called the Riesenburg,

or Giant's Castle, and appears to be a natural cavern of which the roof has fallen in.

There is a tolerably good road up the valley, past several broken-down mills, more picturesque than profitable, to a place where four little streams converge. Up one of the little ravines belonging to these streams is Tüchersfeld, a village most charmingly situated in front of two singular needles of limestone. Still further up is Pottenstein, a handful of houses of all shapes and sizes, but most of them more like toys than real houses, thrown pell-mell on an irregular heap of limestone rock, some of the houses 150 feet above the stream, others on its very borders. Nothing can be more curious and irregular than these quaint and picturesque villages.

But, after all, it must be remembered that the whole district is nothing more than the irregular excavation and erosion of rotten limestone, forming a plateau of considerable elevation between the Alps and the low plains of Northern Europe. The greatest difference between the bottom of the valleys and the top of the plateau is 300 feet, and thus the valleys are still at a considerable elevation above the sea. The streams that run through them afterwards feed the larger European rivers, and carry thither the stones and mud derived from the rotten material they have helped to dissolve and eat away.

The Franconian Switzerland has hitherto been very little visited by English travellers. When I was there a few years ago there had been only two or three of my fellow-countrymen during the season at Streiburg, although the place is one of great repute among the Germans, who crowd thither partly for the sake of the scenery, partly for the milk and whey cure, for which it has a certain notoriety. Occasionally a geologist penetrates thither for the sake of the bone-caves, but with this exception, and a few hurried visits by travellers who are determined to run through the whole in one day, there are but few foreigners.

Those who stay a short time at Streiburg for the sake of the Franconian Switzerland, should not omit to visit also the town of Baireuth and the great Bavarian prison, about a mile and a half distant. The prisoners are made to earn their living, and do a certain amount of useful work in cutting and polishing marble, which is very abundant in the neighbourhood. There is railway communication from Baireuth to Neumarck, and so to Leipzig, but it is perhaps better to return from Streiburg to Bamberg.

Bamberg is a neat town, prettily and conveniently situated, and has a remarkably fine cathedral, recently put into complete repair by King Ludwig. The repair has involved the removal of much that obscured and concealed objects of real interest, such as frescoes and sculptured work long overlaid with white-wash. This building dates from the very commencement of the eleventh century, but having been nearly destroyed by fire shortly after it was finished, the greater part of the work is about a century later. It contains a good deal of richly-carved bronze. The lofty towers and spires of this building are exceedingly light and graceful, and are conspicuous objects at a distance, especially as the cathedral is built on high ground.

No one should leave Bamberg without visiting the Michaelsberg, the highest point of the hill on whose slope the upper town is built. It is not only the best part of the city, but affords noble views of the surrounding country. The church and old abbey upon it are also worth visiting, although the former is completely modernised. The abbey is very fine.

A journey of eight hours brings us from Bamberg to Leipzig. A handsome town containing many streets of lofty houses, but situated on the great plain, and with few remarkable public buildings. As in many other German towns, the old city is the centre only of the modern town, the fortifications that once enclosed it having been razed to the ground, and the space partly built upon—partly left in picturesque gardens and public

may be seen a mixture of Oriental with Occidental faces and costumes, and as there is a real interest and serious importance in the nature of the business transacted, Leipzig is well worth a visit at these times by those who would realise the nature of business in Europe in times gone by.

The traveller and tourist will, beyond a doubt, be informed when at Leipzig that he should visit the Castle of Pleissenburg,



ENTRANCE OF THE IMPERIAL CASTLE, NUREMBERG.

walks. Thus the Leipzig of the Middle Ages was little more than half a mile across, whereas the town now bearing the name could not be crossed under two miles.

Leipzig is more celebrated for its fairs, which are still retained as important events, and for its book trade, than for any objects of antiquity or beauty. The principal fair nearly doubles for the time the number of the inhabitants, which always exceeds 80,000. It takes place after Easter, and lasts three weeks. There are smaller fairs at Michaelmas and the new year, and at all these times the streets and squares are lined with booths, and every hotel and lodging house is filled to overflowing. Here only in Central and Northern Europe

which formed a part of the old walls, and which now contains an observatory. The castle is interesting from its antiquity, but the position, which is eminently favourable for an observatory, is for that reason utterly uninteresting as a point of view. It commands a view of a flat plain without a single object to relieve the eye.

From Leipzig to Magdeburg is an easy run of two or three hours. The town of Magdeburg is fortified, and is considered strong. There is one good street, and in it is the cathedral, the lower part of which dates from the beginning of the thirteenth century. Many parts of it are very fine, but there is nothing to detain the traveller long. From Magdeburg there is easy railway

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TOWN-HALL, HALBERSTADT.

communication with Halberstadt, whence we may conveniently enter the district of the Hartz. Halberstadt is reached by way of Oschersleben in about two hours, and is a city of very considerable picturesque and antiquarian interest. The marketplace is full of exceedingly quaint mediæval houses of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and in the centre is a colossal figure, symbolising the town itself and its privileges. The town-hall (*Rath-haus*) is a curious Gothic building of various dates, well worth careful examination. The illustration will remind the traveller who has seen it, of many points singularly attractive. The churches, especially the cathedral, are also remarkable, both without and within.

A short additional railway trip conducts us from Halberstadt by Quedlinburg, with its beautiful *Schlosskirche*, large and handsome houses, and turreted walls, to the station of Thale, the present terminus, where there is a very comfortable hotel, much visited during the summer, and close to some very fine scenery. From this point we may be said to enter the Hartz district.

But before leaving the neighbourhood of Magdeburg and entering the Hartz, the traveller interested in the mineral products of Europe will do well to pay a short visit to Stassfurth, where are extensive mineral works, resulting in the manu-

facture of important chemical products. These products were first made known about the time of the second great Exhibition in London in 1862, when the salts of potash, and other salts from this singularly rich source, began to attract attention. At that time about 2,500 tons of the raw material were extracted from this deposit. Few works have increased more rapidly, or become more economically important to whole groups of industries in so short a space as these Stassfurth minerals.

At the great works now established in this place there is a total thickness of nearly 200 yards containing valuable minerals. They include nearly 150 yards of rock-salt, separated by thin deposits of salts of lime, and beneath these other rocks, in which is a much larger proportion of minerals, containing salts of potash. The quantity is so great that the price of the salts of potash has been greatly lowered in the European market, followed by the introduction of the use of some of them for agricultural purposes. The mother liquor of the salt works, long established at Stassfurth, has long yielded crystals of the mineral in question. Upwards of 150,000 tons of potash salt were extracted in the year 1866.

Stassfurth is easily reached by a small branch from Magdeburg, and the works will not occupy more than a day to examine.

About the Chincha Islands.—II.

BY AUGUSTUS F. LINDLEY.

SOME idea of the enormous guano deposits of the Chinchas may be formed when it is known that during the last twenty years they have been denuded to the average annual extent of at least 600,000 tons—12,000,000 tons in all; and that even this vast spoliation has not by any means exhausted the accumulations. At the same rate of export they could probably keep up the supply for many years to come. It seems, however, that at present some hitch has taken place, and that the guano now exported from Peru is not only of inferior quality, but that much of it comes from other places—the Lobos and other islands. It is possible that either the guano of the North Chincha Island, as well as what remains upon the other two, has been found to be of too inferior a quality for exportation, or that unexpected hills and rocks within the apparent body of the massive accumulations have greatly diminished the expected supply. In the absence of accurate measurement, and complete tests by sinking of shafts, &c., it would be idle to attempt any calculations as to the extent of the deposits, for cubic computations would lead us into an array of figures only approximate, and, perhaps, quite fallacious. To reckon upon only one square mile, covered with fifty feet of guano, we should make out a body of some 28,000,000 tons. Moreover, the Peruvian Government seems so jealous of allowing information to go forth as to the present state of affairs, that we are left quite in the dark.

The average number of vessels per annum loading at the islands is about 1,000; their average cargo is about 600 tons. This represents an annual export of 600,000 tons, of the value

of about £12 per ton landed in England. The value of the yearly export at the Chinchas cannot be far short of £5,000,000 sterling. Formerly these islands were hired out to an English company by the Peruvian Government, and I believe the same arrangement still exists; but nevertheless, the guano and the revenue reaped from it must form one of the richest sources of income to Peru. By the latest intelligence from that country we hear of newly-discovered guano deposits on the main-land, of very great extent. How the birds of past periods must have favoured that land!

Everything was strange and peculiar at the Chinchas—the place, the people, and the life there. Sailors had good times then—at least, those who were clever or refractory enough to be thrown upon their own resources at Callao—the principal seaport of Peru, where ships had to enter before proceeding to the islands, and clear after leaving them—distant some fifty miles along the coast. It is said that every dog has its day. “Jack” had his, then. Wages for able seamen at Callao, some fifteen years ago, when I touched there in the good ship *Colonist*, were as high as £8 per month. The men you could obtain were not, as a rule, the best and most peaceable in the world; in fact, they were noted as a bad, rough, and rowdy set. Skippers who were unfortunate enough to be short of hauds began to look up and prepare their irons and revolvers. We shipped one man there, and had occasion to rejoice that others had not been required.

The weather was fine, the breezes light, and it took our bark—never celebrated as a clipper—four days to reach the islands. During the first three of these the new man was quiet—quiet in

his bunk in the fore-castle, duly dead-drunk and helpless, as is the way of mariners when joining a ship. Upon the fourth day Mr. Pat—a huge, red-haired Irish giant—made his first appearance on deck. It soon transpired that his seamanship was not overpowering. Being sent to the wheel at noon, his steering was such as would have greatly pleased that perspicuous officer of marines who, seeing a helmsman come to the wheel and steer with a spoke or two after one who had been heaving it hard up and hard down during his term, cursed the man for a lazy lubber. The mate—a strict disciplinarian, and very particular about the steering in his watch—quickly came to loggerheads with the new hand. There was a sharp reprimand (I think Mr. Parker was jealous of the man, and watched him with extra vigilance, because, though only a “foremast-hand,” he was receiving the same wages as himself); after the reprimand an insolent answer; an attempt to push Pat away from the wheel; and then the next thing we saw was the mate lying flat upon his back on deck; the helmsman meanwhile uttering wild Celtic yells of triumph, and dancing a sort of savage war-dance upon the wheel-gratings. Mr. Parker got up, called for the captain, carpenter, and boatswain, then for the steward and the irons. To call for the latter was one thing; to get Pat, A. B., into them, quite another.

“Whoo-oo!” roared he. “An’ I can’t steer th’ wheel, thin, yer ould spalpeen, eh? An’ be gorra where’s th’ man that ’ull take me from it, yer ould cro-jack-eyed” (the mate had a cast in his eye) “thief o’ th’ world?”

This reflection upon his beauty, together with a sadly swollen nose, aroused the British lion, and Mr. Parker led a combined, and eventually successful, attack upon the refractory helmsman. When we anchored at the islands, he was taken ironed on board the Peruvian corvette lying there to preserve order.

I must confess to the superior ingenuity of those naval warriors of Peru in punishing reculant mariners. Upon the morning following our arrival we witnessed the cunning nature of his penance. Several buoys were laid down to point out dangers, and on one of these, half in and half out of the water, we beheld, firmly secured, the pugnacious Irishman. A bottle of water and a bone of beef hung to the buoy-staff, and Pat was alone in his glory. Watchful sentries with loaded muskets took care that no communication was held with the culprit: men of yellow skin, savage and morose mien were these, glowering forth over him and other tars undergoing punishment, from their coign of vantage on the gangways, quarters, and knightheads of the man-of-war. For three days and three nights Pat remained in that unenviable position; at the end of which time his loud and earnest protestations of repentance were hearkened to, and he was released. We had no more trouble with him at the Chinchas.

Only one man was missed from a buoy during our stay, and he, it was supposed, had been taken by a shark during the night. Those monsters of the deep were reported to be plentiful about the islands, though I never saw one; but the dread of them, no doubt, was not exactly reassuring—and not one of the least ingenious theories of the judges—to the sufferers on the half-submerged buoys.

Another very cunning device of the Peruvian authorities was to chain refractory sailors to sinking, leaky lighters, where they had to bale incessantly for dear life. “Jack” did not like this.

Despite these not impotent measures for the restraint of unruly spirits, there were always candidates for the unenviable stools of penitence. Those wild-looking, tawny Peruvian boatmen from the main-land, with their suspicious earthen jars, were, no doubt, to blame in the first place. “Jack” had dollars; the boatmen had rum or aguardiente; therefore most persistent and determined efforts were made by the latter to smuggle the murderous, fiery Pisco rum on board for the silver of the former.

Never shall I forget my first ascent to the summit of the Middle Island. With half a dozen of our crew I was on board the long-boat, and we were lying waiting beneath one of the shoots for cargo. As there was a delay, I undertook to climb up the rocks and see what might be the cause thereof. All went well until I had just reached the stout plank hoarding built around the top of the shoot; but then, just as I had succeeded in wriggling over the top of the canvas, and through the aperture to which it was connected, I heard a creak and a jolt above me, down came a smothering, blinding mass upon the top of me, and, whew! I was covered and almost suffocated with guano. As I struggled and floundered helplessly about in my abominable envelope, several Chinese coolies came to my aid, “Hi-ya! Hi-yaing!” with no little astonishment, but, nevertheless, beneficently dragging me up to the top of the rocks.

When, at length, I managed to breathe again, and to clear my eyes from that blinding dust, I saw that the cause of my disaster had been the emptying of a truck, in the way shown by the accompanying illustration, just as I made my appearance. A hollow space was enclosed by the hoarding, and into it was shot the guano, as the trucks arrived loaded from the workings.

I found that the workmen were obliged to wear thick mufflers over the mouth and nostrils, and I noticed, also, the fact that nearly all of them seemed to suffer from bad eyes, weakness of sight, and ophthalmia. I feel sure, from personal experience, that constant exposure to the guano is injurious to the eyes. In my own case, ever since that voyage I have found my sight less perfect than before. During the passage home guano fumes so pervaded the whole ship that sometimes we found it quite impossible to sleep in our berths, which, being at the sides of the vessel, were close to the air-holes in her inner shell, leading up from the hold. The guano accumulation on the Middle Island was a huge mass, hardened to a flinty consistency towards the bottom. I have already sufficiently described it in a former page of this article, and have only to add that it presented the appearance depicted in the engraving to this.

The abundance of fish about the Chinchas was something wonderful, and that wretched Jack Pincher nearly died of too much mackerel upon several occasions. You had only to throw a line into the water and catch mackerel in any quantity alongside the ship; whilst in-shore, about the rocks, were equally innumerable shoals of red mullet and rock-cod, besides many species of brightly-tinted, gorgeous-looking swimmers unknown to me, but familiar to the natives by long and sonorous Spanish names. These fish were delicious, delicate, and very welcome feeding after our irony, interminable salt horse and pork, and I may not refrain from singing your praises, O ye finny denizens of the Southern Seas!

Porpoises, seals, thrashers, and whales amused themselves by rolling, blowing, and tumbling about us all day. Two young

whales, especially, came, every morning and every afternoon, to gambol in our near vicinity. They were of the valueless but formidable fin-back species, so pursued their pleasure in un molested security. At the appearance of these particular monsters of the deep I saw upon several occasions, for the first and last time in my life, the singular and generally disbelieved phenomenon of a whale jumping clean out of the water. Very often we were treated to the amusing and exciting scene of a pitched battle between two of these whales and a party of some half-dozen thrashers. These latter fishy animals—to enlighten the uninitiated—are about twice the size of the porpoise, that is to

"Jack" for tobacco-pouches, &c.—and their oil, burnt by the cook, and in the fore-castle lamps.

The Peruvian authorities, moved thereto either by benevolence or by an innocent motive of self-interest, interdict the shooting or other molestation of birds. I suppose they have the very naive idea that when the guano supply becomes exhausted they will reap the reward of so much virtue in the form of a fresh deposit by their pets. It seems to me, however, that, even giving to the Chinchas all the birds upon the face of the earth, the first consideration is, will this round and curious globe of ours be in existence at the exceedingly and incalcu-



DISCHARGING GUANO-WAGONS.

say, about nine feet long, and of the same shape. They are pie-bald, black and white in colour; and are of a most pugnacious disposition. The whale is their especial foe; him they attack, whenever a meeting takes place, by swimming up to the mighty brute, jumping nearly out of the water, and bringing down their powerful tails upon his broad back and sides with a sounding thwack that can be heard at a considerable distance; hence, I presume, their appellation of "thrasher." These lively creatures generally came off best in the fight; they were too nimble for the whales, who mostly gave up the contest and took to flight by "fluking" down to unknown depths.

As for seals, the waters swarmed with them, and the sailors, waiting in boats for their turn under the shoots, used to amuse themselves by catching them with boat-hooks, for the sake of their skins—used by the ship's carpenter for sand-paper, by

ably remote period at which so prodigious a work could be again completed? Should the affirmative prevail, I do not think that it will make much difference to the present races of Peru; their future guano interest may be looked upon as an extremely remote contingency.

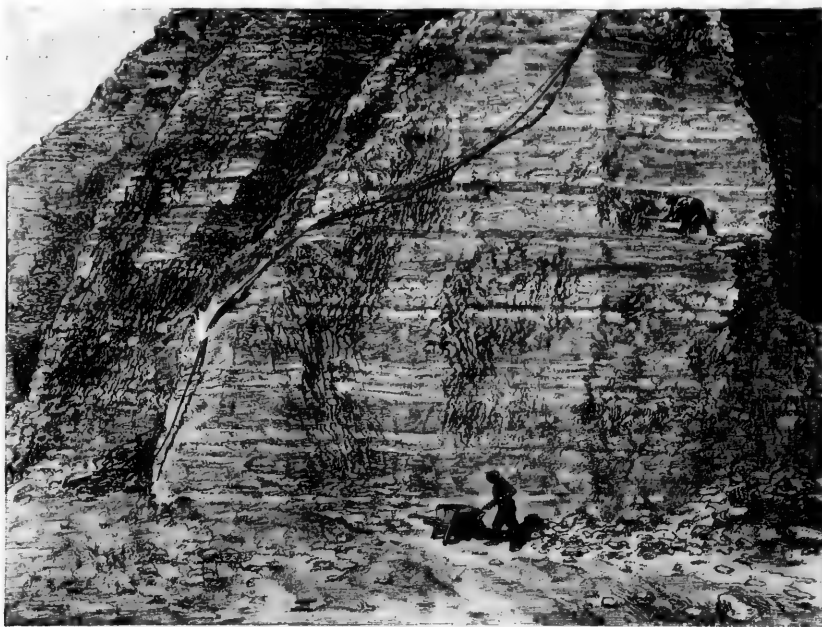
Although the feathery tribe may not be injured at the islands, elsewhere, be it ever so near, that law does not prevail. This is a wise idea to make the wild sea-birds stick to their former favoured haunts.

One day, to vary the monotony of guano, guano, everywhere, our skipper took it into his head to go shooting on some little rocky islets about eight miles off. As there blew a fresh leading wind both going and returning, we were able to sail, so Jack Pincher and I were selected to accompany him, our four remaining comrades of the midshipmen's berth being doomed to remain on board and work at the guano. The

inspiring cause of our noble captain's undertaking was skins and stuffed birds for his better-half at home.

Upon reaching the largest of the little islets—a mere circular reef of some twenty square yards, rising half a dozen feet above the water—we were not a little surprised to behold the whole place covered with strange aquatic birds, standing like a regularly marshalled army. They resembled nothing in the world (at least, to Jack and myself) but a vast array of surplice-clad choristers. The skipper, however, knew better, and exclaimed, "Penguins, by Jove!" Their solemn, upright, human appearance was very striking.

utmost. As for our skipper, on reaching the ridge we saw him suddenly slip and disappear behind it, and then arose a discordant agitated sort of noise, whilst birds by the dozen ran waddling over the ridge and flopping into the sea. As in duty bound, after taking the boat's painter ashore, we followed our commander, to see what had become of him, and to afford him our aid in case of necessity. A most extraordinary sight awaited us upon mounting the slimy, slippery ledge of rocks. There below, in the crater-like hollow within the reef, upon numberless broods of young penguins, which the elder birds were striving to protect, lay our skipper! Amidst hundreds of birds, nests,



WORKINGS AND GUANO DEPOSIT ON THE MIDDLE ISLAND.

"First-rate for making feather beds," whispered the skipper, authoritatively, making ready his gun.

Bang, bang! went both barrels, and although several of the ecclesiastical-looking creatures fell back and vanished over the ridge of rock upon which they had been standing, few of the others manifested the slightest concern, though all were gazing at us in a steady, sedate, puzzled sort of way. When our captain saw this he relinquished his gun, took up one of the boat's stretchers, and sprang ashore to pick up the penguins he had shot, and to knock as many more upon the head as he might please. When he landed, the birds one by one, in a waddling, ludicrous shamble, began to make for the water, into which they slowly and awkwardly plunged and shuffled, gazing seriously and wonderingly upon us to the last, with their solemn visages turned our way and their bright black eyes distended to the

pools of water, smashed eggs, and newly forming guano, he was literally immersed.

"Come on, Jack!" I roared. Then down we jumped, and began banging away right and left with our stretchers.

In time we were victors of the field, and dozens of the poor stupid birds were lying around us in the agonies of death. It was a far from pleasant picture, and was the last time that ever I went penguin-hunting, the poor things seemed so innocent, so human-like. Many sailors' wives, at the end of that voyage, made feather beds.

Not long after my visit, the Chinchas became civilised by the erection of a real hotel upon the North Island. This, no doubt, proved a great boon to the many merchant captains frequenting the place, as nothing was to be obtained in the way of food, drink, news, or entertainment previously. The only

representatives of civilisation when I was there were a few washerwomen of very varied race and personal appearance. There being no fresh water on the island except that which was carried there in large lighters from the mainland, and, moreover, rain being an unusual natural phenomenon, these ladies had things very much their own way with the captains, and such officers as were vain or particular enough to feel interested in the getting up of fine linen.

Our washerwoman, who "did for" the captain and a few others, was the acknowledged belle and beauty of the bevy. She was young, plump, and dusky—being of a warm Indian complexion, and was a sort of three-quarter caste. Her long black tresses were glossy and luxuriant; she had almond-shaped, expressive black eyes—wicked, killing eyes they were to the rough sea captains' hearts—an oval face, with an arch, pleasing expression; glittering white teeth; exquisite little feet and ankles (the which she took particular care coquettishly to display); and a most gorgeous crinoline-distended skirt. Besides all this, she had considerable fame as a *dansuse*; and once, ashore, to the delight and edification of myself, Jack Pincher, and an admiring audience of mates and captains, she favoured us with an exquisite performance of a genuine Spanish—though, perhaps, rather too voluptuously expressive—fandango. She rejoiced in the sonorous, high-sounding title of La Signorita Maria Josephina Theresa Carvalho.

There is one very serious affair connected with the Chincha Islands, which urgently demands the strictest and most prompt investigation by foreign governments; but which, alas! has always been callously and cynically ignored.

Taking up a newspaper published at Hong-Kong, in its issue dated November 16th, 1869, we find the following passage:—"Some attention has been attracted by the publication of a complaint from the Chinese coolies in Peru."

Poor wretches! Thank God they have made themselves heard at last! I only trust that some civilised and Christian government may take the Peruvians to task in the matter, and not rest until a tardy, long-deferred justice is afforded to such of the wickedly-deluded and cruelly-treated Chinese immigrants as remain alive.

Besides Indians, Peruvians, and other South Americans of European blood, mixed breeds, &c., the labourers at the Chinchas comprised Chinese coolies—who formed by far the majority—imported from Macao, Canton, and other ports in the south of China. These unfortunate men were, of course, decoyed from their own country upon the specious promise of high wages during a term of years (seven, I believe), and a free passage home at the end of that time. Hundreds of coolies have been obtained upon this understanding, but is it not notorious that the transactions became nothing more nor less than a downright slave trade? I have watched the case for years (having had a particular interest in China and its people), and I do not believe, nor can I find a particle of evidence to prove, that the agreement has ever been kept by the Peruvian government, and those responsible for it, in the instance of a single Chinese coolie! Since the day those wretched men were decoyed from their homes, and set their feet upon the ships that brought them, they became slaves. I am not sure that even a colourable pretext for breaking the agreement is set forth—that they are detained beyond the term of years, and refused a passage home, upon the plea that they are *in debt* to the contractors for food, clothing, other supplies, &c.; but I am

sure as to the sort of treatment which I personally saw them receiving during my stay at the islands.

Almost every day several of the unfortunate victims were driven to commit suicide; and, believe me, the tale of the Chinaman who hanged himself because he lost his umbrella does not apply here. A wretched life, without hope of amendment, almost unparalleled sufferings beneath the unrelenting, unrelaxing tyranny of savagely cruel taskmasters, drove these miserable to terminate by their own rash act an unbearable existence.

Morning after morning that bright and animating southern sun exposed, as its revivifying rays darted forth from behind the lofty Cordilleras and gilded the waters with a golden glory, the lifeless, mangled bodies of dead, drowned Chinamen, beating slowly in the surf, hideously, and monotonously, against the jagged rocks of those sea-girt shores. The poor wretches, during the night, had committed suicide by throwing themselves from the top of the steep cliffs! *Prima facie*, it is evident to the meanest capacity that this wholesale system of self-destruction could not have occurred without grave cause.

The Chinese labourers were; no doubt, grossly deceived in every particular. I had but few opportunities of conversing with any of them—they were so closely watched—but managed to ascertain that one of their principal grievances was the painful nature of the work they were compelled to perform, and the unhealthy, disagreeable substance at which they were made to labour. This important point (important, at least, to any contractors for the coolies, possessing the slightest particle of honour and honesty) seemed to have been carefully concealed from them until their arrival at the islands, when all complaint became useless, and they were driven to work by armed force.

Peruvian soldiers with loaded muskets watched over these supposed voluntary labourers as though they were a gang of dangerous convicts. They were brutally treated and beaten by their sallow, villanous-looking half-caste tyrants for the smallest provocation or offence—often for nothing at all, or for the slightest relaxation from laborious toil at the guano. Many, when ill health made them weak and unable to perform their tasks, perished from bad treatment and neglect. No wonder they preferred death to such an existence! The suicidal mania became so serious at last, and threatened so great a proportional loss to the speculators in human flesh and blood, that the coolies were closely watched by soldiers, and locked up under guard at night. And here we are brought to a strange psychological phenomenon and anomaly, viz.: although the Chinese were only too ready to commit self-destruction, yet, when it was known that the soldiers had authority to shoot them down like dogs for making the attempt, and trying to escape the slavery to which they were condemned, suicide became less frequent, and they seemed to fear being shot.

When I saw these half-caste, dirty-looking soldiers savagely beat, kick, and otherwise maltreat the poor Chinamen, I could not help remembering the old Jamaica proverb, that "God made the white man, and God made the black man, but the devil made the half-caste."

Peru's warriors—as represented at the Chincha Islands—were certainly a most disreputable, rabble rout. Soldiers, indeed! They were not worthy of the name, or to become camp-followers to the meanest army I ever saw. It may be that they were a bad lot, and that, for some such reason, they had been selected to garrison the islands; I hope so, for the sake of the Peruvians.

Perhaps it is as well for them that the Spaniards did not choose to attack Callao during the late serio-comic fracas between the two races. In their vessels of war, as a rule, they have many European officers and seamen.

Amongst others, I became acquainted with one Sergeant Gomez. Here is a sketch of that individual with his Indian slave, as he appeared one morning, shifting his quarters, and *en route* for the barracks at the other side of the island. In other matters he did not seem a bad sort of a fellow, though much given to cigarettes, aguardiente, and brutal treatment of the Chinese—whom, indeed, he seemed to consider as a sort of brute beast creation sent for the special purpose of cringing to his lordly beck and nod, and serving as a sort of animated

target upon which to exercise the muscles of his legs and arms.

One very tragic incident occurred in connection with our vessel's stay at the Chinchas. Our turn had arrived, and we were lying finishing taking in cargo under the great shoots, when, on the evening of the last day we were there, just at dusk, when work was about to cease, the supply of guano coming down the

shoot over the main hatchway suddenly ceased. We hailed the men ashore on the cliffs, and informed them of the circumstance, but, as they could not account for it, after half an hour's delay, they lowered the shoot down upon our decks, where we proceeded to clear it, some hard substance evidently choking it

about the middle. We came to this at last, and found it was a dead Chinaman, suffocated by the superincumbent mass of guano wedged down upon his head and shoulders. The poor fellow had a small supply of boiled rice in a bag, together with a bottle of water, and had, no doubt, slipped into the shoot unperceived, intending to get into our hold, and so escape from the island. He cannot have been aware of the cross-bar in the centre of the shoot, placed there for the express pur-



SERGEANT GOMEZ AND HIS SLAVE.

pose of preventing such escapes, and which had so fatally intercepted his descent.

As for the present condition of the Chinchas, as already stated, no accurate information can be obtained, except by a personal visit, which I, for one, do not feel inclined to pay, having had quite enough of them before.

The Regions of the Cazembe, and Dr. Livingstone's Recent Explorations.—IV.

BY CHARLES T. BEKE, PH.D., F.S.A., ETC.

THE description given by Captain Gamitto of the remarkable people under the rule of the Muata Cazembe is so brief and vague, that it does not enable us to form any definite idea of their physical character. All that he says of them is that they are black in colour, have long woolly hair, a conical head, high forehead, eyes prominent and generally very animated, flat cheeks, a high nose, and thin lips; and that they are of middle stature but rather thick-set, and carry the body erect.

Imperfect as this description is, it may be well to compare it with what Dr. Livingstone said many years ago, after having visited the extreme south-western limits of the regions under the rule of the Muatianfa, or Matiamvo, to which those of the Cazembe may be regarded as belonging geographically.

"The Ba-Londa are real negroes, having much more wool on their heads and bodies than any of the Be-Chuana or Caffre tribes. They are generally very dark in colour, but several are

to be seen of a lighter hue; but while they have a general similarity to the typical negro, I never could, from my own observation, think that our ideal negro, as seen in tobacconists' shops, is the true type. A large proportion of the Ba-Londa, indeed, have heads somewhat elongated backwards and upwards, thick lips, flat noses, elongated *ossa calis*, &c. &c.; but there are also many good-looking, well-shaped heads and persons among them."*

From this it would seem that the people described by Captain Gamitto are even more removed from the low type alluded to by Dr. Livingstone than those visited by the latter traveller on his former journey; and that, in fact, although they are black in colour, they have physically nothing of the negro, as the term is generally understood, except the complexion.

The Cazembes as a nation are, however, a mixed race.

* "Missionary Travels," p. 291.

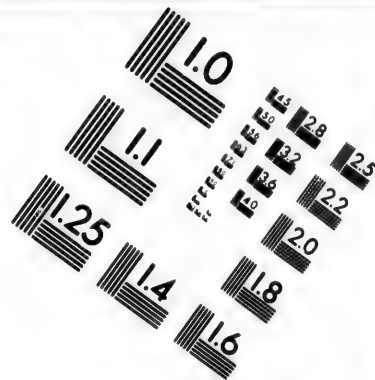
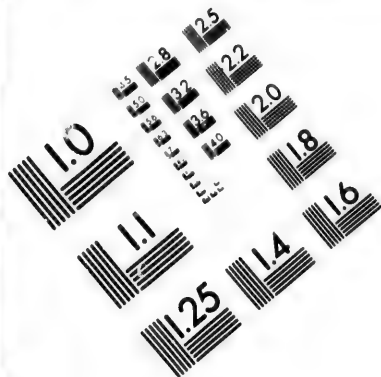
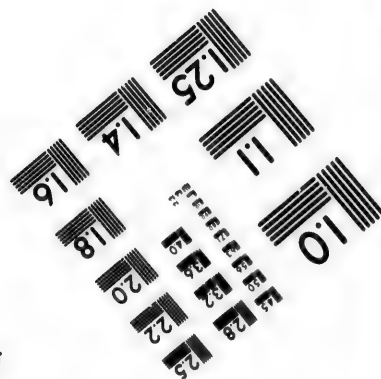
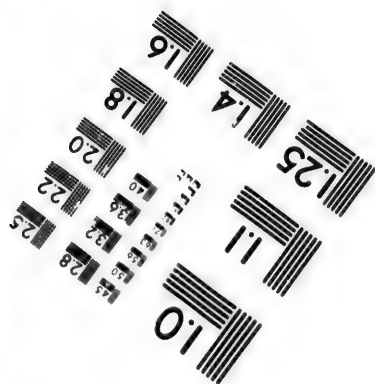
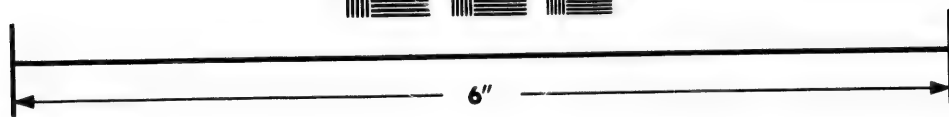
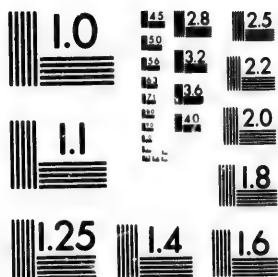


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The aborigines (if they may be so called) are the Messiras, a conquered people, who, from their language, show themselves to be of cognate origin with the Muizas and other neighbouring tribes. The lineal descendants of the former sovereigns of these people are still in existence, living in seclusion in an island in Lake Mofo, not being allowed to form any connections with the Cazembes, but being obliged to appear at Court on high festivals.

The dominant race are the Kampokólos, an invading people, who came from the territories of the Muatianfa in the north-west, beyond the great river Lualá, and whose history in connection with the country they now occupy has already been given. The language of the Kampokólos, which is spoken at the Court of the Muata Cazembe, appears to be radically different from that of the Messiras and neighbouring tribes; for it was perfectly unintelligible to all the persons, European and African, attached to the Portuguese Mission of 1831—even to the interpreter, who was said to speak fluently all the other languages of the interior. Gamitto describes it as extremely guttural, abounding in vowel sounds, pleasing to the ear, and harmonious; and, from the fact of its being spoken without any gesticulation, he considers it must be copious. During a stay of six months at the Court of the Cazembe, the only two words he managed to pick up were *cupsa*, meaning "fire," and *mame*, "water." With the exception of the word *mema*, which means "water" in the language of Lobal, I do not find anything at all resembling either word in any of the two hundred vocabularies contained in Koelle's "Polyglotta Africana;" and as they have not the slightest connection with the words *kash* (fire) and *menyi* (water), having the same significations in the Ruunda, Lunda, or Molúva language, which must be understood to be vernacular within the dominions of the Muatianfa, the legitimate inference certainly is that this potentate is himself a Kampokólo, and that this dominant race is foreign within his dominions in like manner as he is within those of the Cazembe. Gamitto says that the subjects of the Muatianfa are called Kampokólos as a mark of distinction, which is not at all inconsistent with my supposition. It would be an interesting study to determine the place of origin of this dominant race, who, like the Wa-Huma, also an intrusive people, described by Captain Speke, are remarkable for their utter disregard of human life; which, however, is unfortunately anything but exceptional among the natives of the interior of Africa.

When describing King Kamrasi, Captain Speke says, "No one dares stand before the king whilst he is either standing still or sitting, but must approach him with downcast eyes and bended knees, and kneel or sit when arrived. To touch the king's throne or clothes, even by accident, or to look upon his women, is certain death."• This passage might almost serve as a text for the following description of the customs at the Court of the Cazembe.

The person of the Mambo is inviolable, it being believed that, by virtue of his sorceries, if any one touched him he would inevitably die; but, as it is not possible for the sovereign to remain without sometimes coming in contact with other persons, the following expedient is resorted to in order to prevent such persons from dying. The individual from whom the Mambo receives or to whom he gives anything, or who in any manner whatsoever touches his person or even his clothes,

has to go through a certain form before leaving his presence. He or she kneels before the Mambo, supporting the body on the heels, such being the position always assumed when addressing the sovereign. The latter then stretches out one of his hands, towards which the kneeler advances his or her right hand, and with the back of it touches the back of the Cazembe's hand, withdrawing it immediately, and giving a slight filip with the thumb and middle finger; then, with the palm of the hand he or she touches the palm of the Muata's hand, forthwith drawing it back and repeating the filip. This is done four or five times with both the back and the palm of the hands, till the Mambo withdraws his hand, and then the kneeler is at liberty to rise, and can retire without any fear of losing his life. This absurd ceremony has been ingeniously devised by the Mambos and their *gangs* (sorcerers or priests) as a means of preserving inviolate the life of the sovereign himself; and the people are weak and superstitious enough to believe in its efficacy as a means of preventing the death that would otherwise ensue on personal contact with him. It is scarcely necessary to add that this ceremony is adopted only when the person of the Cazembe is touched with his permission. To touch him, or even to approach him, without leave, would of itself ensure the immediate death of the transgressor.

It is the same with respect to the wives of the Mambo and their female attendants, some six hundred in number, who are employed in all domestic services—drawing water, carrying wood, and even working in the fields, and who, being dressed like the other females, are not easily distinguishable from them. And yet, if any man should accidentally meet one of these females, he is on the spot condemned to lose his ears, hands, and genitals. Hence, as soon as any man sees one of them, even at a distance, he, with the greatest precipitancy, either turns back or else takes another road. Or should a party of men happen to be standing together talking, and one of these women suddenly appears, they all take to their heels in the greatest disorder, let their rank or condition in life be what it may; it being absolutely forbidden to all, great and small, even to look at any female belonging to the Muata, however low her condition may be.

The most extraordinary instance of exclusiveness on the part of the Muata Cazembe with regard to the females belonging to his establishment, and at the same time of the lavish way in which human blood is spilled by him, is afforded by the following singular practice. When the Cazembe sees or hears of any female who pleases him, he sends for her, and has her received into the *ganda*, or seraglio; upon which her husband, if she has one, is immediately arrested and put to death, and all his property is confiscated. Meanwhile, the woman is made to confess with what other men she has ever had intercourse; and these, as fast as they are denounced, are taken and decapitated. If she does not readily confess, all possible means are employed to make her do so; and the questioning is prolonged several days, she being during the whole time unapproachable by any one except the *Kata-Dófo* or grand executrix (female executioner) of the seraglio, a high official, who bears as her badge of office a large knife in the form of a sickle, with which she kills or mutilates the females under her charge for any act of infidelity, or even on the slightest suspicion of anything of the kind. This fiend in female shape receives the deposition of the woman under her charge, and communicates it to the Cazembe; and as long as she can call to mind any

• "Journal of the Discovery of the Source of the Nile," p. 256.

victims whom she may denounce, or as long as it is suspected that there is some one whom she ought to denounce, she is kept in this seclusion; and it is not till the Mambo is satisfied that she has confessed everything, that she is let out of confinement and assumes her place in his seraglio. Even if the woman is unmarried, the practice is the same; and, owing to the general laxity of morals among these people, it never happens that some men, few or many, are not put to death.

The Muata Cazembe always avails himself of such opportunities to execute acts of personal vengeance, under the pretence that the woman has accused some one whom he wishes to get rid of; there being absolutely no appeal against such a denunciation. But this pretext is hardly necessary, seeing that the sovereign has unlimited power over the lives and property of all his subjects, from the highest to the lowest; a power which is exercised in the most despotic and capricious manner. For instance, the mere failure in the prompt execution of an order given by the Cazembe, or in the immediate answer to a question put by him, is sufficient cause for him to command the offender's ears to be cut off, "in order that he may hear better another time;" and the sentence is executed on the spot, the ears being taken off close to the head with a curved knife. So, too, the abstraction of any property belonging to the Mambo is immediately punished with the loss of ears and hands. But it is needless to multiply instances of cruelty seemingly inherent in the native African.

The religious belief of these people is of a much higher order than might have been looked for in the interior of Africa. They believe that the *Pambi* is a being, who is the creator and ruler of everything, but who at the same time is readily controlled by the incantations of their sorcerers. Idols they do not appear to worship, the Cazembe alone possessing some wooden puppets, rudely imitating the human figure, and adorned with horns, bones, and other remains of animals,* which are revered as being in some manner the means of bringing him good, or averting evil from him. Through their help and by virtue of other sorceries, the Muata considers himself immortal; and when the fate of his ancestors is objected, he disputes the validity of the objection, saying that they died, not on account of their mortal nature, but from the want of due care and vigilance in the performance of their sorceries or religious ceremonies; because the Mambo was created by the *Pambi* to govern the people, and therefore would not die except from the effect of sorceries more powerful than his own. The reigning Muata, at the time of the second Portuguese mission, was so convinced of this, that, although no longer a young man, he refrained from nominating a Muana-Buto, or heir to the throne, lest he should fall a victim to his sorceries. It was said, indeed, that he had secretly made away with the only son borne to him by his chief wife; for as she was a *Kampokólo* of pure lineage, her son was heir-apparent in his own right, and the Muata was afraid he might conspire against him and deprive him of both his throne and his life.

It should be mentioned here that the government is hereditary, but it is necessary that the successor of the Muata should be the son of the Cazembe by a woman of Angola—that is to say, of the dominions of the Muatianfa, whose vassals are the *Kampokólos*, as already explained. As soon as the successor to the throne is acknowledged by the Muata, he takes the

title of Muana-Buto. For want of a son possessing this essential qualification, the nearest relative of the reigning prince is elected, provided always that he is of equal birth. If there is no one thus qualified, a subject of the Muatianfa has to be nominated Muata Cazembe.

The sepulchres of the deceased Muatas are held sacred. Nevertheless, they do not pay divine worship to the dead, but merely treat their *mozimos*, or spirits, with the same consideration and respect with which they were treated when living. It is likewise believed that the deceased Mambos communicate with the living ones, and that they continue to experience the same wants and passions as before their death, and that they walk out by night, commit debauches, &c. On one occasion, shortly before the departure of the second Portuguese mission, the Muata Cazembe is said to have been visited at night by his father, the Muata Lekéza, who thus addressed him:—"Expect a severe punishment for the little care thou hast taken of me; for at night, when I come from the *mashámo* to walk about in Lunda (the capital), I am obliged to hold up my *muconzo*—the yellow state-dress described in a previous page*—and I get my feet quite wet, from the road being covered with grass, through thy not taking the trouble to send and have it cleared. And how is it that thou keepest here those Mozungos against their will, and treatest them as I never treated them? On this account, I am troubled with the continual complaints of their Gera who died here (Dr. Lacerda)."

From Captain Gamitto's statement, it is not clear whether this lecture from his father had anything to do with the permission to leave the country, which the Cazembe gave shortly afterwards to the Portuguese; but it is certain that thenceforth the road between Lunda and the sepulchres was kept clean and in good order, so that Dr. Lacerda's friend might walk to and fro, without wetting his feet or having to lift up his *muconzo*.

On the decease of a Mambo, all the *kilólos* or nobles assemble, and place the body of the departed sovereign on a throne in the great square, with the utmost pomp and ceremony, as if he were still living, the square being filled with the nobles and the people. As soon as all is in due order, the new Mambo issues from the palace, and when he has come in front of the deceased, he kneels down at a convenient distance and does homage to him. He next rises and approaches the deceased, at whose feet he again kneels down; and then with his right hand he takes hold of the right hand of the corpse, keeping the palms of the two hands in close contact; and with his left hand he removes from the arm of the deceased sovereign on to his own arm a ring of the thickness of half an inch, lined with a snake skin, slipping the same along, so that it is never for a moment separated from the arm of either the late Mambo or his successor. This ring is the symbol of royal power, and is never removed from the arm of the reigning sovereign. As soon as the passage of the ring is completed, and the new monarch has secured it on his arm above the elbow, he rises and assumes the character of Muata Cazembe, and as such is saluted with repeated cries of "Muana, Averie!" ("Lord, Hail!")—and when this is over, he proceeds to give orders for the interment of his predecessor. This ceremony is performed in the following manner. On a bier, called *choldólo*, is placed a seat of the size of the throne, or the throne itself; on this the body of the deceased sovereign is seated and properly secured; and then, accompanied by a

* See page 117, *ante*.

* See page 116, *ante*.

large escort and a band of music, it is conveyed to the mashámos, where the sepulchre for it has been prepared.

This consists of a square chamber underground, lined throughout with cloths of the finest quality, to which the descent is by a spacious sloping passage, and in which the corpse is deposited, seated on the chair on which it was brought, with all its clothes and ornaments. The entrance is then closed, but the chamber itself remains intact, and above it in the centre is made a small orifice, about an inch wide, having at its upper end, outside, a rim of clay, a few inches round, serving to prevent the escape of the food and drink poured down through the hole for the sustenance of the deceased sovereign. The cloths and other articles offered to him are placed on the ground within the house erected over the grave, which is regarded as the actual sepulchre; and, as we have seen, they become eventually the property of the reigning sovereign. The new Cazembe nominates a *muine-mashámo*, or grave-keeper, who is usually one of the servants of the defunct, and whose office becomes hereditary in his descendants.

Whenever war is about to be declared, one of the deceased Muatas—usually Lekéza, the reigning Cazembe's father—is invoked; and the skulls of all the enemies slain, that are brought back from the war, are offered at his mashámo, and the prisoners taken are sacrificed to him.

The great religious ceremonies, which consist of dancing and music, are directed by the Muata Cazembe in person, he being the supreme religious head. At their termination he shuts himself up within the mashámo, where he pours *pombe* and food into the grave, and when he retires he leaves some pieces of cloth as an offering to the spirit of the deceased.

The large river Lualá, in which Canyembo, the first Muata Cazembe, was drowned in the manner already related,* is held in great veneration, it being regarded as the mashámo or sepulchre of that sovereign. In former times, the reigning Muata, accompanied by his kilólos and a multitude of people, was in the habit of going in great state, yearly at harvest season, on a pilgrimage to this river, for the purpose of performing religious ceremonies in honour of the deceased Muata, the founder of the dynasty. But, shortly before the arrival of the second Portuguese Mission in 1831, the reigning Mambo had ceased to go in person, and contented himself with sending only a few functionaries in his stead, and this without any state or formality. It was to this neglect of the national usage that the people attributed the calamities of famine and small-pox, with which they were afflicted at that period.

Now it was not in this respect alone that Canyembo V. showed himself to be degenerate. His father, the Muata Lekéza, had extended his rule eastward into the territories of the Muizas, from the Serra Chimpire as far as the river Chambeze; but his successor lost this portion of his father's dominions, the same having been invaded by the Muembas or Awembas, who are said to have come from a region situate north-west, or west-north-west, of the Cazembe's territories, and to call themselves Molúvans. If we admit this to be correct, we shall have to look on these Muembas as natives of the kingdom of Molúva, Lunda, or Ruunda, now under the rule of the Muatianfa; which people, it may not be unreasonable to conjecture, have retired from their own country before the face of the invading Kampokólos, who entered it from some unknown region in the interior of Africa, yet further north. These

* See page 88, *ante*.

Muembas were subject to a chief, named Chiti-Mukulo, the meaning of which name Gamitto says, is "a large tree." Now, I find in Koelle's "Polyglotta Africana," that the word "large" or "great" is thus represented in several of what he calls the Kongo-ngola languages, viz.:—Pangela or Benguela, *dsakola*; Lubalo, *wakolu*; Ruunda, Lunda, or Molúva, *mokuromp*; Songo, *wakolu*; and Kisama, *dsakolu*. I have been unable to discover anything corresponding to the word *chiti* in the sense of "tree;" but there is still sufficient in "Mukulo" to establish the general affinity of these Muembas or Molúvans.

A remarkable class among the Cazembes are the *gansas*, priests or sorcerers, who live entirely apart from the rest of the people, in small straw huts hidden from sight within a thick wood of plantains, at a distance of about a mile from the residence of the Mambo. Captain Gamitto relates how, one evening, as he and Major Monteiro were taking their usual walk for exercise, and at the same time for observation, they approached this wood and penetrated into it, without being aware of its real character. Hardly had they come within sight of the huts in the centre, when their occupants came rushing out upon them and ordered them to retire. They were so startled by the sudden apparition, that they were unable to note with much accuracy either what they saw or what actually occurred; but at the end of the path in which their further advance was thus impeded, was a small straw hut, surrounded by a number of smaller ones. Some of these huts were entirely closed, whilst others were open, being only roofed, exposing to view numerous horrible figures. The *gansas* who approached the intruders and stopped their further progress, were almost entirely naked, of frightful countenances, harsh voices, and with inflamed looks; and they screamed out, "Where are you going, Mozungos? You must not come here. No one may enter this place." To the questions that the Portuguese officers attempted to put, the only answer they received was, "Go away, go away." They had therefore no alternative but to submit, being accompanied to the edge of the wood by the *gansas*, who then returned, muttering to themselves. On making inquiry of some of the Cazembes respecting this infernal wood, the persons thus addressed expressed their surprise that they had not heard of the place before, but yet more so that they should have been allowed to leave it in safety. This latter they naturally attributed to the fact of their being Mozungos; for they said that if any of the natives were even to approach the spot, they would infallibly be sacrificed, as it is there that the *gansas* consult and communicate with the spirits of the dead, with whom they profess to live on familiar terms.

In the morning of the day on which this occurred there had been a review of some troops, on their return from an expedition in which they had been victorious. As usual, they brought with them the skulls of the enemies they had slain, and also a couple of prisoners. Of these one was forthwith executed in the presence of the Mambo and of the Portuguese officers, who had been invited to be present on the occasion, and who interceded for the life of the second one, though, as it turned out, it was spared only temporarily. In the course of the day the Portuguese heard a good deal of drumming in this wood of the *gansas*, which was apparently the reason why in the evening they walked in that direction. On inquiring the cause of this drumming, they learned that, after they had retired from the presence of the Muata, the body of the prisoner

whom they had seen put to death was cut open, and his entrails taken out and put into a leather bag, which was placed in a straw hut destined for the purpose, and that the same, together with a goat and a basket of salt, were given by the Cazembe to his gangas, by whom the whole was afterwards cooked and devoured at a religious banquet; and that the dead body was then cast into a place set apart for that purpose

without being buried. The second victim, for whom the chief of the mission had interceded, was handed over alive to the same gangas, by whom he was sacrificed in the wood, his entrails being eaten by these cannibals like those of the former prisoner; with this difference, however, that the body was cut into pieces and thrown into the river, such being the custom with respect to all victims sacrificed there.

The Caucasus.—IV.

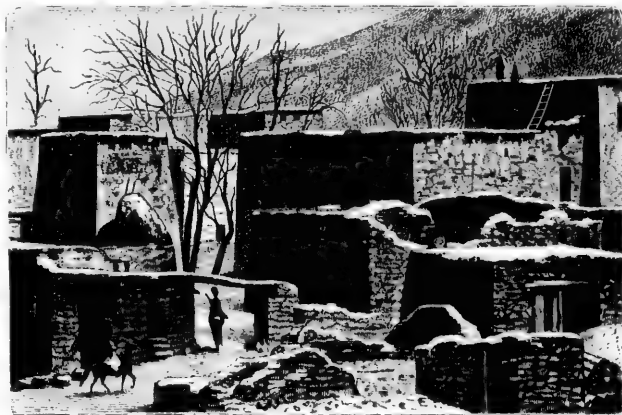
BY DOUGLAS W. FRESHFIELD, M.A., F.R.G.S., AUTHOR OF "TRAVELS IN THE CENTRAL CAUCASUS AND BASHAN."

THE glen of Devdorak, the torrent of which joins the Terek just above the gorge and fortress of Dariel, is divided near its head into two branches, separated by a jagged rocky ridge, one of the pinnacles of which, a tall isolated crag fit to be the very spot of Prometheus' torment, is visible from the high road. This serves as a beacon to a party bent on the ascent of Kazbek, for it may be attained by a sharp scramble from either branch of the glen; and at its foot we may find some corner wherein to spend the night, in an eyrie, where the glorious view of the Caucasian Colossus rising before our eyes will in some degree compensate for the discomforts of the position. Next morning we must start at daybreak, and, descending slightly on to the névé of the Devdorak glacier, wind our way amongst its crevasses until a great plain of frozen snow is reached, lying at the immediate base of the two summits, which constitute what might be called the head and hump of the mountain. A long but by no means steep slope, except for its last hundred feet, where the aid of the axe may be required, leads to the gap between the two peaks. As we step on to it, if the day be clear, our eyes will sweep over the main chain of the Caucasus, 6,000 feet below us, to the broad valley of the Kur and the Armenian hills, amongst which the white cone of Ararat may perhaps be visible. A short sharp climb up alternate banks of snow and broken crags will lead us in half an hour to the very cap of the snow dome, whence we look down on the post-station and the valley of the Terek, and gaze far and wide over a wilderness of peaks and ranges, the names of which are as yet unknown to geographical ears at home. Resembling Elbruz in being the eastern, as that was the western outwork of the central Caucasian Massif, yet Kazbek has not the satisfaction of lording it over the peaks that lie towards the Caspian so completely as his rival does when he looks on the comparatively puny ridges which stretch towards the Black Sea. Whenever Kazbek condescends to glance across the Terek gorge, he finds himself faced by a range but little inferior in height to that by which he is backed on the west; a range abounding in snow-fields and glaciers, in deep gorges and lofty peaks, more than one of which nearly approach the height of 15,000 feet. Such a one is the nameless mountain which overhangs Kazbek village on the east; such is Schebulos (14,781 feet in height); such again the far-off Basardjusi (14,722 feet), all worthy rivals to the Berninas, and Gross-Glockners, which play the same part in the economy of the Eastern Alps.

By starting before daybreak a party ought to be able to return to Kazbek post-house on the evening of the ascent, with the same ease with which Chamouni can be reached from Mont Blanc. The gap between the two peaks can also be attained from the opposite or southern side, as we proved by experience; but we should hesitate to recommend any one to go up this way, and those who try to descend by it will run the risk of "spending the remainder of their lives in sliding down an ice slope, and not finding the amusement last long enough to become monotonous." Far from wishing our travellers such a short and happy life, let us suppose them returned from their adventure, and prepared to investigate the real nature of the calamities known to the Russians, and of which every sojourner in the country will often hear, as "the Kazbek Avalanches." The first fact that will be clear to every one who has examined the ground is that no avalanche, properly so called, falling from Kazbek could reach the Dariel road, for the sufficient reason that five miles of undulating ground intervene between the actual base of the mountain and the Terek. The cause of the inundations which have undoubtedly taken place in the lower valley within the last fifty years, in 1808, 1817, and 1832, must therefore be sought elsewhere. Fortunately, we have not to rely for an explanation on ourselves, as the glen of Devdorak was examined in the summer of 1868 by M. E. Favre, of Geneva, who came to the following conclusion as to the real character of the catastrophe:—"No avalanche," he says, "could, without the aid of water, traverse the space between the end of the glacier and the Terek;" and he accounts for the disasters which have taken place in the following way:—He believes the Devdorak glacier to be subject to periods of sudden advance. During these the ice finds no sufficient space to spread itself out in the narrow gorge into which it is driven, and it is consequently forced, by the pressure from behind, into so compact a mass that the ordinary water channels are stopped, and the whole drainage of the glacier is pent up beneath its surface. Sooner or later, the accumulated waters burst open their prison, carrying away with them the lower portion of the glacier. A mingled flood of snow and ice, increased by earth and rocks torn from the hillsides during its passage, sweeps down the glen of Devdorak. Issuing into the main valley, it spreads from side to side, and dams the Terek. A lake is formed, and increases in size until it, too, breaks through its barrier, and inundates the Dariel gorge and the lower valley.

There seems little room to doubt that M. Favre has hit upon the true solution of the problem, and that all the historical disasters which are not due solely to the inventive talents of Russian officials, are traceable to the same source. Perils, however, of this formidable description are not the only ones to which the high-road is subjected. At the entrance of the village of Kazbek a narrow and, at the time of our first visit to the place, almost dry ravine was crossed by a handsome wooden bridge. On our return, two months later, the place of the bridge knew it no more; the whole structure had been carried bodily away, and nothing remained to mark its former existence. M. Vereschaguine was lucky enough to witness one of the floods of the small stream which had wrought this mischief. After a day of heavy rain the waters were observed to become black; the villagers, knowing the sign of the coming catastrophe, collected in crowds to witness it. The silence of

that of the number of passers-by so few are induced to halt here, for from the very post-house windows the most glorious view is obtained of the mountain, which, rising opposite in a gigantic cone of snow and ice, broken near the top by a line of precipice arranged in horseshoe form, seems to invite us to closer investigation. The antiquarian, as well as the lover of scenery, will find interest in an excursion towards Kazbek, for on the summit of one of the projecting spurs which form the footstool of the mountain, stands an old Georgian church, noted as a place of pilgrimage, and still venerated by the dwellers in the vicinity. The building is now falling into ruin; the door, at the time of our visit, was locked, and the natives who were with us made an entrance for us by means of a ladder, through one of the windows; our trouble was scarcely repaid, the interior not seeming to deviate in any important respect from the ordinary architecture of the country.



CAUCASIAN VILLAGE IN WINTER.

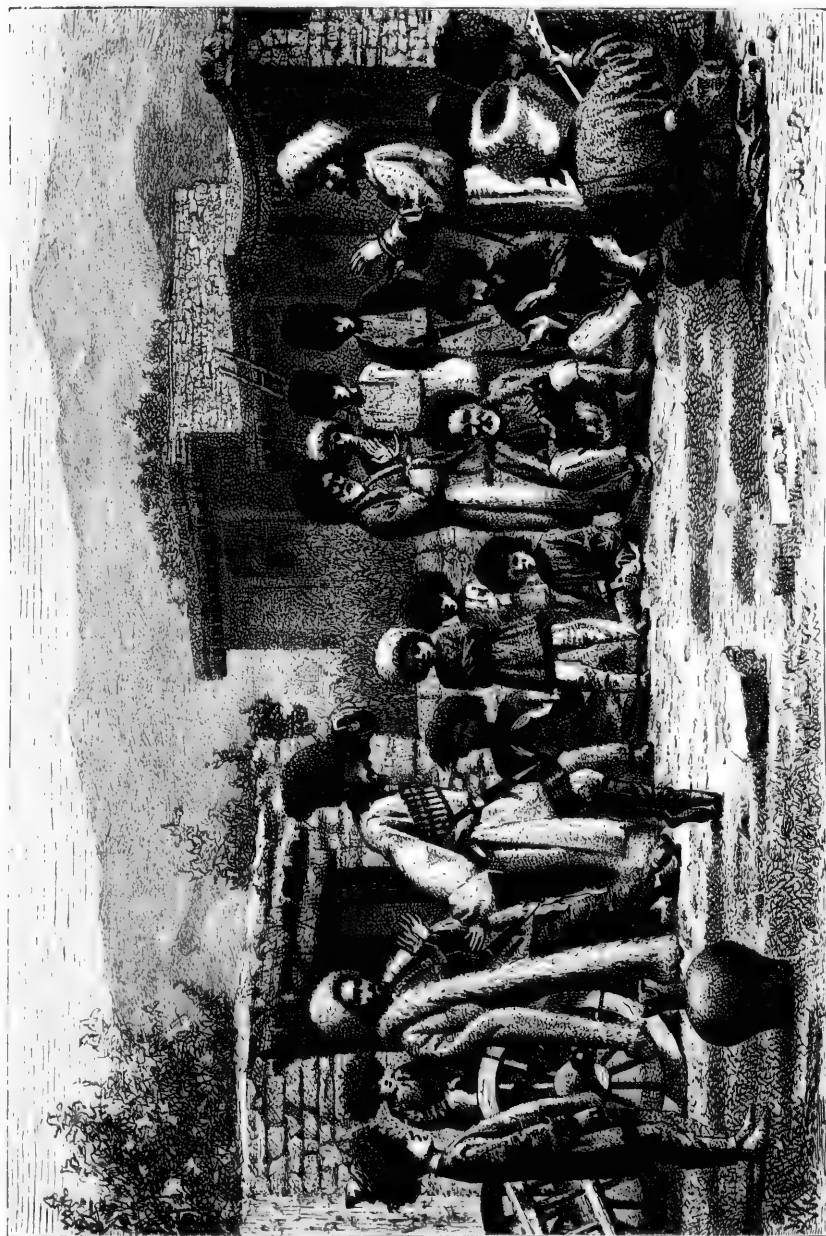
expectation was suddenly broken by several loud reports resembling thunder; a moment after the children shouted, "See, it comes—it comes!" and a black flood, like liquid lava, poured down the torrent-bed, carrying with it huge boulders of rock, which crashed and leaped over one another as they swept downwards to the Terek. The explanation of this phenomenon is to be found in the character of the soil in which the springs that feed the torrent burst forth; it is a schistose slate, easily disintegrated by the action of the water.

The village of Kazbek—formerly called Stephanszinda, but on which, as well as on the mountain, the Russians have conferred the name of the Ossete chief who lived there—is a collection of twenty or thirty houses, grouped round a small church decorated, in the usual Georgian style, with carvings of quaint animals and crosses. The post-house stands at the southern end of the village, and is a handsome building of the most solid construction, containing a large public room, a billiard-table, and a number of poorly-furnished bed-rooms. It is let by the Government to a Georgian Jew, whose wife speaks a little German, and is attentive to travellers, although frequent complaints are made of her charges. It is astonishing

There is a report that immense treasures are concealed somewhere in the neighbourhood, and that the altar is from time to time decorated with gorgeous gold and silver plate, which, coming from no one knows where, disappears in the same mysterious manner. The surrounding slopes, as well as the great mountain itself, are the scene of a number of local traditions and superstitions. At the very base of the peak, in rocks at a height of 11,000 feet, are said to remain the vestiges of the abode of a band of monks, who retired to mortify their flesh in these wilds—with very little success, if the scandalous tale told us of the cause of the dissolution of the brotherhood has any foundation in fact. On the very summit of Kazbek the Ossetes believe a crystal church is to be found, in which are preserved many sacred relics unworthy of any lower resting-place; amongst them are the tent of Abraham, and the cradle of Christ: here, moreover, the eyes of the pious may discover a golden chain, by which, whoever can mount, will find himself lifted up to heaven. On our return from the ascent we were seriously questioned by the villagers as to whether we had seen any of these things, and we were unwillingly obliged to lessen the impression of our saintliness caused by our having

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CAUCASIAN MOUNTAINERS DANCING THE "LESGHINSKA"

trodden unharmed the holy precincts, by admitting that the crystal church and its contents had been invisible to our profane eyes.

Those who have not the strength or inclination to undertake the ascent of Kazbek may make a very pleasant expedition, the greater part of it on horseback, to Tot Khokh—a long ridge close to the base of the Ortzvir glacier, which sweeps round the southern flank of the great mountain. The way from the old church to this Caucasian "Gornergrat" lies over broad and gently-sloping pasturages, decorated with the most beautiful flowers. The place of the pink rhododendron of the Alps is supplied by a dwarf plant of the same size, but bearing larger heads of cream-coloured blossom; mixed with many old Swiss friends, we shall recognise here the homely cowslip and snowdrop, holding their own amongst numbers of new species. The knolls are frequently crowned with square pillars, built up of loose stone, not unlike the familiar Steinman, but decorated with the horns of chamois and wild goats. These are, in fact, altars raised by the shepherds to propitiate the mountain spirits; many such-like customs of paganism linger in the country, and there are whole villages, within a few miles of the Dariel road, the inhabitants of which abide by their original worship, and profess neither Christianity nor Mahometanism. One of these is Goslet, at the mouth of the glen of Devdorak. Its people are the best companions for any expedition on the northern spurs of Kazbek; and an Armenian gentleman, M. Khatissian, who has spent some months in measuring the advance of the Devdorak glacier, assured us that he found them pleasant and trustworthy guides. Our experience during a night passed under a rock with some shepherds of this village, quite confirmed these impressions; and the extreme kindness and good-will shown by our pagan hosts led us laughingly to propose that, for the benefit of future travellers, a map showing the religions of the Caucasus should be drawn up, in which pagan villages should be coloured white, Mahometan green, and Christian black. M. Khatissian gave us an interesting account of an attempt made by him to convert one of his pagan friends. He began by explaining to him the general principles of Christianity, and entreating him to embrace them, and be baptised. "But," asked the native, "what are the duties of Christianity?" M. Khatissian replied, "You must go to mass, and attend to what your priest tells you." Thereupon he was met by the prompt retort, "Why, then, do you never enter the church when you are in the village?" "Because I am not a Greek, but an Armenian Christian," was the answer. The old pagan's mind was troubled, and, after some hesitation, he declined to undergo baptism, declaring himself unwilling to join a religion about which its own professors had doubts and divisions.

Should the traveller be lucky enough to be present at Kazbek, at the time of the passage of any member of the imperial family, or high official, he may gaze on a live man-in-armour, a sight probably only to be seen in this nineteenth century, in one other, and that the opposite corner of Europe—London, on the occasion of the Lord Mayor's Show. During our visit, a party of mountaineers descended from their distant villages, clad in complete suits of chain armour, to do homage to an archduke; a helmet and visor of delicate workmanship protected their heads and faces; their legs and bodies were perfectly encased in steel, and they carried on their arms

small round shields of bull's hide, studded with metal. In the evening they went through, for our benefit, a species of sword-dance, accompanied by wild shouts; one man was simultaneously attacked by two others; sabres glittered and clashed in the air; shields and armour resounded, as the combatants advanced, leaped aside, or retreated before the onset. The strangeness of the scene was heightened by the dress of the crowds of lookers-on, amongst whom were several southern mountaineers, who, with their long-sleeved coats and *baschliks* (hoods, with two flaps hanging down on either side of the head), looked as if they had stepped straight out of an illuminated manuscript of the time of Edward III. The national dance of the Caucasus is somewhat less martial than that just described, and is known as the "lesghinska." It consists in a series of the most complicated and eccentric movements, executed by the dancers, in time, to animated but monotonous strains of barbaric music. The men and women form separate groups, and never intermingle, while the lookers-on, whose countenances invariably beam with the most intense pleasure, mark the time by constant clapping of their hands.

On leaving Kazbek, the traveller will drive for a long and hilly stage through the treeless and gloomy trench which serves as a channel for the waters of the Terek. Kobi, a village strangely situated at the base of a perpendicular wall of rock, is the last station on the north side of the pass. A stray camel or two, picketed near the post-house, looks curiously out of place in the middle of scenery so purely mountainous, and suggests the idea that two dissolving views of Switzerland and Arabia have got mixed up together. The ascent from this savage spot (where we quit the main stream of the Terek for the glen of a smaller tributary descending straight from the water-shed) to the summit is continuous and rapid; the slopes along which the road circles, in gentle but somewhat clumsily contrived zigzags, are very steep, and the bottom of the glen is choked with the *débris* of the avalanches which rush down them in spring and winter. The engineers have not risen to the idea of covering the road with galleries, but have instead resorted to the ingenious and scarcely less costly expedient of terracing the hill-sides. The masses of snow—rising, even in July, in walls on either side of the roadway which has been dug through them—do not, however, give the idea that the protection thus afforded is of a sufficient character. The water-shed of the Caucasus is crossed at an elevation of 7,977 feet; the ridge is known to the Russians as the Krestowaja Gora, or Mountain of the Cross—the proper name of the pass. The first post-house in Asia stands only a few hundred feet below the top, on a bare but beautifully-flowered pasturage, and commands a fine view of the peaks which cluster round the source of the Aragai, a tributary of the Kur, which we shall follow to its junction with that stream at Mscheti. The descent from here to the first station on the river bank is very rapid, and the scenery is throughout striking. The valley of the Aragai is soft and pleasing, but lacks any very distinct character, and is not worthy to be compared to the descents into Italy from the Splügen or the Simplon. At Ananaur we shall have time to examine a very fine church, or rather two churches and a small tower, enclosed within fortifications, after the manner common in Georgia. After passing the pleasantly-situated town of Duschet—the residence of a local governor (at the time of the journey now being described), the courteous

and polished Colonel Soubaloff)—the next place of interest that we shall reach is Mscheti, once the residence of the Czars of Georgia—a decayed town, finely situated at the junction of the Kur and Aragui. Its antiquity is remote, if we believe the tradition which asserts it to have been founded by Mischitos, son of Karthlos, a great-grandson of Noah. At present the principal attractions it possesses are two churches, in one of which the Czars of Georgia were crowned and many of them buried, and where the Catholics of the country is still consecrated. The larger of these, about the size of an ordinary English parish church, has been recently restored, and affords a favourable specimen of Georgian architecture, which, depending for its effect chiefly on elegance of proportion and elaborate ornamentation, despises grandeur of scale in its religious edifices.

The rocks which overhang the Kur are pitted with small square holes, which mark the dwellings of a far earlier race than those who built the cathedral we have just left. These rock-cut abodes are found in many parts of the country, and have not yet attracted the attention they deserve; at present both their date and origin seem to be equally unknown. Some of these excavations are far more elaborately wrought out and finished than others, and Haxthausen inclines to believe the two classes must be assigned to different eras. Analogous

remains are found in the Crimea, and near the Lake of Van, in Armenia.

Crossing the Kur by a new and handsome bridge, said to occupy the site of one erected by Pompey, we join the high-road from Tiflis to the Black Sea coast. A distance of only twenty versts now separates us from the capital, but we shall be lucky if we find horses to carry us on at once, as the double drain thrown on the stables by the junction of the two roads is not compensated by any increased supply. At the gates of Tiflis we will, for the present, leave our readers. If they wish for a description of that most interesting town, they will find one, which it would be hard to add to or improve upon, in Wagner's "Travels in Persia, Georgia, and Kurdistan." It will depend much on individual disposition whether the traveller is most disgusted at the slowness and vexatiousness of Russian officialism, or delighted by the diverse costumes and physiognomies he will meet in the streets, and the varied wares which will be laid out for his inspection in the bazaars; but in whatever humour he may leave the place, no person of any intelligence can sojourn there without adding to his stock some new impressions, and carrying away many agreeable recollections of a town which throws into such violent contrast the Eastern and Western world, and is in that respect a type and embodiment of Russian progress in Asia.

A Visit to the India-rubber Groves of the Amazons.

BY WM. CHANDLESS, M.A., F.R.G.S.

IN the early summer of last year—and we call the same period of the year summer in Brazil—whilst on my way to an intended exploration in the wilds of Bolivia, I made a journey up the river Madeira, the greatest tributary of the Amazons. It is a well-known river—perhaps the only secondary stream in South America, except the Paraguay, the name of which is known to most people—and it has been described by well-known writers; still it has become changed so much in its aspect within the last few years, through the extensive and increasing manufacture of india-rubber in the forests on its banks, that a few observations made during so recent a journey may be welcome to the readers of the ILLUSTRATED TRAVELS.

I do not know whether "manufacture" is a right term to use; but, judging from the small amount of labour that, expended on tobacco, converts it into "manufactured" in the opinion of the custom-house—and this I know to my cost—I hold it to be entitled to this designation; for india-rubber, as imported, is not precisely the pure juice as it flows from the tree. After reading more about it, the reader will be able to judge for himself.

The Madeira enters the Amazons from the south, about 900 miles from Pará, and 95 below the confluence of the river Negro. My starting-point on the present journey was Manáos, the capital of the province of the Amazons, situated seven or eight miles up the latter river. I left this place at noon on May the 22nd, 1869, in a canoe of about one ton burden, and a crew of six men, of mixed origin—white, black,

and Indian—all, on the whole, good, well-behaved men; but on this occasion, as is usual at starting, they were all more or less drunk. My canoe—built of a hard, heavy, and durable wood—was somewhat deeply laden with thirty-three baskets of mandioca-flour—the substitute for bread in this country—our chief load; so I stopped to let my men get sober before venturing out into the middle of the broad, turbulent river. The union of the waters of the Upper Amazons, and its tributary, the river Negro, is very curious: the Amazons, at this point, is not even half the width of the Negro, and looks, indeed, like an affluent entering at right angles, instead of the main stream; the black water presses slowly out; the muddy water of the Amazons dashes fiercely at and holds it back, and, being colder and heavier, passes underneath it—sometimes for a long distance. Once I saw it emerge beside the opposite bank, being thrown up by a shoal on the northern shore, called Lajes, after passing for at least three-quarters of a mile beneath the black water, with its direction almost unaltered.

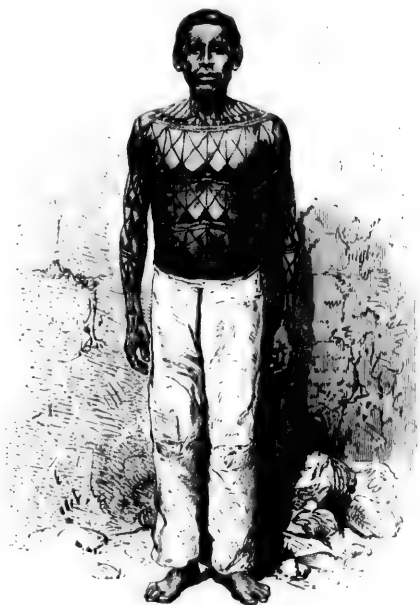
Towards evening we emerged from our resting-place and pulled for the middle of the river. For awhile my men paddled lazily by moonlight; they then lay down to sleep where best they could find room. No look-out is necessary on a voyage down the solitary river; if you drift in-shore, where the current might upset you over some snag or fallen tree, the sleepless mosquitoes come on board and wake you up before any real danger occurs; but, unless there be a

cross-wind, the canoe generally floats all right in mid-river. It is while thus floating that I have always felt most vividly the vastness of the Amazons. At the first peep of dawn, the men rouse themselves and commence rowing again. As daylight comes—and it does not come or go so fast as is often supposed, and, indeed, said—the men begin to talk, the first subject being, "How far have we floated? where are we?" and the next, "Where shall we stop to make our morning cup of coffee?" To me it is indifferent, and I let my coffee-drinkers decide. I have already drunk a tumbler of my health-giving guarana.* Coffee is soon made, and we push on to

and intervening islands partially shut off the view. The mouth of the Madeira, that is the aperture in the bank of the Amazons by which its waters are poured forth, must be nearly three miles across, but the river itself is not half so wide, and farther up, where it is free from islands, seldom very much over half a mile wide and often less. When Lieutenant Gilbon came down the river from Bolivia, he found the mouth divided by an island into two channels, but this finally disappeared six or eight years ago; another island, a little higher up, is now rapidly growing in size at its lower end, and may perhaps eventually again divide the stream. The land separating the Madeira from



HALF-CASTE GIRL OF MANAOS.



MUNDURUCU INDIAN.

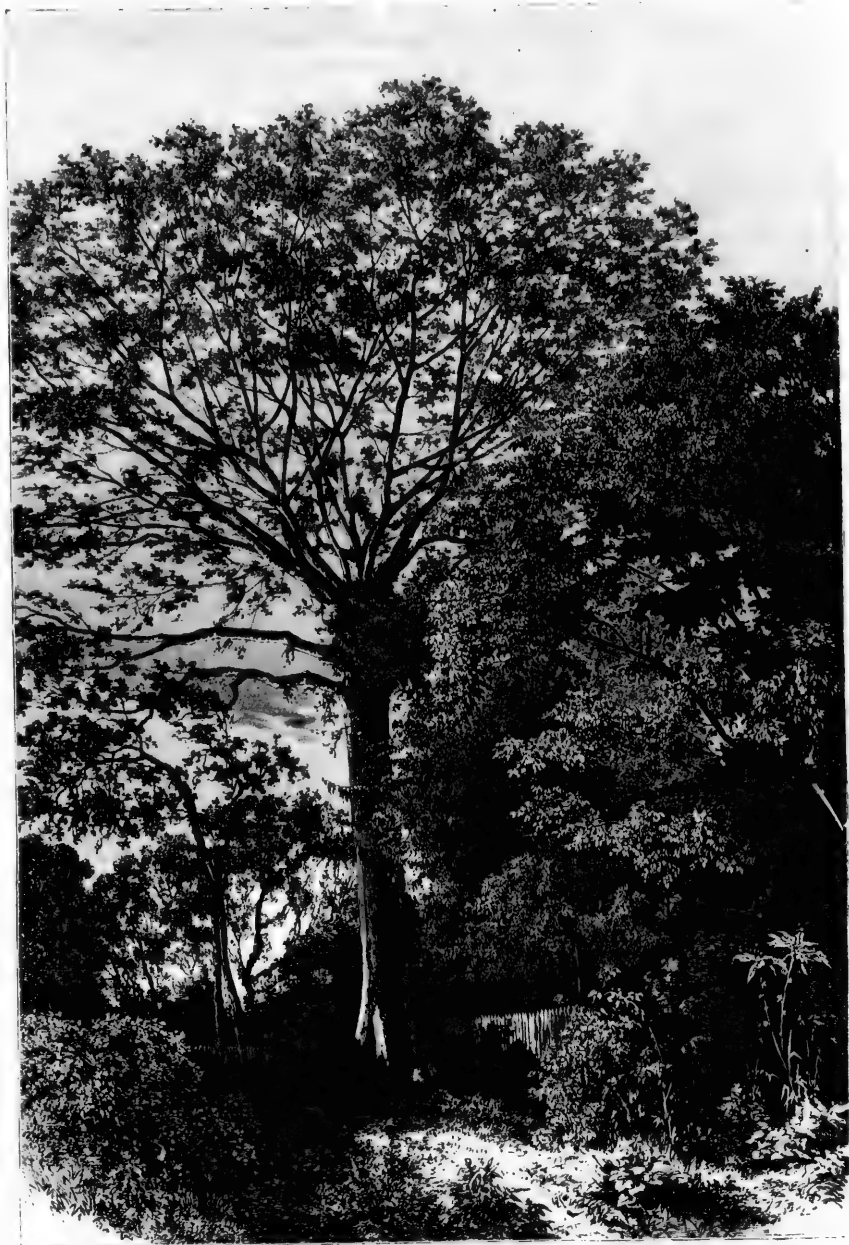
reach the friendly shelter of a side-channel, before the day-breeze becomes strong ahead, and raises a "sea" that might trouble us if we remained outside. After the fire is made and coffee drunk, we again proceed leisurely—my men as yet putting forth only half their strength, as they wish to reserve themselves for the effort when we shall turn the bow up-stream, and thus have to paddle against the current.

At two p.m., after twenty hours' journey from the mouth of the river Negro, we reached the mouth of the Madeira. Though I had ascended and descended the Amazons just ten times, I had never before seen the mouth of this great tributary, said to be two thousand miles in length. Both steamers and canoes pass this place on the opposite or northern side of the Amazons,

* A substance made of the pounded seeds of a climbing-plant—the *Paullinia sorbilis*—in various places on the southern tributaries of the Lower Amazons.

the Amazons is for some miles low, and runs out into a spit of water-grass, amidst which the waters meet; they now differed but little in colour or temperature. From this point one had a good view of the great expanse and clear water-horizon of the Amazons below the union of the two rivers, but a poor one up the Madeira; in fact, owing to travelling along the bank, I did not for some days see any clear horizon on it; though from the middle of the mouth there is one.

Great as it is, to one entering from the main Amazons, the Madeira seems but the child of a river. Our first feeling was (for the practical takes precedence of the sentimental), "here we need not fear storms; at worst we can cross for shelter; if we find the current too strong we can cross." The Amazons is so wide that no one would think of crossing. The current of the Madeira may perhaps, on an average of the whole year, not be more than that of the Amazons, but in flood time (and the



SAMAUMA TREE. OF THE AMAZONIAN FORESTS.

river was still rising) it is far stronger, and almost everywhere strong, uncompensated by slack or back-waters as the latter; it was, therefore, not without hard work that we could make some twelve miles a day, generally in more than twelve hours of travelling. Now and then we got a little spell of fair wind, and sailed merrily along; but this was not often, for it was early yet for wind; otherwise, as the prevalent wind in the Amazons region is north-east—not south-east, as might be expected—the Madeira is sometimes fairly swept by it. In the afternoon we got along very slowly; but towards evening my crew would freshen up again; and, after dark, we generally had a spurt or two. One evening, in a north-west reach of the river, as the moon rose right ahead of us, one of the youngest of my men exclaimed, "Does the moon here rise up-stream?" This silly question spring from his notion that the course of all rivers was the same as that of the Amazons; the others, however, all laughed at him; and, comparing this with Mr. Bates's experience of the simplicity of the people, as described in that author's "Naturalist on the River Amazons," I must think that "the schoolmaster is abroad."

On this lowest part—100 miles or so—of the Madeira there is a scanty population, gathered in little groups where the *terra firma* abuts on the river; the houses are for the most part pleasantly situated, and with a well-grown shade of fruit-trees around them; in fact, they are old settlements, founded before the days of india-rubber, and most of the people we saw were old, the younger members of their families being absent, if not settled, higher up. We landed at one house to ask for lemons and capsicum-peppers; these of course they gave us free of charge, and also a few oranges—it was too early for many yet; and they sold us some tambaqui fish, both salt and fresh, saying they could kill as many as they liked just now, close by. They seemed to live quietly and independently, making their own mandioca-flour, and growing their own coffee; getting a little money by selling fresh provisions to passing canoes, and now a little more by splitting wood for the steamers, now commencing to navigate this large tributary.

At our rate of travel it would have taken us six weeks or more to reach the rapids, which impede the navigation of this fine river some 700 miles up stream; but, on the morning of May 29th, I was, according to promise, taken in tow by a small government steamer, sent under the orders, rather than command, of Dr. Lisboa, a Brazilian civil engineer, partly that he might complete his previous survey of the Madeira, partly to convey, as far as the rapids, Senhor Henrique Eiras, a young Brazilian, on his way to his consulate at Santa Cruz de la Sierra, in Bolivia. In recording my gratitude to Dr. Lisboa for his kindness, as also for his hospitality while I was his guest during the voyage, I cannot omit to add that from all the Brazilian engineers and naval officers engaged in surveying on the Amazons (without an exception) I have met with all possible kindness and assistance.

To have started from Manóos with the steamer would have been as well, except that during the days of waiting some of my crew might have been induced to go off, and in case of high wind on the Amazons my canoe might have been swamped; and on the Madeira there was not much chance of the steamer passing me unheard. In fact, such was the stillness of the night, that we heard her at one a.m., though she did not reach us till a quarter to four. As she got near I put up a light, and fired two shots—the signal agreed on, but

hardly necessary, as she came close along our shore. We were soon made fast alongside, and travelled rapidly onward; much to the satisfaction of my crew, who had an easy time of it. Soon after sunrise we reached Borba, a wretched little place about seventy-five miles from the mouth of the Madeira, once a town, now with but faint signs of life. Of yore it was famed for its tobacco, but is no longer so; but reputed as almost in a state of famine. He who should stay here would be likely to experience what in "Alton Locke" we are told is instructive (and far be it from me to say that it is not so)—the passing a day without enough to eat, despite all strivings to the contrary. Nor need any one desirous of the experience, but doubtful of his resolution, burn his ships to render his escape impossible; it will be sufficient to leave his canoe a night unwatched in the neighbourhood of the Muras, an Indian tribe scattered over the lower part of the Madeira and Purús (some say over the lower world also), and for whom few have a good word. Von Martius describes them as "not a race, but a mixture of different Indians with whites, negroes, and mulattoes, banished from Christian society, and deserters of civilisation . . . a fierce horde, living by pillage and murder, without marriage or law or any sort of shame, and speaking a robbers' dialect, voluble and ungrammatical, that aptly symbolises their depraved moral state." Now, however, they are more pacific. I have found them civil and rather clean-skinned; but they still pass for intolerable liars and canoe-thieves. The stealing of canoes, however, is common all over the Amazons (in justice be it said, hardly anything else is ever stolen), and nowhere more than at Manóos. "I, too," have lost a canoe there, and it was a new one. Nay, once not only a canoe was there stolen, but its owner also; for he, good man, after drinking with some friends, had come down late to sleep in it, and laying himself in the stern, and, covering himself with his mat (tolda) to keep off the dew, had slept. Towards morning some one came and untied and rowed off the canoe, without awaking or perceiving the owner. When it was daylight, and they were off an island in mid-river, the latter woke, and at once realised what had happened; and starting up, gun in hand, to the amazement of the thief, who was, of course, at the bow of the canoe and looking ahead, cried out, "What, you scoundrel, is it not enough to steal my canoe, but will you steal me with it? Turn back this moment, or I'll shoot you; and row fast, too, and straight to the landing nearest the police office. Faster! faster! if you don't want to be shot." And so he made him keep up a spurt for five miles; and satisfied with this, let him off without further punishment, on his promising that for the future he would not steal canoes with their owners on board.

This digression may be excused in the absence of anything to tell of Borba. Two pumpkins were all we could buy in the way of provender, and when the steamer had taken in wood we started again. "No. 5" I should say, was one of eight small screw steamers (of thirty to forty tons register, including engine-room, I should think) stationed at Manóos last year to facilitate the communications of the Provincial Government with out-of-the-way stations; for previously, to any place off the main Amazons, it had to send its orders by canoe, and was often as much troubled to find a crew for one as I have been. No. 5 had a plank-awning over her whole length, but no deck, except in a small cabin at the stern; the engineers and crew of the steamer had to hang up their hammocks

where they could, or sleep on the top of the wood; and the former especially had an uncomfortable time of it. Dr. Lisboa and Senhor Eiras slept in the stern-cabin, and offered me a place, but I preferred my canoe. Indeed, in the daytime, if the canoe were on the shady side of the steamer, it was the coolest and pleasantest place; and at night I had to keep watch; indeed, in travelling, I have seldom passed more troubled and anxious nights. Even in the daytime, owing to strong currents or bad steering of the steamer, the canoe frequently took lumps of water on board, and it was necessary to have a man always ready to bale with a large calabash. At night, as the steersman was sometimes half asleep, this happened much oftener; and when on the bank-side of the steamer, the canoe was liable to be dragged over or under fallen and projecting trees, or through the thick of the barrier-hedges of *goyaba-rana*, a bushy tree that lines the lowlands, and thus to be upset or smashed, or cleared of all "tolda" and upper load. Through the strength of the bottom of the canoe, and, still more, good luck, we managed to escape serious mishap; but I would sooner pass the rapids of the Madeira up and down than be towed another week in such style. My own steersman, the only man in whom I had full confidence, after midnight was sick; so I took the baling from midnight to daybreak, and got no regular sleep except from ten to twelve; now and then I was able to take a fitful nap in the intervals between baling on the cross-plank; the aching of one's bones on an *itauva* plank was not likely to let one sleep too long. Generally, I spent most of the time talking with the first engineer, an intelligent, middle-aged Portuguese, who had served many years in the Brazilian navy, and the last three in iron-clads on the Paraguay. His narratives (it would be unjust to say *yarns*) made the hours pass lightly; and about four a.m., when the crested curassow-bird begins his long plaintive whistle, I used to grate and drink my *guarana*, which banished alike sleep and fatigue, and enabled me with freshness of body (and I hope, to some extent, of mind) to watch the coming-on of day. The hard-working india-rubber maker, too—if there be such an one on the Madeira, I knew one on the Purús—will wake with the curassow-bird, and take his coffee betimes, and be out along his india-rubber path (*estrada de seringa*) when the "mantle of our lady" begins to fade in the twilight, so that before sunrise he may begin to tap the farthest trees on his tract of forest ground. One who did this would not need to do it for many years, for he would infallibly accumulate a little fortune.

And now it is daylight, and we are fairly in the india-rubber district; indeed, it may be said to begin from Sapucaya-roca (hen-house), a small settlement on the right bank, with one tiled and white-washed house (the rest thatched), and a larger frontage and pleasanter look than Borba, because the houses face the river, not inland as there. The general opinion seems to be that the higher up river (as far as the rapids) the better is the forest for india-rubber, and, beyond doubt, the better it is as regards abundance of game and fish, a point of no small importance where you depend for animal food—at any rate fresh food—on fishing and shooting. On my way down by a sand-bank, a few miles above Sapucaya-roca, I met a man who had been there two nights fishing, and with the best bait—"sardinhas"—and had caught absolutely nothing; most grateful he seemed for a piece of wretched dry Bolivian jerked-beef (compared with which Buenos Ayres beef is a delicacy) that I

thought sorry stuff for him to take home to a sick child. He said he was tired of the hunger of this lower Madeira, and should move to some other river, perhaps the Jurua (he could not do better as regards abundance of food); he had been twenty years here and not made much money, provisions were so dear; the india-rubber trees were just as productive where he was as at first, but game and fish were gone; curassow-birds might be heard in the morning, but you would never see one, or if you did it would be but once, for it would fly off long before you could get near it, and go heaven knows where, and take good care not to whistle again all that day. Tapirs and deer were now never seen; pigs not often, and people were so thriftless that if they did by luck light on a herd of peccary, instead of killing only two or three pigs, or what they could carry away, they would follow it up till they drove it right out of the country, and then leave most of the animals they had killed to rot in the forest. Monkeys I did not ask about, for it is a saying of people elsewhere that on the Madeira, if a man at night hears a howling monkey, he takes its bearing that he may next day go and kill it for food. Turtles, he said, were never seen, and *tracajás* (a smaller kind of fresh-water turtle) too few to be worth coming to the sand-bank for, and their eggs were sure to be snapped up by some canoe passing at daylight. As for fishing, look at his last night's work! he could not think where the fish had gone to.

One fact, at any rate, in all this is obvious, that, while this man was on the sand-bank fishing, he could not be pursuing his trade as india-rubber collector; hence the slow progress that is made, and the little success met with, in all parts of these rivers where steady labour has to be interrupted by the necessity of procuring food with one's own hands.

And now for a few words about india rubber making. The tree (*Siphonia elastica*) is one easily recognised in the forest, as, unlike very many forest trees, it does not stretch out buttresses all round the lower part of its stem, but rises from the very ground straight, and round, and smooth as a column; its bark is smooth, of a light greyish brown, sometimes, but rarely, with a little red, in which case it is likely to be mistaken for another tree—the *uhandiroba*. Like all other trees of this vast forest, it does not throw off its branches till at a considerable height, therefore it is not easy practically to know it by its leaves, but you may by its fallen seeds. There is nothing remarkable in the shape and size either of its leaves or flowers, and the leaves have no resemblance to the caoutchouc tree, so common in our conservatories. It is said that with ten years' growth it is fit for tapping, and it is universally considered now that trees, if not over-tapped one year, yield the second year better than when they were virgin, and will continue so to yield for many years. It is very difficult to estimate the yield of a tree, either diurnal or annual, in "milk," or india-rubber; eight to twelve pounds per tree of the latter during the season, that is the year, may be a rough approximation. Trees, even of the same size and near together, vary a good deal; and all trees, after long-continued dry weather, yield less, and, after rain, more, milk than usual; but after much rain the sap or "milk" (which, I should say, looks exactly like rich creamy milk) yields in proportion less india-rubber, just as some cows' milk yields but little butter.

The Table-land of Thibet.

A RECENT journey of great interest, performed by an educated and trained native of India, under the direction of the officers of the Indian Survey, has given us for the first time definite information about the great plateau, or table-land of Thibet, which is described in so vague a manner in our ordinary textbooks of geography. In our younger days we were taught to believe that the whole region consisted of a level plain of great elevation, having a cold dry climate, and clothed scantily with short herbage, which afforded nutriment to herds of wild horses, yaks, and antelopes. Subsequently, Humboldt in the later editions of his "Aspects of Nature," strove to show that this idea of Thibet was not correct; and that instead of an uninterrupted plain, it consisted of deep valleys and extensive dissected ridges, and was therefore much more varied in its landscapes and productions than had hitherto been supposed. This change in the accepted idea of the country, which was adopted more or less in popular works in all languages, was produced by the journeys of Strachey in Western or Little Thibet, and of Turner, and especially Dr. Hooker in the southern portion of the region, which the latter traveller penetrated on his famous Sikkim journey. Dr. Hooker, as is well known, in this most fruitful journey, undertaken chiefly for the purpose of investigating the botany of an unknown region, passed through the independent Himalayan state of Sikkim, due north of Calcutta, and advanced a few miles into Thibet, before he was seized and imprisoned by the Rajah. But his knowledge of Thibet, acquired chiefly through a distant view from an elevation, was confined to its southern portion merely. The other Indian travellers Moorcroft, Strachey, Thomson, and others who advanced into Little Thibet, may be said never to have passed beyond the vast mountain-ridges and corresponding valleys of the Himalaya, which form merely the buttressed outer wall of the great Central-Asian or Thibetan plateau.

We now know that all the central and northern part of Thibet forms a nearly level plain, measuring many hundred miles in length and breadth, and raised to an average elevation about equal to the summit of Mont Blanc. The old idea, derived from the uncertain accounts of the Jesuit *savants* resident in China early in the last century, was therefore a true one, as far at least as the greater portion of the country was concerned. This lofty plain, forming so appropriate a nucleus to the massive agglomeration of land we call Asia, commences, on the west, near the western end of Pangong Lake, within the territory belonging to the Maharajah of Cashmere, and extends eastward to the frontier of China Proper. The native traveller gathered that it reached nearly to the city of Soo-chow at the end of the great wall of China; if so, it will be nearly 900 miles in length. Its width is at present unknown, but is probably about 500 miles. The mode of its termination on the north is also unknown. This much, however, can be said with certainty, that it ceases about the 37th or 38th parallel of latitude, for north of that line lies the depressed central basin, into which all the rivers flowing from the snow-clad mountains, which surround Turkistan, lose themselves in the saline lake of Lob-nor, at an elevation of about 3,500 feet above the sea-level. The southern part of the plain is traversed from east to west by a valley of moderate width and depth, through which flows the great river of the country, the Tsan-po, or upper course of the

Brahmapootra. The river itself has a course of 800 miles through Thibetan territory, and its slope is from 18,000 feet, near its source, to about 11,000 feet at the point where it breaks through the Himalaya in a narrow gorge, and curves sharply round to the low plains of Assam. The valley of the Tsan-po forms a sort of trough in the elevated plain, which in all probability has been scooped out of the surface by the action of water, in the lapse of ages. South of the valley commence the abrupt elevations and deep depressions which mark the broad, mountainous belt of the Himalaya, and which were erroneously taken by Humboldt as an authentic sample of the entire land of Thibet.

The native surveyor traversed the western portion of this wonderful plain in 1868. He states that, as far the eye could reach to the east and north-east, no elevation beyond a mere undulation of the ground could be seen. All the short rivers terminated in salt lakes, and the ground in many places was white for miles with saline deposit, beneath which there was sometimes a solid stratum of salt. The eyes of travellers unaccustomed to the glare of the white surface were blinded, in the same way as they are in traversing fields of snow. The appearance of the country indicated that the lakes reached formerly a much higher level than they do at present; in fact, the climate is now one of extreme dryness. Yet there is abundance of short herbage in many parts, and the surveyor saw an abundance of the large animals peculiar to the region. On one occasion he saw a herd of more than 300 wild yaks of a black colour. Great herds of wild asses were seen everywhere; sometimes as many as 200 were in sight at the same time. A curious kind of antelope, wild goats, and sheep (the latter including the gigantic *Ovis Ammon*) were all seen in numbers. Large grey wolves were constantly seen, but never more than two or three at a time, though packs of them were often heard yelling at night. Numbers of reddish hares and a kind of fox were seen on every march. Marmots were very numerous, their subterranean villages being met with wherever grass and water were at hand. Quantities of geese, ducks, and storks were seen on the lakes, and there was no lack of eagles and vultures. To this picture of animal life may be added the fact that the traveller never speaks of any difficulty of breathing the rarefied atmosphere of these heights, neither is any mention made of bodily sufferings, owing to climate, undergone by himself or any member of his party.

An important feature of the western portions of the plateau is the abundance of gold, and the prevalence of gold-diggings, where large numbers of Thibetans are congregated working laboriously in deep pits at an elevation of between 16,000 and 17,000 feet above the level of the sea. These gold-fields appear to extend over a line of country 500 or 600 miles in length, extending north-west and south-east, from east of the town of Ichii, to the northern edge of the Tsan-po valley. The jealousy of the Thibetan authorities is notorious, and the petty officials stationed at all the frontier places north of the passes leading from Hindostan, show a truly marvellous ingenuity in preventing the entry of foreigners. The government, however, is not so anxious in securing honest administration of its own laws; for Western Thibet is infested by bands of robbers, who periodically levy black mail on the poor gold-diggers.

The Caucasus.—V.

BY DOUGLAS W. FRESHFIELD, M.A., F.R.G.S., AUTHOR OF "TRAVELS IN THE CENTRAL CAUCASUS AND BASHAN."

It is hardly necessary to apologise for prefacing the description of the portion of Transcaucasia with which the writer is personally acquainted by a short sketch of the whole region. Every one is, of course, supposed theoretically to know the leading physical features of every portion of the earth's surface; but most of us are content to have our memories refreshed as to those of any particular country in which we may be for the moment interested. I trust, therefore, that no reader will

recognised the great mountain-trunk—divided near the Caspian shores into root-like ramifications—which stretches across the upper half of the model. It is with what lies south of this—in other words with Transcaucasia, that we have now to deal.

The first point to be noticed is, that immediately below the ridges of the Caucasus a broad trench, only interrupted in one place by a chain of hills, low and narrow in comparison with the neighbouring ranges, stretches from sea to sea. This trench



TARTAR WOMEN OF ERIVAN.

be offended if he is asked to imagine himself standing beside the writer in an upper room in one of the public offices at Tiflis, and intently studying a huge model in relief of the Caucasian isthmus. Such a creation—strange as it seems—is no convenient fiction called up by fancy to lend life to a geographical disquisition. The Russian engineers, who have been engaged under the command of General Chodzko, in the survey of the country just terminated, have, greatly to their credit, superintended the construction of a model based on the great ordnance map, by the study of which the general character of each province, the direction of the mountain ranges and the extent and relation of the river-basins can be easily comprehended. So far is the pictorial accuracy of this map carried that the wooded districts are coloured green, while a dull monotonous brown most graphically represents the treeless steppes bordering on the Caspian, and the barren highlands of Daghestan. Let us suppose, then, that the Caucasian isthmus is thus conveniently brought before our eyes, and that at the first glance we have

represents the basins of the Rion (the ancient Phasis), and the Kur (the ancient Cyrus), which are separated at a distance of about one hundred miles from the Black Sea, and about three hundred and fifty from the Caspian, by the low chain of Suram, the crest of which, traversed by the road from Kutais to Tiflis, is only 3,027 feet above the sea-level. This ridge is the only visible link which connects the Central Caucasus with any other mountain system, and some people have thought that the claim of Asia to the whole chain is thereby established, a conclusion from which we entirely dissent. All arbitrary boundary-lines are by nature imperfect; but it is difficult to believe it more natural to divide a river basin than a mountain range, and until some better substitute than portions of two rivers and a railroad is proposed, we shall adhere to the Caucasian watershed as the best frontier between Europe and Asia. No one, however, would thank us for reopening a geographical controversy, the settlement of which seems to be generally acquiesced in. Asia, content with the unquestioned supremacy of her

Himalayan giants, need not grudge to her sister Europe, Mounts Kazbek and Elbruz.

The basin of the Rion, accurately represented on the map by a brilliant green, is clothed with the most glorious forests, which stretch uninterruptedly from the swamps on the sea-shore to the snows of the central chain. Immediately east of the Suram hills, a broad streak extends as far as the Caspian, marking the treeless valley of the Kur. North of that river and at the base of the great mountains, a green patch marks the valley of the tributary Allasan, the province of Kakhetia. This district is spoken of at Tiflis as the land of Goshen of the Caucasus; its hills are densely forested, and on their lower slopes grow the vines which produce the Kakhetian wine, the better sorts of which resemble Burgundy, and are celebrated by Georgian poets for the desirable properties of curing the gout and never causing headache. The lower course of the Kur lies through the vast arid steppe of Mughan, inhabited only by wandering tribes of Tartars and Kurds, and subject at times to disastrous inundations, when the numerous branches by which the united waters of the Kur and Araxes enter the Caspian overflow their banks.

It would be tedious and almost impossible, within our present limits, to attempt to unravel the complicated relations of the mountain system of Armenia and the Turkish province of Kars, to which Mr. Gifford Palgrave has applied the appropriate collective title of the Anticaucasus. These ranges differ in structure from the Caucasus itself, much in the same way that the Dolomites of Southern Tyrol differ from the Swiss Alps. In the place of continuous ridges, presenting serious barriers to human intercourse, we meet with isolated groups of mountains, the two highest of which, the famous Ararat and its neighbour Alagoz, attain respectively 16,916 and 13,436 feet in height. This mountain system is cut off from that of Persia by the trough of the Araxes, the sources of which, overlapping those of the Kur, are found in the neighbourhood of Kars. On the south-west it is connected with the ranges of Asia Minor.

In this portion of the map we meet for the first time with large sheets of water; the best known of these from its lying on the post-road to Persia is the Goktcha Lake, which is about the size of the Lake of Constance. South of Ararat, in Turkish and Persian territory, lie the two more famous lakes of Van and Urmia.

The glens, generally long, deep, and narrow, through which the Kur and its tributaries find a way out of this mountainous region are well wooded, but the basin of the Araxes (and indeed the whole tablelands of Armenia) is utterly destitute of verdure except in the neighbourhood of villages, where irrigation and culture have produced scanty groves, which serve to heighten by contrast the general barrenness of the country. Such are, in short, the natural features of Transcaucasia, as the Russians term the portion of their Asiatic dominions lying south of the Caucasus.

For political purposes this region is divided into two principal provinces—Georgia, corresponding with the former kingdom of that name, the capital of which is Tiflis, the residence of the Lieutenant of the Caucasus, at present the Czar's brother; and Mingrelia, the ancient Colchis, of which the chief modern town is Kutais. There are, besides, several less important governments, of which Erivan, Elizabetpol, and Baku are the chief; the country has been, moreover, recently

subdivided into military districts, the names of which would possess no general interest.

Having gained some idea of the country he is about to explore, a traveller's attention will naturally be next attracted to the great roads which radiate from Tiflis. Here we must again remind the reader what a road means in the Caucasus. In the summer of 1868, the Dariel route from Tiflis to Vladikafkaz, and portions of the road to Kutais, were the only macadamised highways in the country; in all other journeyings nothing was to be hoped for but what is significantly called in Southern Italy, a *via naturale*—a track worn by the use of centuries, and often varied according to the state of the ground. The present Government, with the best will, seems certainly to have failed in finding the right way to set to work to improve the communications of the country; and the jobbery and speculation prevalent throughout Russia, among the lower order of officials, unite with the inefficiency of the local engineers in retarding the construction of the highways approved and ordered by the higher authorities.

It is somewhat hard to realise, while enjoying comfortable quarters, the best of French cookery, and an Italian opera in the capital, the inconveniences and discomfort which any attempt to penetrate further into the interior will entail; and it would almost be well if these graphic sentences of a recent visitor were printed and placarded in every room of the *Hôtel de l'Europe*—"Que celui qui veut voyager dans ce pays ne s'attende pas à trouver partout bon gîte, bon pain, bon lit; s'il n'apporte pas tout avec lui, il ne trouvera rien du tout dans aucune station, fort heureux s'il peut y obtenir une planche pour s'y étendre sans être obligé de coucher sur la terre."

The moment the traveller makes up his mind to prepare for a start, his trials will begin, and he will find himself struggling slowly through the meshes of a net of impotent officialism. He will first require to obtain a properly signed and sealed *podorojno*—a document without which neither carriages nor shelter will be afforded him at any post-station. If provided with introductions to any government officials, he will naturally endeavour to obtain a crown-podorojno—that is, one with two seals, entitling him to precedence on the road over those having only the common permit. On calling on the civil governor of Tiflis, the traveller will probably receive this document, with instructions to present it for the approval of the police authorities, which, if his passport is in order, he will easily obtain. *Podorojno* in hand, he will now hurry off to the post-station, inconveniently placed at the end of the town, and ask with confidence for a carriage and horses. He will be wonderfully fortunate if he does not meet with a repulse. On three occasions it was our fortune to make a similar demand; we once got what we wanted; the second time we had to wait two days for horses; the third we could get no promise of them at all, and in despair hired a German voiturier instead. This means of escape from the trammels of officialism seems so obvious that it is needful at once to point out the objections: that the rate of progress is in comparison slow, and that the stations—the only inns on the road—are closed to all travellers unprovided with a *podorojno*. The next difficulty is, to choose a carriage; a vehicle fit to travel is often not to be found in the yard of the post-house, although dozens stand about in different stages of incipient decay, which a few hours' work would repair. "Waste not, want not" is a maxim which has never reached the ears of Russian

post-masters, and which is likely to remain unheeded so long as waste forms a profitable part of official jobbery, while the public alone suffer the want. We will now imagine ourselves to have received the first shock of the discovery that our doubly-stamped order ensures no civility to an unofficial bearer, and to be gradually reconciling our minds to the fact that horses may be had in forty-eight hours, but that there is no escape from the torture of the *telega* unless we are prepared to purchase a tarantasse, and trust to selling it again when done with. Having at last paid for his horses—and, let us hope, not double the just amount, for cases of such extortion practised on the ignorant foreigner are not unknown—the traveller is ready to set out on his wanderings. Whither shall we conduct him? Let us point out the principal routes which are open to his choice.

To the north-east, over the bare clay hills, baked into one huge brick by the summer sun, crawls the serpentine track which leads to the vineyards and forests of Kakhétia. An Englishman, long resident in Tiflis, describing to us this road, said, "It is worth while creeping all the way on one's knees to see that country;" and the testimony of other travellers makes it easy to believe in the justness of his enthusiasm. At the foot of the mountain chain, and divided from the Kur by a low range of hills, runs the river Allasan, through a thickly-inhabited and well-cultivated basin. The snowy battlements of Mount Kaf tower overhead; forests of gigantic beech-trees clothe the lower slopes, and the wide expanse of the valley teems with cornfields and vineyards. In the centre of this paradise nestle the towns of Signach and Telaw, where every house has its garden, and the whole place might, by an inversion of the classical phrase, be described as an *urbs in rure*. Until the last few years, however, the inhabitants of this Caucasian Goshen have lived in constant terror of the attacks of the predatory Lesghians from the neighbouring mountains. It is only since Schamyl's last refuge—the mountain *aoul* of Gunib—fell into the hands of the Russians, that these turbulent highlanders have been entirely subdued. A track, said to be practicable for carts, leads from Telaw over the central chain, and forms a link with the high-roads recently constructed in Daghestan—a district which, owing to the fact that it has acquired as the scene of the war, has been more visited by travellers than any other portion of the Caucasus. It is a region of upland pasturages, dotted with villages and intersected by a network of profound ravines—the most formidable obstacles to an invading army. Several snowy summits rise above the surrounding ridges—the highest of them, lying on the watershed, culminates in Basardjusi, a peak 14,722 feet in height. Herr Abich describes this group as full of interest to the scientific traveller, and speaks much of a large glacier—or, rather, ice-lake—which, without descending into any valley, spreads out to a very considerable size, and resembles rather the Himalayan than the Alpine glaciers. Further to the north, and in the very heart of Daghestan, rises Schebulos (14,781 feet), probably the "Chat-Elbruz" mentioned by several writers, and which M. Dumas tells us is the last retreat, not only of the discomfited warrior, but also of our old friend the "roc" of the "Arabian Nights." Lermontof, a Russian writer, has introduced "Chat-Elbruz" in one of his poems, in company with Kazbek. The Daghestan mountain apostrophises his old friend of the Dariel, and bitterly reproaches him with being, after so many centuries of freedom, at last about

to submit to a conqueror. Kazbek scoffs at the warning, and recounts the victorious nations which have passed under his feet and left him free. But his self-congratulations are suddenly disturbed by the vision of a host, countless as the dust-atoms borne along in a steppe sandstorm, or the waves of the Caspian Sea. It is the Russian army under Vermolof. The noble old mountain recognises his fate, and prepares to meet it like a king—

"Murmuring, 'Heaven save me from the foe,'
Casts one last look o'er Caucasus,
Then dons a bacplek white with snow,
Resign'd to sleep for ever thus."

The subtle tribute to Russian pride which runs through the poem is sufficiently obvious, and reminds us of the frequent boast we heard in the country—"Other nations have passed through the Caucasus; Russia alone has conquered it."

The great eastern road leading from Tiflis to

"Baku and those fountains of blue flame
That burn into the Caspian,"

next claims a passing notice. Following for the greater part of its course the barren valley of the Kur, which it only deserts for the still more arid spurs of the Eastern Caucasus, this journey offers few attractions to the lover of the picturesque. It will probably be made easy within a few years by a railroad, the construction of which would be attended by so few difficulties that a company has offered the Government to guarantee its completion within four years. Such a line is but the necessary supplement to the Poti-Tiflis Railway; and the effect likely to be produced by the opening of direct communication between the Black Sea and Caspian, is a subject of some interest. The Russians naturally hope that they will thus not only make the whole trade of Persia pass through their hands, but also create a new field for their commerce in Central Asia, where, up to the present time, English goods imported through Turkey have had almost entire possession of the market.

There are only two places of any importance on this road—Elizabetpol, an uninteresting military colony, and Schemacha, now a decayed town, chiefly celebrated for its manufacture of silk stuffs, which, in the fourteenth century, were held in high esteem in countries so far distant as Egypt. Sir John Maundeville says—"No stranger comes before the Sultan without being clothed in cloth of gold, or of Tartary or Camaka, in the Saracen's guise." These silks may now be bought in the bazaars of Tiflis.

Baku is one of the principal ports on the Caspian, but it is better known in Europe on account of the ever-burning springs of naphtha in its vicinity, which have been for long the object of the picturesque descriptions of travellers and of a religious worship. The town of Baku offers nothing worthy of notice; it is a drive of about twelve miles to Atesch-djga (the Fire-land), as the spot where the springs issue from the ground is called. The temple, of modern construction, is a triangular building, resembling at a distance a large caravansary; it is tended by only two priests, both Indians by birth. So saturated is the soil with naphtha, that it is only necessary to make a hollow in the ground, and fix a vessel with a hole in the top in it, when the gas fills the vessel, and, on a match being applied to the orifice, instantly ignites and burns with a clear and steady flame. The disciples of

Zoroaster, who tend these sacred fires, have recently found new rivals in their devotion—a company of German speculators having erected a manufactory for the purpose of utilising the naphtha. A spring nearer Baku is situated close to the sea-shore, and the oily substance running into the water floats on the surface, forming, in smooth weather, a film for some considerable distance. After a long continuance of calms, it sometimes accumulates to such an extent that it may be set alight—thus offering the extraordinary spectacle of the sea on fire. Such a phenomenon occurred in 1869; and some of our readers may recollect a sensational telegram in the papers which announced that “the Caspian is in flames, and grilled fishes are being picked up in thousands on its shores.”

A road leads northwards from Baku to the gates of Derbend. This famous pass—a narrow strip of level ground between the mountains and the sea—was formerly defended by walls, the construction of which is attributed to Alexander the Great. A second road, in the opposite direction, leads to Lenkoran, the most southern port of the Russians on the Caspian, where the climate and vegetation are said to be almost tropical, and the forests afford shelter to magnificent tigers.

We now return to Tiflis, and set out along the track—for as yet it is no more—to which Russia is endeavouring, with considerable success, to attract Persian commerce. From Tabreez it is now found easier and safer to send merchandise to Europe *via* Tiflis and Poti, rather than by the old caravan route through Erzeroum to Trebizond. For this end even officialism relaxes its hand, and allows goods destined for western lands to pass unsearched through the Transcaucasian custom-houses. When the Poti-Tiflis Railway is opened the old route will be abandoned, and Trebizond will suffer the loss of a great portion of its trade. We have drawn attention to these seemingly dry facts because the commercial and political movements of Russia are, in Asia, so closely connected, that anything which relates to either cannot be wholly without interest to Englishmen.

The distance from Tiflis to Tabreez is about 400 miles; it has been performed, under favourable circumstances, by indefatigable travellers, in four days and nights; but few will succeed in accomplishing it under a week's pretty hard and constant work. Along this road we propose to act as guides,

not endeavouring to give any detailed description of a journey somewhat tedious at times, but to bring before the reader some few of the more striking scenes which were the reward of our many sufferings from the roughness and hardships of the way. For the first fifty miles after leaving the capital, the track is the same as that to the Caspian, and follows at some distance the right bank of the Kur, which here flows between low and bare undulations, from the swell of which the eye ranges over a horizon formed on the north by the snowy Caucasus, on the south by the lower spurs of the Anticaucasian ranges. The country across which the broad un-

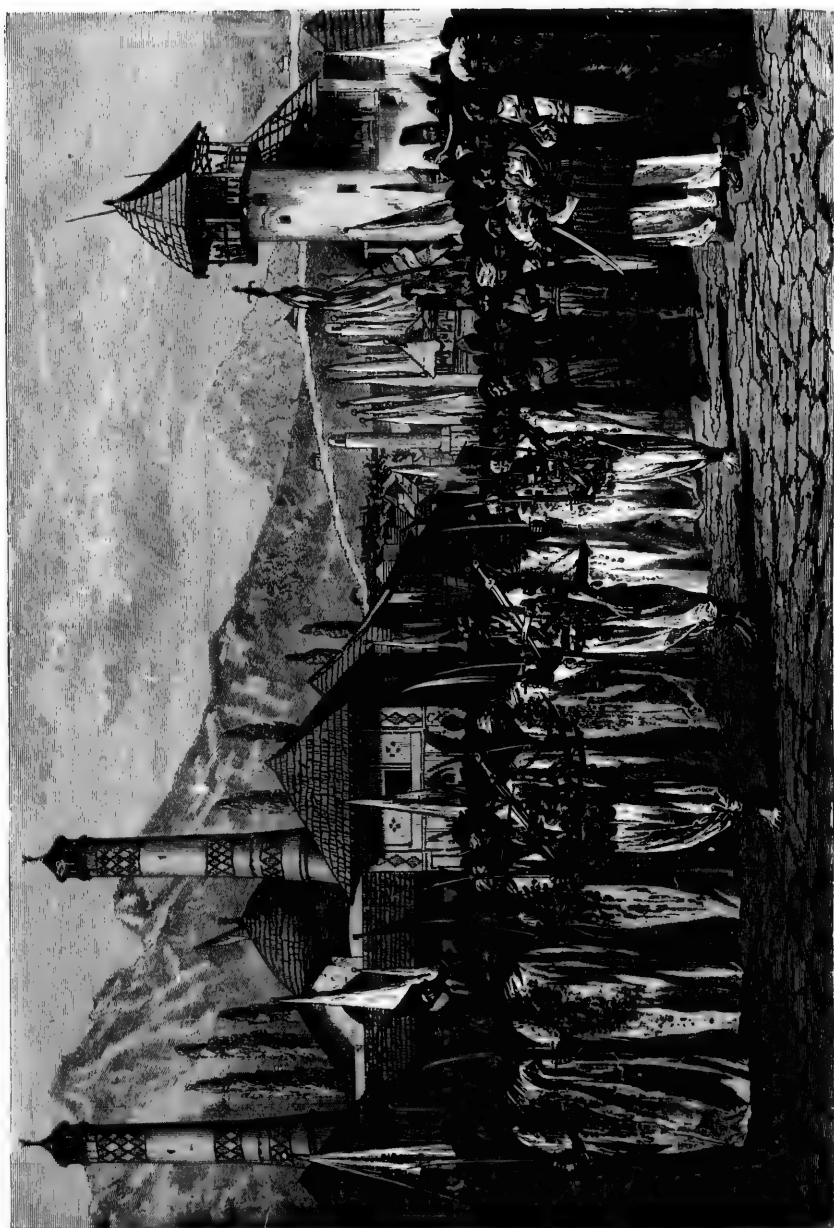
metalled track runs, is utterly unlike any scenes familiar to the Western European. On all sides the bare, broad plain, unmarked by any prominent natural features, stretches away for miles and miles—a mere dark patch of brown and thin columns of smoke, rising out of low mounds, in shape like gigantic graves, show that we are near a Tartar village. The country-folk of Georgia, for reasons best known to themselves, prefer to live like the moles and rabbits, in holes of the ground, and keep their horses and cattle in stables similarly constructed. By the roadside we shall often pass groups of tall, weird-looking stones exquisitely carved, and crowned with turbans—memorials of the dead far more conspicuous than the dwellings of their descendants. Overhead the telegraph

wires—those long arms which civilisation stretches out everywhere after the modern wanderer—reach across the wide landscape. We are thus reassured that we shall somewhere again enter the nineteenth century—a fact which our whole surroundings might otherwise well lead us to doubt, as through clouds of dust we whirl along in our tub-like cart, at the mercy of a wild sheepskin-clad Tartar boy, and a team just caught from the steppe, and even wilder than their driver. But even the telegraph wires are invested with a local colouring by the strange tribes of gaily-feathered birds, which seem to carry on all the business of their lives, from love-making to parliamentary assemblies, perched along them.

The wayfarers met with on the road are few and far between; now a Russian officer whirls by in his tarantasse, now a heavy carriage, containing a Georgian family on the move, weighed down with piled-up boxes, jolts slowly past us. Further on, two half-tipsy peasants mounted on the same



SOLDIER OF THE CAUCASUS.



FUNERAL PROCESSION AT SCHUCHA

horse, and shouting out a wild native chaunt, give us a yell by way of greeting, and then stop to discuss the direction they should follow—a question soon settled by their animal, tired of trying to obey two wills at once, trotting off of his own accord. The post-stations, occurring at intervals of from twelve to twenty verst, are alternately mere underground huts, and low, one-storied, whitewashed buildings, where a few bare benches, some sour bread and a samovar, offer food and lodging for the night.

The second day's journey leads through landscapes of a very different type from those just described. The track, leaving behind the Kur, its boar-tenanted jungles and dreary steppes, turns due south, and follows a small river (the *Yksta*) up into the mountains. The scenery will at one moment remind the traveller of North Wales, at another of the Italian Tyrol; its beauty reaches its height at a spot where walls of basalt crag, fantastically columnar as those of Staffa, press in upon the stream, and summits snow-streaked till late in summer close the vistas of the winding glen. Higher up, the valley opens, the foliage luxuriant in its lower portion, grows sparse, and the large village of Delidschan is reached. From this point the road to Alexandropol branches off on the right, there are also numerous horse-tracks intersecting the hilly district south of Tiflis and west of our present route. One of these we traversed, and despite interminable rains, were delighted by the succession of landscapes through which we were led. The road now climbed by steep zigzags from a barren glen to a ridge where the green turf was enamelled with a thousand flowers, and whence our guides pointed out where over the nearer ridges, the snowy Caucasus should, but for jealous mists, have crowned the view. Numerous Kurdish tents were dotted over the slopes, their occupants, visible from afar as spots of crimson upon the pervading green, wandered after the flocks which were enjoying the luxuriant herbage. Then the path passed over sunny slopes adorned with wild pear and other fruit-trees until it at last plunged "Deep in the shady sadness of a vale," where we rode for miles with walls of beechwoods above our heads, and out of hearing of any sound except the murmur of the brook and the beat of the horses' feet.

No two of the villages at which we halted on this journey were inhabited by the same race. Leaving in the morning an Armenian hamlet, we lunched with Moslem Tartars, and slept at night either in a Russian military station, a Georgian country-town, or a German colony. The horseman on this road finds he has a great advantage over the post traveller in entering Tiflis from the south; he is able to cross the summit of the high ridge which rises immediately above the city, and thus gains a panoramic view embracing not only the capital with its grey bazaar and green-roofed houses two thousand feet below him, but also the deep valley of the Kur closed in the far distance by the snowy head of Kazbek.

From Delidschan the post-road to Erivan commences the ascent to the pass of the Echak Maidan, which forms the watershed between the Kur and the Araxes. A contributor to "Murray's Russia" considers this portion of the journey "equal to anything in Switzerland," a hasty assertion which must have been made on the strength of a very slight acquaintance with Alpine grandeur. The view from the top is confined by loftier ridges, the summits of which are grassy and rounded. The real importance of the pass lies in its forming the limit between two entirely different classes of scenery. At this

point the wanderer to Persia bids a long farewell to the vegetation and romantic landscapes of the west; henceforth he must prepare himself for a dull, volcanic region of treeless hills and rock-strewn plains—a country where the picturesque element in nature is entirely wanting, and a solemn, and at times, almost weird grandeur takes its place.

In descending, we soon gain a view over the great Goktscha Lake—a vast sheet of water set in mountains averaging 10,000 feet in height, yet shorn both in appearance and reality of more than half their grandeur by the elevation of the surface of the lake, which is itself 6,000 feet above the sea-level. Not a tree is to be seen on the shores, seldom a sail on the waters; at our feet and only a short distance from the western bank of the lake lies the little island of Sevanga, crowned by two churches and a monastery famous in Armenian annals, and still boasting an archbishop as its head. Nothing can exceed, on such a Mayday as we passed through it, the gloom of the scenery for the two stages beyond Elenovka. The downs over which we rode were scarcely free from snow, which lay in deep drifts, marking each wrinkle of the otherwise featureless volcanic cover which too often serves for mountains in Armenia. The lava-rock rang harshly under our horses' feet, overhead skimmed the mists, spitting down on us from time to time angry showers of sleet. "In this land the earth is higher than in any other, and that makes it very cold," writes an old traveller; and we were in a position fully to appreciate the vivid simplicity of the saying; indeed, it often seemed to us as if the earth had been raised unnaturally near the skies. For miles and miles there was neither road, traveller, nor village, only the muddy track cut by telega wheels across the coarse herbage, the gaunt telegraph-posts, and an occasional dead or dying horse or camel, to mark that a caravan had passed that way not long before.

Perhaps it is as well that things should be thus. As in the theatre we have generally to sit through a dull scene of cloudy haze before the glory of the great stage-effect bursts on our eyes—so Nature has provided this dull passage to the spot whence the ponderous majesty of the great Armenian mountain is first revealed to travellers' eyes.

The first sight of a summit, the name of which has been familiar to us from childhood, and which is associated with such Biblical memories, is of itself sufficient to cause some excitement; but even were Ararat unknown to fame, we should have no hesitation in ranking it amongst the most impressive of the old world's mountains. Unlike the Swiss or Caucasian giants (Elbruz, perhaps, excepted), it does not attract by fantastic forms or by picturesque grouping of secondary peaks round a central mass; its chief charm consists in a severe simplicity of outline which, combined with vast size, exercises a most potent spell over the imagination. Any one desirous to make clear the meaning of the term "mountain" to a child's or untravelled Dutchman's mind, would sketch some such typical mass as Ararat—a huge cone rising from a broad, level valley, and entirely separated from all surrounding ranges. The Greater Ararat may, perhaps, best be compared to a vast Egyptian pyramid, the sharpness of which has been worn off by the wear of ages, while by its side the sharp and symmetrical ridges of the Lesser peak, the product of some more recent volcanic disturbance, rise in impotent rivalry. The regularity of outline of this mighty upheaval, soaring 15,000 feet, or nearly the whole height of Mont Blanc, above the Mediterranean,

from its immediate base, has tended to make it an easy subject for caricature, for we can use no other word for most of the numerous plates found in volumes relating to this part of the world. The painter whose genius first puts on canvas Ararat in its true character, will perform a worthy task, and earn the thanks of all true lovers of mountain glory. Until this is done, readers must rest content with word-pictures, which convey a very small portion of the effect produced on the traveller who has the good fortune to drive down into Erivan on a clear day.

Perhaps the most wonderful view of all is that seen from the verge of the last steep descent, whence the grey hues of the Persian town, relieved by the whitewash of the Russian quarter, and both alike embosomed in orchards from the foreground, while the great valley, twenty miles in breadth, with the Araxes, shining like a thread of silver in its midst, constitutes the middle distance to a picture of which Ararat itself forms the centre and crown.

Erivan, considering its remote position, is a very comfortable resting-place for the wearied traveller; it even boasts an hotel, the "Gostenitza Ararat," blessed with a cook who has an extraordinary genius for meat-jellies, delicacies not to be despoiled by a digestion disordered by the rude jolting of a telega journey. There are only two buildings in the place of any architectural interest, an old castle, a relic of Persian rule, and a mosque with a delightful minaret cased in blue tiles. The entrance to the mosque is through a sort of cloister or arcade, in the rooms opening out of which a school may often be seen assembled. The boys squat on the ground in rows opposite their master, and repeat their lessons, swaying their bodies all the time, with the slow mechanical motion generally used by Orientals as an accompaniment to prayer. The interior of the mosque, into which strangers are readily allowed to enter, is plain and unremarkable. We did not share the good fortune of Haxthausen, who witnessed within it a most interesting ceremony, commemorative of the murder of Hassan the grandson of Mohammed. The following extract describes the more striking portions of the scene:—"An old Mollah now entered the pulpit, and commenced an oration of remarkable eloquence and solemnity. In tones at first gentle and subdued, but becoming gradually more impressive, his voice rising or falling, and his utterance rapid or slow, and interrupted as the subject prompted, the preacher narrated the story of the murder of the prophets. The story was narrated with vividness of style, an energetic delivery, and apparently a firm conviction of its truth. He made his hearers, as it were, eye-witnesses of the scene. The excitement of the preacher soon communicated itself to the audience, who wept aloud, sobbed, smote their breasts, and tore their hair." The subject is sometimes represented dramatically in the open air, when the parts of the murderers are performed by Koordish horsemen, those of Hassan and his companions by Mollahs. This religious ceremony lasts several days, and generally terminates in a funeral procession in honour of the martyr.

At the corners of the bazaar are generally situated the coffee-shops—rooms open to the street, round the walls of which Armenians and Tartars sit on low seats smoking their long "kalians," and settling their business transactions over bumpers of native wine or cups of tea, which here takes the place of coffee as a national drink. On the walls of the bread-stalls are paintings of wild beasts devouring deer, oddly similar

to the monsters of Lombard porches. Many of the private houses are built and fitted up in the Persian style; the rooms are lighted through windows of elaborate wooden lattice-work pasted over with paper; numerous recesses in the walls, which, as well as the ceilings, are painted in bright colours, afford resting-places for pipes, jars, flowered plates, and similar articles of domestic use. A few carpets and cushions strewn on the floor complete the furniture.

The Russian quarter, as is usual in the military stations of Transcaucasia, centres round an open space, part of which is occupied by a plot of garden, containing a few trees and flowers, and a shelter for the band which plays there every evening. Close at hand, large troops of camels are constantly to be seen reposing on the bare brown soil, by the side of their bales of merchandise, while, from time to time, the deep sonorous ring of their bells announces the departure of a caravan for Tiflis or Tabreez.

The population of Erivan is, as might be expected in a town situated on the confines of three empires, and in a district peopled by so many diverse races, of the most motley description. The tall Persian, in his high, brimless cloth hat, looks down on the stouter and smuggler crowd of Georgians and Armenians; the sheepskin-capped Tartar jostles with the red-turbaned Kurd, who, accoutred with a sword and a bull's-hide shield, is quite the hero of the scene. Amongst the crowd saunter the white-capped grey-coated Russian soldiery, dressed, it is true, in somewhat slovenly fashion, but in cool, loose uniforms, well adapted for the summer heats.

Erivan is well situated as a centre for exploring the surrounding regions, and as a starting-point for the ascent of Ararat. We will proceed to sketch out the expeditions most to be recommended, depending as far as possible on personal experience, but throwing in some details from other sources. Our plan confines us to the Czar's territory, the frontier of which—except where it makes a short bend to the south, to pass over Ararat—lies along the Araxes. The Lesser Ararat is the corner-stone of Turkey, Persia, and Russia, which all meet on its summit. Before starting, we counsel the traveller to sacrifice the doubtful advantages of the post, and to make a bargain with some Armenian in the market for saddle-horses. In this way he will, it is true, scarcely get over more than thirty miles in a day, but he will find that the increase of pleasure more than repays the length of time spent on the road. Our first excursion lies along the post-road down the Araxes valley. For the first twenty miles we pass between fields and vineyards, nourished by a careful system of irrigation; beyond Kamirla, the second station, a grassy plain is entered. Villages now become few and far between, and the intervening space is only tenanted by the homadic Kurds, whose encampments are frequently found by the roadside. Their tents are circular, with bell-shaped roofs, and sides formed of wickerwork covered with brightly-coloured mats—the work of the women, who, as is too often the case in the East, do all the hard work of the household. The scenery near at hand is somewhat sterile and melancholy, but the constant views of Ararat are too fine to allow us to find the journey dull. As the traveller makes the half-circuit of the mountain, the Lesser Ararat seems slowly to revolve round the Greater, like a satellite round its planet, until at last its rocky outline is entirely projected against the pure snows of the loftier summit.



MINERS OF THE HARTZ.

From Alsace to the Hartz.—IV.

BY PROFESSOR D. T. ANSTED, M.A., F.R.S., F.R.G.S.

THE HARTZ.

LEAVING the railway at Thale, we enter at once a singular tract of elevated ground, rising suddenly out of the great plains of Northern Europe, and attaining at one point a height of nearly 4,000 feet, occupying in all an area of more than 1,000 square miles. This range—rather hill than mountain in point of elevation, but geographically and geologically mountainous—is the Hartz. It extends for sixty miles from west south-west to east south-east, with a breadth of twenty miles; and though not rising above the snow-line in that part of Europe, is rarely without snow in sheltered places near the summit. It is crossed in several directions by roads, and is easily accessible, being approached by rail on two sides. It is important as being one of the great mining centres of Germany, and the seat of a mining school; but the mining is carried on rather with steadiness than vigour. Few parts of Northern Europe are more interesting in their way, but the tourist must not expect the scenery of the Alps or Pyrenees. The most picturesque scenery is on the eastern side, but the chief mineral wealth is in the western part.

Entering the Hartz from the east, the first object of interest is the celebrated Teufels Maur. This name must not surprise or alarm, the traveller, for the whole district is sacred to the

ideal, and abounds with references to early German history, both real and mythical. Spirits of the air and earth, witches, and heroes are strangely mixed up in all the names and legends. Thus the Teufels Maur, or "Devil's Wall," when looked at by the eye of modern realism, is nothing more than a natural rib of hard sandstone, outside the central mass of granite rock that forms the nucleus of the district. We soon reach the granite, however, from Thale, as a walk of an hour brings us to the Ross-trappe—a magnificent entrance to the characteristic scenery of the mountain range. The spot bearing the name is on one side of a defile, very gloomy and very romantic, through which the river Bode flows, between lofty cliffs of broken granite round the southern side of the central elevation.

The story connected with the place is, that a certain princess, mounted on a horse of more than mortal strength, was pursued by one of the giants of the early German mythology, while riding on the opposite cliff, and leaping across the gorge to avoid persecution, was safely and miraculously landed on a platform of rock some five feet square. The spot where the horse's foot first touched the rock was naturally enough marked with a deep dint, that still remains, and can, by a vigorous imagination, be likened to a

horse's hoof. This mark is the Ross-trappe. The mass of granite that forms the cliff is precipitous and isolated on three sides, and projects over the valley. The depth to the water below is more than 500 feet; and as there are some noble trees in the sheltered parts of the ravine, and numerous

of the mountain mass which, further to the west, swells out into the much more lofty but rounded and less picturesque mountain of the Brocken.

The course of the Bode is continued for some distance between lofty granite walls, and there is a path along one side.



THE BROCKEN.

isolated granite needles about, the general effect is exceedingly fine.

The mass opposite the Ross-trappe is called the Witches' Ball-room (Hexen-Tanzplatz), and is nearly 1,600 feet above the sea. The whole aspect of this part of the Hartz is not only highly picturesque, but very instructive to the student of Nature, inasmuch as it forms the abrupt commencement

At a point a little higher up, the river forms a pot-hole or whirlpool, called the Bode-kessel, and here the action of the water has worn and smoothed the rock in a singular way.

The village of Rübeland may be reached without difficulty from Thale, and near it are some curious bone-caverns in the limestone cliff that there enclose the Bode. One of these (Baumannshöhle) is very celebrated for its contents, having

yielded almost perfect skeletons of the great cavern bear—an animal as large and fierce as the grizzly bear of North America—that once inhabited this part of Europe. There are other caverns more interesting to the general traveller, as being rich in stalactites, assuming all the grotesque forms that are so often seen in limestone caverns. Although interesting, there is nothing in any of these caverns that will particularly strike the general tourist already familiar with caverns. There is a little inn at Rübeland, which is a cheerful village near a large oak forest. It is better, however, to push on to Wernigerode, a distance of fourteen miles, through an elevated and wild district with a number of detached rocks, which, in almost any other country, would be altogether unnoticed, but which in this part of Germany are all named with reference to local superstitions of a very startling kind. Many of them are alluded to in Goethe's "Faust," as it was along this road that Mephistopheles is represented to have conducted his victim to the top of the Brocken by night.

Wernigerode is a charming old town, full of picturesque houses, timber-built, and exhibiting all kinds of strange angles and quaint gables. The town-hall is among the most curious of the buildings. From this place there is a carriageable road to the top of the Brocken, where there is an hotel (the Brockenhaus) with comfortable accommodation, at rates fixed by a government tariff, open all the year round. The road lies through forest, as the whole of the district is wooded, but near the top the trees are poor and stunted. The rock throughout is granite, and the scenery is wild, and not wanting in some features of grandeur; but the air is seldom clear, and the view from the top, though fine, is so rarely visible through the mist, as to render the chance of seeing it exceedingly small to those who go to the top with that purpose.

The Brocken is a rounded hill with little picturesque effect, and though there are detached and fragmentary masses of granite lying near the summit, they are not such as to affect the general appearance from a distance. It is, to all Germans, however, a place of extraordinary interest; for not only is it crowded with historical reminiscences, but poets and writers have from time immemorial clothed it with terrors and horrors of a supernatural kind; and these the names of the fragments of rock serve to perpetuate. The "Devil's Pulpit," the "Witches' Altar," and such like, are the simplest; many are untranslatable—many ridiculous. On the last night of April—dedicated in Germany to a saint called Walpurgis, who is supposed to have converted the ancestral Saxons to Christianity—the witches here hold high holiday. On this bleak summit are supposed to be collected, on the evening in question, all the wizards and witches throughout the world, to pay homage to the infernal majesty of Satan, who feasts them royally on such spiritual and temporal food as they are presumed to delight in and digest. Spirits of the earth, who haunt the mines; spirits of the water, who drown incautious swimmers; spirits dwelling in headless huntsmen; and other spirits of whatever kind—unpleasant to look on, and in all respects undesirable acquaintances—may on that occasion be recognised and even talked to by the bold mortal who will venture himself in such company. It is not, however, recorded that these spirits have as yet disturbed the domestic arrangements of mine host of the Brockenhaus, so that it may be presumed that the presence of civilisation on the mountain has frightened away these strange visitors, and either trans-

ferred this annual gathering to some place less haunted by man, or prevented it altogether. One might suppose that the witches had left the world in disgust, were it not that they turn up occasionally with their mischievous propensities, if not their power to do positive harm, in some of our great cities.

It is well known that visitors to the Brocken have occasionally been rewarded with a vision of their own shadows cast in gigantic proportions on the rolling mists ascending from the deep valleys on the western side of the mountain. These shadows long assisted in keeping up the mystery that surrounded everything connected with the Brocken; but like the rest of the spirits, the Spirit of the Brocken has been rudely dislodged from his throne. The spirit is a shadow magnified by being thrown at a distance on a wall of vapour, on the side opposite the sun at its rising, when the mountain-top has been clear. The size alters with the distance of the clouds, increasing as they recede.

The region of the Hartz is subject at times to electric storms of extreme violence. The traveller, if not in actual danger, which may easily be the case, will not fail to appreciate the extraordinary grandeur of such storms in a district where there is so little of human work, and where Nature reigns paramount. On the Brocken itself a great storm could hardly fail to call up all that may exist of imagination and fancy in the least excitable and least demonstrative person, and suggest to his memory all he has read of these dread haunts of evil spirits. Few would be unmoved at such a moment.

On descending from the Brocken the traveller should walk through the forest, following the course of the Ilse to the little village of Ilsenburg, nearly 900 feet above the sea, and 2,800 feet below the summit. The scenery is very wild, and the distance only about six miles. Near the village is a projecting precipice of bare rock, whose summit is easily reached by good paths, and from which there is a very fine prospect over wild and grand scenery.

Beyond Ilsenburg we enter the western region of the Hartz, and approach the mining district. The distance to Goslar is about fourteen miles, the road running past Hartzburg, where there is a brine-spring, and past the mouth of the valley of the Oker, one of the prettiest in the Hartz. Hartzburg is a small place, but Goslar was one of the Free Cities of Germany, and the seat of the Imperial Diet in the tenth century. The houses and public buildings, especially the town-hall, retain an air of quiet mediæval quaintness that is exceedingly interesting. The museum also—the porch of the ancient cathedral of the twelfth century—is an interesting object, and contains some curiosities. The great hall of the imperial residence, long used as a granary, and two of the churches, are singularly valuable specimens of Romanesque architecture of the eleventh and twelfth centuries. Another church, the Neuwerk, a century later, shows a transition to the Pointed style.

Immediately outside the town are the mines of the Ramelsberge, which have yielded a singular variety of minerals. Not only does the district yield ores of silver, lead, copper, zinc, arsenic, iron, and manganese, but porphyry, slate, marble, and alabaster are also obtained in some abundance. These mines and works are easily visited, and may be explored without the necessity of mounting and descending ladders. They have been in exploration for some eight centuries, and the mountain is tunnelled in every direction. Even gold has been obtained from them in some quantity. In these mines

the ore is extracted by a very unusual process. Instead of using gunpowder for blasting, the face of the lode, or part of the rock containing the ore, is covered with piles of wood, which are set on fire and allowed to burn for about forty-eight hours, during which time the mine is closed. The result is that the rock is so much split and fractured by the heat

and, with the adjoining town of Zellerfeld, has a population consisting almost entirely of miners and others connected with the large mining and smelting works carried on in the neighbourhood. The houses in both towns are chiefly built of wood, and have often been destroyed by fire. There are few places more interesting to those whose pursuits or tastes



GUIDE IN THE HARTZ.

as to render it possible to remove large quantities of ore to the depth of several feet with the pick, and at very small cost.

The slate quarries near Goslar are on a very large scale, and the rock has been very deeply excavated. The other stony minerals are obtained in smaller quantity.

From Goslar, through the very romantic valley of the Oker, there is a road to Clausthal, the mining metropolis of the district. The post road is about sixty-three miles, and is far less interesting. Clausthal is situated on the top and slopes of a bleak hill, nearly 2,000 feet above the sea,

lead them to study mines and minerals; but to others, it must be confessed, there is not much to invite a long stay. The whole aspect and language of the place refers to mining, and the population, of some 13,000 persons, seem to be totally detached from all other industries and pursuits. The public buildings are the School of Mines and the Mint, both Government establishments. The former contains a tolerably good series of models, illustrative of the methods of working and the machinery and processes of smelting, besides a very good collection of minerals from the neighbourhood. In the Mint the precious metals obtained in the

district are coined and put in circulation, the dollars being paid to the miners as wages.

Visitors are generally expected to visit the mines, and for this purpose they may obtain permission without difficulty from the *Berghauptmann*. The mines generally visited are about half an hour's walk from the town, and, as they are both deep and dirty, it is desirable that the stranger should be provided with a proper dress for the occasion. This is, however, provided at the entrance of the mine; and, having put on an extra jacket and trousers, with a stiff hat and a leather apron, which is worn behind and not in front, and without which the German miner would think himself quite unfit to undertake his work underground, the visitor is sufficiently transformed to undertake a visit. The entrance is by ladders, descending in some cases to very great depths. The work of descent is not very difficult, nor dangerous, but somewhat fatiguing to those unaccustomed to this kind of exercise. With a lamp, to be held in the hand, and preceded by a guide, the victim is taken down into the bowels of the earth, where he sees at intervals a few miners working with pick and gad, and a certain quantity of heavy, clumsy-looking, noisy machinery. After a due interval he is brought again to the surface, and is supposed to have obtained an insight into the nature of mining. Few of those who are not professionally engaged can obtain even the shadow of an idea by a visit of this kind. Mining is a process that can least of any be understood by an isolated visit, and the traveller who goes down with an impression that he will see the precious metals and beautiful crystals lying before him in a tempting manner, ready to be removed by a touch of the hammer, can hardly be made to believe that the dirty, close, miserable hole, in which he can with difficulty stand—the narrow tunnels, through which he can hardly squeeze—the dangerous holes, through which he scarcely dares thrust himself, but in none of which does he see anything but dirty rock, without an appearance of metal—is really a true example of the interior of a valuable mine, on which thousands of pounds have been spent, and from which tens of thousands have been realised. Such, however, is the case. The great and costly works, the miles of tunnelling through rock hard as adamant, to enable water to escape at a level a few fathoms lower than the surface of the ground—the vast depths of vertical sinking to reach the mineral—the enormous pumping apparatus to lift the water to the canals by which it runs off—the extensive systems of timbering, to keep asunder the walls of rock from which the vein has been extracted—all these cannot be seen, and are difficult to under-

stand. Few things are less satisfactory or less instructive, and few more disagreeable to all parties, than the visits of amateurs to mines.

A very large quantity of the machinery, both for pumping and for the various operations on the surface, by which the rough ore is rendered fit for the smelting-house, is worked by water-power in the Hartz mines; and the utmost care is taken to economise the natural water supply for the purpose of obtaining this power. All the small streams of the neighbourhood are impounded, and the water conducted in leats or conduits, kept in a state of perfect repair. There are said to be nearly 200 waterwheels in the vicinity of Clausthal, and upwards of 120 English miles of artificial channel to convey the water to them.

Visitors to Clausthal are generally taken to the silver smelting establishment, about two miles west of the town. To those who have not visited Swansea, or some other great smelting district, the desolation immediately round this spot, caused by the sulphurous fumes of lead and arsenic, will appear very striking. No vegetation of any kind can exist within a considerable distance. The establishment is well mounted, and of some interest to the metallurgist.

From Clausthal there is a cross-road through the southern part of the Hartz to Andreasberg, the other principal mining centre, situated some distance south of the Brocken. Here also there are extensive and important mines, that have long been in work, and produce a considerable supply of several metals. The traveller who is neither miner nor geologist will gain little information by a personal inspection of any of these mines, but a general glance at the exterior and the results will convince him of their value as a means of employing a large class, both of miners and superior officers of all kinds. This seems to be the chief object of the paternal Government, under whose regulation the work is carried on.

The visit to the Hartz ends with Andreasberg. From this place there is a way over hilly roads, clothed with wood, and not unpicturesque, to the town of Osterode, where a totally different industry prevails; and the distance is not very great to the station of Nordheim, near which are extensive deposits of gypsum, much worked. From Nordheim there is a distance of about twelve miles northward by rail to the main line, connecting Berlin with Cologne, and the same southward to Göttingen, whence there is ready communication with Cassel and Frankfort. A railway is in construction which will render Andreasberg more accessible than it is at present, and will open out the resources of the Hartz.

Journey from the Senegal to the Niger.—VI.

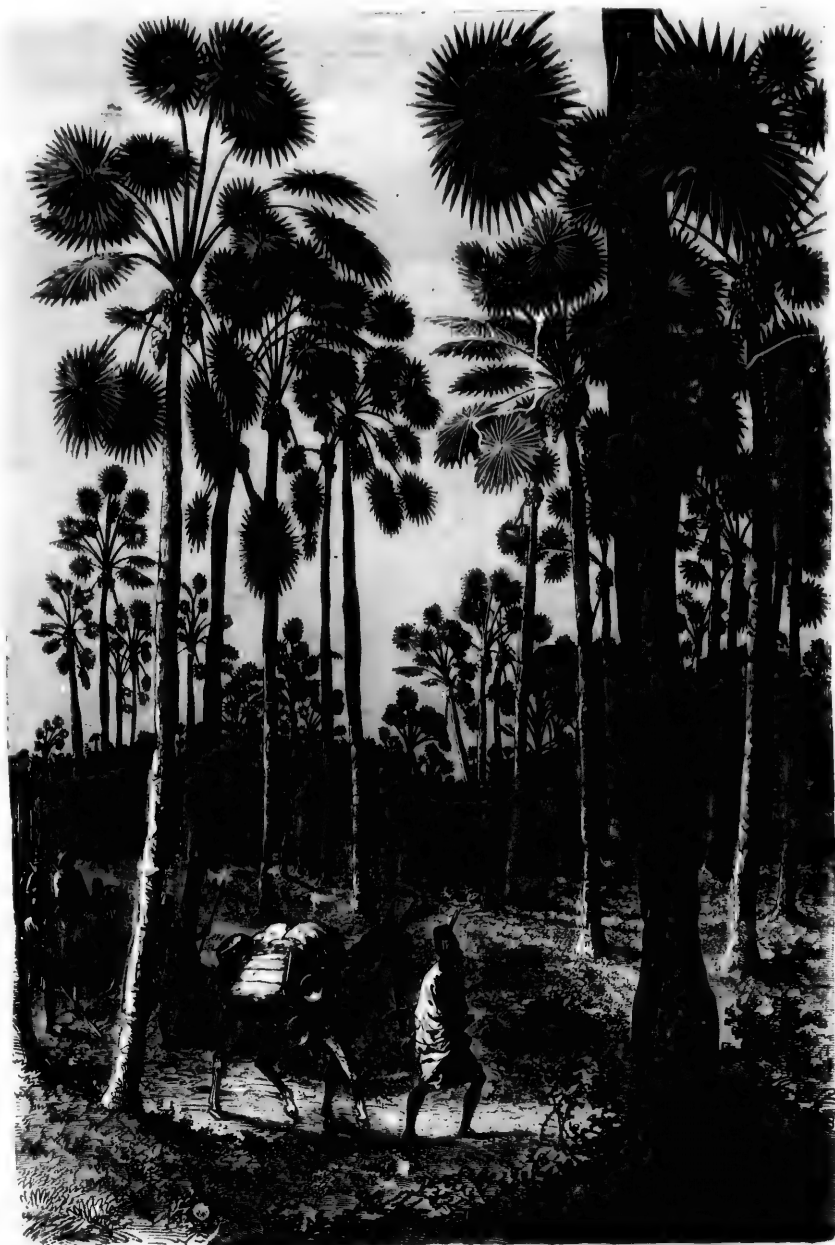
FROM THE FRENCH OF LIEUTENANT MAGE.

CHAPTER VII.

ARRIVAL AT MEDINA—TOUMBOULA—THE LAMBALAKÉ—FEARS OF THE BAMBARAS—WE REJOIN A CARAVAN—MARCH IN COLUMN—AN ATTACK—HOW REPORTS ARE SPREAD IN AFRICA—BANAMBA.

ON our arrival at Medina, Fahmagra went to see the chief, and he charged me to keep a watchful eye on our possessions, as thieves abounded in the place who had even succeeded in stealing a gun and a quantity of salt from some

Moors who had lately passed by that way. This, of course, was a conclusive proof of their cleverness, and such skilful rogues were not to be ignored by me; so I posted a sentinel who was to keep all visitors at a respectful distance—no easy task with such an inquisitive and irrepressible crowd. Night came on, but nothing was sent me for my supper, as had been the case in other places. According to the custom of the Bambaras, lack-lallo was brought to our men.



FOREST OF FAN-LEAVED PALMS.

Lack-lallo is a thick mess of boiled millet-flour, with dried meat or fish and a jelly made of lallo, which is the leaf of the baobab-tree, dried and bruised. Connoisseurs say that for this dish to be perfect in flavour, the meat or fish must be extremely high. The Peuhls sent Fahmahra some milk, which he shared with me, for I got nothing else in that village.

Moreover, most distressing news reached us, the serious importance of which I could not then fully foresee. Ahmadou, King of Ségou, was reported to have burned the town of Sansandig. This report meant, not only disturbances in Ségou, but also that one of the most important towns in the country was the very centre of revolt against El Hadj's son. Though it was partially contradicted, I found it quite impossible to get any true and reliable information as to the state of the country. In any case, an attempt to retrace my steps would have been fatal. My guides would have deserted me, and before a day had passed I should have been pillaged, bound, and carried to Ségou as a spy. There was nothing to do but proceed, and conceal our fear and anxiety, and accordingly at seven o'clock on the 16th we set out for Toumboula.

Toumboula is not marked on any map, nor had I ever heard the place mentioned. It is a Soninké village, and my blacks assured me that they knew it by name, which seemed likely enough; for at least half its inhabitants have been in the French and English factories with merchandise, and must have carried thither the name of their village. At Koundian, I had been recognised by a Diula, of Sarracolet, who had spent several years in the Cazamance country, and had seen me at M. J. Rapé's when I was in command of the *Griffon*, then stationed up that river. Similar recognitions might have taken place at Toumboula. It struck me then what a store of interesting information, invaluable to me at the time of which I am speaking, might have been collected, if, in the long years gone by, all caravans coming from the interior had been subjected to minute inquiries as to the place they came from, the route they had taken, &c. &c. The thing would have been easy enough, for in these factories time often hangs terribly heavy on the hands of merchants and clerks, and *ennui* and the want of some occupation produce a most fatal depression. Such investigations and inquiries would be most useful to science generally, to the colony in particular, and indirectly to those who conducted them. The smallest present would repay those who supplied the information for any loss of time incurred.

I learned that the chief of Toumboula, Badara Tunkara, was a great marabout, and devoted to El Hadj, to whom he owed his position. He was an old man, but in spite of this he very soon made his appearance with a crowd of followers, who evidently regarded him with the profoundest respect. He wore a black and gold-embroidered burnous over the usual dress of the country, a red cap, and a very narrow white turban. His good face and a wonderful likeness to Amat N'diaye An, the tamsir or head of the Mussulman religion at St. Louis, struck me at a glance. He gave us the most cordial reception, and told me that he had been a long time at Sierra Leone, that he knew the white men and loved them; and as a proof of his sincerity and good-will, he gave me a fine young ox for my breakfast. He wanted me to stay in his village, and brought me a beautiful dark blue scarf, or "tamba semlé," in exchange for some yards of calico, which he was particularly anxious to possess. I had determined to make our halt that night at Marconnah, and would not be tempted by the kind

proposals of the old chief. I thanked him, and gave him a present, apologising for not killing the ox on the spot; and as soon as my men and beasts had recruited themselves, we resumed our march.

Our doctor had been assailed by all the sick of the place, but had only had time to treat the chief's brother, who was suffering from ophthalmia; and, indeed, it was a wonder that every one was not suffering from ophthalmia—and that in its most aggravated form—the dust was so tremendous. I put on my spectacles, but in a few moments could see absolutely nothing: we ate sand, we drank sand! In short, I turned my back on Toumboula and its hospitable chief without regret. Toumboula may be called the capital of Lambalaké, an extremely fertile little province, peopled by Soninkés, who, by their labour and industry, have made it flourishing and prosperous. The most highly-esteemed and best-dyed lomas and tamba semlés come from here and from the Fadougou district, which we were about to cross. It took us three hours getting to Marconnah, the road winding through a beautiful hilly country, covered with rich vegetation and dotted with fan-palms. Before reaching our destination, we crossed a small, rocky table-land, the first of the kind we had seen for a long while.

Marconnah is a large village with a tata; and there, as at Tikoura, on the same road, I was struck by the extensive and very careful cultivation of tobacco. I was told it was a most important article of commerce, and that it was sent in bales to the markets of the Djoliba (Niger). There were many different kinds, but I had no time to examine them: our march was so hurried, and our halts so short, that it was all we could do to put our notes into legible writing, plan out our route, and pay due respect to our often very talkative visitors and hosts. Any other work or systematic course of observation was out of the question, and I had often to summon all my resolution to write up my journal on encamping for the night. Fahmahra had a brother at Marconnah, who came with the chief to offer his salutations, and both tried to persuade me to remain the following day in the village. I was positive in my refusal, notwithstanding Fahmahra's annoyance and ill-temper, who wished—I must say, very naturally—to stay and rest for a day with his own people. I received a present of two goats; and as I had plenty of meat, I gave the chief two shoulders of the ox I had brought from Toumboula. On the 17th, at day-break, we were ready to start. I wanted to reach Sozo that day, and we had a long journey before us. Fahmahra was nowhere to be found; so we set off without him, taking a guide from the village.

After descending the hill on which Toumboula stands, we passed Niarebougou, a small tata; left Boila, a large village, on our left; and went through a forest of splendid fan-palms. We could see at a little distance the ruins of Monicourou, 150 yards to the south of which lies Yoromé. At about nine we got to Ouakha, or Ouakharou, situated in the midst of a most lovely plain dotted with fan-palms which were laden with fruit. We encamped in their shade, and Samba Yoro, with my permission, climbed one of the smaller trees, measuring at least thirty-five yards, and proceeded to knock down the fruit. The people of the village came up, and wanted to stop him. This was the more annoying, as the fruit was just in perfection. The milk, which afterwards hardens into a kernel, was liquid and fresh, quite as sweet as the milk of a cocoa-nut, and most excellent.

However, Fahmabra, who, as well as the people of the village, had never eaten it in this state, and found it particularly to his taste, began to dispute with them, telling them that the trees were God's, and that even those who planted them had no right to prevent others from eating of their fruit. He gained the day, and we knocked down about a hundred. The best of it was that the people themselves set about eating them, and found them so good that all the accessible trees were soon stripped. They had hitherto waited for the fruit to fall, when, of course, it was over-ripe, had lost its delicate flavour, smelled like turpentine, and, instead of a delicious cream, contained a fibrous kernel. I am sure our visit will long be remembered in the village, for having revealed to them the unknown delights of this article of food that grew in such quantities around them.

We met with many Peuhls in this district, where they are called Foulars. In feature they were in no way remarkable; they were tall and lithe, and, excepting for the gashes in the cheek, bore some resemblance to the Soninkés and Bambaras, with which races they were probably much intermixed.

The chief sent me a kid and gave my men a plentiful meal of couscous. I in return sent him, on leaving, six yards of calico. The weather was hazy on the 18th, and we got on very slowly, for our two lean horses could scarcely carry us; the donkeys were all more or less disabled; and the mules, who had fasted rather oftener than was good for them, could scarcely put one leg before the other—in fact, all longed to reach their destination. Fortunately we were in the right way, as the blacks assured us. We had no more brushwood and rough country to get through, and a well-trodden, clearly-marked road lay before us. The land was watered by small streams, which spread out here and there into shallow pools, and had apparently no outlet. We passed three ruined villages—Soumbouko, Coro, and Tominkoro—and joined two caravans going to Yamina with cotton-bales. These were Yamina traders, who had come to Fadougou to buy their goods. The road wound through splendid country and forests of fan-palms of many centuries' growth. Some of them must have been from one hundred to one hundred and twenty feet high, and were bigger than any I had yet seen. This country is inhabited by Soninkés and Bambaras, but the dialect of the latter predominates. Formerly it was subject to the Damfa or Dampa chief, who was called king, and ruled more particularly over the province of Damfari. As we approached the Niger, our caravan was swelled by bands of travellers going in the same direction, and acquired a most respectable appearance. Of course I had no idea how far I might depend on the courage of our new acquaintances, but at that time I had no cause for anxiety on that score. My one thought and desire was to reach Yamina and the Niger. At Touboula we had been told we were within three days' march of the river, and yet at Masoso we were just as far off. Did it recede as we advanced?

On the 19th we breakfasted at Moroubougou, in latitude $13^{\circ} 50' 38''$ north. Near there we found the body of a man on the road, evidently only lately killed. Vultures or some other birds of prey had torn away part of the flesh from the face, but there were no signs of decomposition; one arm was bent up under the head, the other stretched out; the body was half turned over, with the back uppermost, looking as if death had not been instantaneous. At Moroubougou we assailed the

people with questions, for the discovery of this body had rather frightened my escort, as it proved that there must have been disturbances in the neighbourhood, and confirmed the rumours of war to which I had hitherto paid very little attention. We were told that a band of Diulas had been attacked by Belédougou rebels, and that it was one of these who had been killed in the encounter; moreover, that the country was overrun and surrounded by the rebels, who engaged in continual skirmishes, and prevented the inhabitants from going out into their fields to collect the earth-nuts which were still in the ground. A few days ago a young girl of the village had been carried off.

Matters looked serious, but the only thing to do was to push on; if my whereabouts became known, an attempt to pillage, perhaps even to capture me, would certainly be made. Escape on our horses would be impossible, and the prospect of an encounter, though it did not actually frighten me, was not pleasant. The character of my journey had, from the outset, been essentially pacific; I sincerely desired it might remain so throughout.

At two o'clock we were again on our way, intending to pass the night at Medina, a large village lately rebuilt. As we came up, a caravan with slaves and cotton was leaving it under cover of the night. My guides had often proposed a night march to me as less fatiguing and less dangerous; but I would never consent to it, as I could not have carried on my observations and tracing of the route; besides one very soon knocks up if one gets no night-rest, as by day sleep is almost an impossibility. It was about four p.m. when we reached Medina, and the other caravan decided to wait until the next morning for us. I spent the hours until nightfall in reconnoitring the neighbourhood; the fears of these good people seemed to me to be terribly exaggerated. They declared that I was being pursued, and should certainly be attacked; Fahmabra was very uneasy.

The village of Medina must have been of considerable size, as the new town only covered half the area of the old one. The straw huts, from which the new village had arisen, were still standing. Here, for the first time, I saw bricks being made by the blacks. Cakes of clay, well kneaded, were cut into flat pieces, five inches thick and ten to fifteen inches square, and then dried in the sun. The Soninkés build their walls with such bricks bound together with a rough kind of mortar made of earth and water, and plaster them all over with a compound of earth, straw, and all the manure and filth of the village. We were inspecting these primitive brick-works with the doctor, and I was humming a tune out of some opera or other, when a black who was passing heard me, and stopped as if suddenly nailed to the spot, with such an air of stupefied amazement that I burst out laughing, which stupefied him still more. Only those who know the ideas of the blacks on the subject of music can imagine the comments that must have been made upon us. They took us for griots, whose sole occupation is music, a flattered but despised class—buffoons—unprincipled extortioners—only made to be laughed at and scorned. We did not care, and the face of my black friend has remained imprinted on my memory, and has since afforded me many a hearty laugh.

We left Medina at half-past six in the morning, and reached Touta after a two hours' march. The place seemed dead, for the inhabitants had all hidden themselves in terror at our approach, and not a living creature of any kind or description

was to be seen. In number we did, perhaps, present rather a formidable appearance, as there were one hundred and fifty of us; but we were so encumbered with baggage, so badly and scantily armed, and altogether so worn out and enfeebled, that a dozen determined men could easily have made an end of us. We walked on in silence, with our scouts ahead, taking every precaution against being surprised; and before long our advance-guard was suddenly brought to a standstill by the discovery of footprints on our road, and the sound of voices not far off. A panic spread through our whole band, for the immediate conclusion was that the Délerougou army must be close at hand. I could not help laughing at the general disturbance and terror; but, at all events, prudence

"*Bakel*, 5th April.—Two Toucouleurs, who came yesterday from Ségou, brought the following news:—Mr. Mage and Mr. Quintin visited Ségou in February, and were very well received by the governor, the son of El Hadj Omar. They were preparing to go to Hamd Allahi, the capital of Macina, where El Hadj Omar then was. Mr. Mage had been attacked by robbers on his journey from Koundian to Ségou; but, by the help of his escort and a reinforcement from Boubakar Cirey, chief of Diangounté, he had completely routed them, taking two prisoners, whom he sent to El Hadj Omar's son."

This is how history is manufactured in Africa! I am thankful to say I had played no such warlike part in this exploit, and had not joined in reducing to slavery three un-



OUR CAMPING-GROUND AT MORÉBOUGOU.

was advisable, and I inspected my fire-arms, and gave my men strict injunctions to secure our beasts at the first alarm, and, if possible, tie them to the trees. I would not allow them to stir, though a sudden dash to the left made by some of our train was followed by heart-rending screams. After a few moments of suspense, we saw our fellow-travellers returning, dragging with them three captives—a man and two women. Poor wretches! they had their arms tied behind them, and were quite naked; they were Bambaras, and, by their own account, were flying to the Béledougou territory. Two others—a boy and a girl—had escaped by running. As rebels, I suppose they were lawful prizes, and, as such, were obliged to follow their captors, who, when we resumed our march, gave them back some of their miserable ragged clothing to cover them. This is the true history of the encounter of which such a magnified and startling account afterwards reached St. Louis, through the blacks, that the following paragraph on the subject appeared in a newspaper article which announced my arrival on the shores of the Niger:—

fortunate creatures who were trying to escape from the tyranny of their conquerors, and take refuge among their own race.

We halted that night at Banamba, the largest Soninké village I had yet seen. The chief was at a neighbouring village, collecting the millet duties for Ahmadou, and the two principal men of the place came as his representatives to bid me welcome, and tried, with very small success however, to disperse the crowd which had gathered round us from the first moment of our arrival. The chief, who soon returned and came to see us, made a show of exercising his authority; his subjects certainly did retreat a little at his command, but they very soon came back to their former position. In despair I then resorted to more active measures. I proceeded to squirt them with water, which my men brought from a well five fathoms deep, which happened to be most conveniently near the scene of action. The blacks have a cat's horror of water, so my treatment had the desired effect—my tiresome visitors were speedily put to flight. Imagine receiving a European crowd in this manner! Why, I should have been torn to pieces.

But here, no one thought of taking offence; in fact, I rather believe that I rose several degrees in the estimation of my drenched friends.

The chief presented me with a fat sheep and a calabash of rice, besides two great calabashes of millet for our beasts. He sent us also a supply of wood for our fire. Our poor horses were in a bad way; mine had fallen three times that day, and had, at last, the greatest difficulty in getting up; though he still looked tolerably fat, he was so weak that he stumbled at every step, and had, really, hardly been of any use since we left Dianghirté. Fahmahra and the Diulas, who had come along with us, had a great discussion that night about the captives. The Diulas wished to sell them at once, and divide the proceeds, reserving a fifth for Ahmadou as

find any novelty in its appearance, for a dull uniformity is the general character of all the towns in this part of the Soudan. The streets were wide and crooked, and the one-storied houses remarkable in two respects—they were raised a little above the level of the ground, and had doors high enough to admit a man upright—two features which distinguished them from all the houses I had yet seen in the country.

Many of the dwellings were built of straw, and stood in little enclosed courts. Here and there an open space, overshadowed by a large tree, served as a market-place; and in one of these, under a Karite tree (*Shor* or *Ce* in the Bambara dialect), I saw a native baker making and selling millet-cakes: they are fried in vegetable butter, and are



HOUSE OF THE DAUGHTER OF THE LAST KING OF SÉGOU, AT YAMINA.

his legitimate right; but Fahmahra opposed this course, and wanted to take them to Ahmadou, and leave him to decide what should be done with them.

At nightfall the fog had changed into a fine penetrating rain, which soon soaked through the roof of our shed, so that we had to cover up our baggage and provisions as we best could with our tent-cloths and blankets, to keep them from the wet, and, consequently, we passed a most uncomfortable night. I had not dreamed of our having rain at that season; however, in the course of three years' experience, I found that rain in December, January—even in February—though regarded as an abnormal phenomenon, was a thing of not unusual occurrence. By the morning, notwithstanding all our precautions, everything was soaked; and though I was anxious to hurry on before getting into any trouble with the Bambaras of Béledougou, we were obliged to wait until we had dried ourselves and our possessions. I made use of the delay in taking a walk to see the village, little expecting, however, to

called *momies* in the language of the country. I was enterprising enough to eat one, dipped in milk after the approved fashion. They are just bearable, if one is very hungry, but are sour and tough and very rancid in flavour. They were fried in a rough kind of earthenware vessel, and the man had a little calabash beside him, containing the butter, which he used very sparingly. In cooking the cakes, he kept on turning them repeatedly, and put in the butter—more than enough for my taste—with a small, flat, iron spoon, very much like a spatula.

Owing to the somewhat early hour and the rain, there were few people about, and I saw nothing else in the appearance of this Soninké settlement to attract my attention. The village stands in a magnificent plain, which is shaded here and there by gigantic baobabs and calcedras, but such high trees are not left to grow in great number, as their shade is prejudicial to the crops; and the plain, as far as the eye could reach, was richly cultivated.

originally traced out for myself? I only wanted a strong armed escort, and it would be to Ahmadou's own interest to give it me, as the country had revolted. Alas! vain dreams and delusive hopes! I was destined before long to find my-

self like an animal caught in a trap, surrounded by an insurmountable barrier. I was to be baffled in every way and on every side by delays, by treachery, by inertia, and by the cunning of the blacks.

Excursion to the Plateau of the Pic du Midi, in the Pyrenees.

BY R. S. STANDEN.

THE approach to Eaux Chaudes—from which place this excursion is usually made—is of that gentle, waving, undulating character, rising by easy stages into sublimer scenes, familiar to travellers in the sunny south. The Val d'Ossau, one of the most lovely of the numerous valleys that slope down like verdant tresses from the shoulders of this mighty range, merges gradually into a dark, narrow defile, where, at great expense, a superb causeway has been carved out of the solid rock, beneath which, at a depth of more than a hundred feet, the torrent of Gabas boils and roars, and throws itself into a multitude of foamy cataracts.

But how possibly describe the "fairy-work of Nature" opened up to us after our arrival at Eaux Chaudes!

Does the capacity for admiration increase with the exercise of it, or is it a fact that in a long ramble I made last summer through the Tyrolean Alps, I really can recall no single scene where grandeur, luxuriance, beauty of form, and vivid contrast of colour, blend and harmonise in so wondrous a manner as in this drive to Gabas, and the walk thence to the Plateau? The stupendous granite cliffs—the snow-capped mountains—the impetuous torrent—the innumerable cascades forcing their way through tiny chinks and crevices of the rock—the rich profusion of arboreal vegetation, comprising the fir, the oak, the beech, the birch, the mountain ash, the hazel, elder, and universal box—the flitting variety of animal and insect life—all this mingles and groups itself together in the wildest and yet most fascinating confusion. The senses are charmed and feasted well-nigh into bewilderment and satiety; and the after impressions of such scenery are like those of some fairy-dream, of which you retain a pleasing, though ill-defined recollection.

We left the hotel—my sister, myself, and our coachman—at an early hour, in order to ascend to the "Plateau des Bioux Artiques," if possible, before the heat of the day came on. There appeared to be some doubt as to the practicability of making the ascent at all. Three respectable females of a certain age, with whom we dined last evening, were full of all kinds of imaginary fears and dangers respecting it. They had been told that tremendous avalanches had lately fallen and obstructed the way, and that tracks of bears and wolves had been seen in the snow. They had also heard of a young French officer who was recently killed on this excursion in an encounter with one of the fierce mountain dogs, and implored us not to attempt it without either guides or weapons of defence. We had more cheering accounts, however, from the mountaineers themselves, who merely cautioned us against the treachery of driven snow. Our "cocher," indeed, whose intelligence and readiness to oblige were beyond all praise, consented at once to act the part of guide, and carry our cold

fowl into the bargain. At the little village of Gabas, five miles from Eaux Chaudes, we left the carriage, and proceeded on foot up a dark and sombre ravine to the right of the main road. Its rocky sides were clothed to a height far up above the snow-line with firs of gigantic growth; some of these, shivered in the tempest, stretched their gaunt forms upon the slopes, or lay half suspended over the roaring torrent beneath. We had not gone far before the avalanches which had crossed our path began somewhat to retard our progress; but as the snow was tolerably firm, and nowhere more than a few feet thick, we pushed steadily on, knowing that so long as we kept rigidly to the narrow limits of the path, which here and there peeped through the snow, we had nothing beyond wet clothes to fear. In one place a huge mass of snow had fallen over the stream, and shaped itself into an arch of so artificial an appearance that we mistook it for a white stone bridge at no great distance.

The most tedious part of the ascent was the last mile, which lay over a gently inclined plane of untrodden snow, where we sank almost knee-deep at every step, having only umbrellas for support, and these we were obliged to use part of the time as a fence from the broiling sun. But, once arrived at the small flat grassy ridge called the "Plateau," such a spectacle presented itself as I am never likely to forget—still less to attempt to describe.

The "Pic du Midi d'Ossau," the most majestic and singular in appearance of all the Pyrenean Pics, was immediately in front of us, rearing aloft its stupendous bulk of conical form still some 4,000 feet above us; its sides so perpendicular that but little snow can find a resting-place on them; and whence the pines, which start up through what little snow there is 1,000 feet or so beneath its summit, derive their nourishment is an inscrutable mystery. All around, in a circle of which our position was the centre, towered an amphitheatre of white-robed mountains of the most varied and graceful forms—their natural splendour enhanced by the brilliancy of the sun's rays.

Here at length was the realisation of the splendid dream that had haunted both our waking and sleeping senses through the long winter months. From Pau the snowy tapering crest of this giant peak was ever the most fascinating object along the southern horizon. It stood alone, starting up like a solitary pyramid, or a stern sentinel of the pass, which here divides the long range into two equal portions. Our emotions on coming into such close intimacy with the object of so much distant admiration will be readily conceived by those who have been similarly circumstanced.

The descent proved much easier than the ascent, and we regained the hotel by three o'clock—six hours from the time we left it.

Notes on Western Turkistan.—I.

BY LIEUTENANT C. R. LOW, LATE H.M. INDIAN NAVY.

EASTERN TURKISTAN—WESTERN TURKISTAN—ITS DIVISIONS—EUROPEAN TRAVELLERS IN TURKISTAN—KHOKAND—ITS INHABITANTS—ITS CITIES—KHIVA—ITS GEOGRAPHY AND CLIMATE—THE CASPIAN AND ARAL SEAS—THE RIVERS—THE JAXARTES OR SYR DARIA.

DURING recent years the energies of enterprising travellers, both British and foreign, have been directed almost exclusively to the exploration of Central Africa and Central Asia. These two most interesting portions of our globe are the centres round which the explorers, whom I may designate the great

countrymen, Wood, Burnes, and Abbott; and more recently by Shaw and Hayward, and other *voyageurs* too numerous even to name. To no one, however, is more due, in making us intimate with their natural features, than to the great philosopher, Humboldt, who, in his famous "*Asie Centrale*," which may still be regarded as a classic, brought together and harmonised the observations of some of the great men whom I have named. In our own language, the works of Burnes and Wood—the latter the discoverer of Lake Sarykul, one of the



PERSIAN PRISONER IN TURKISTAN.

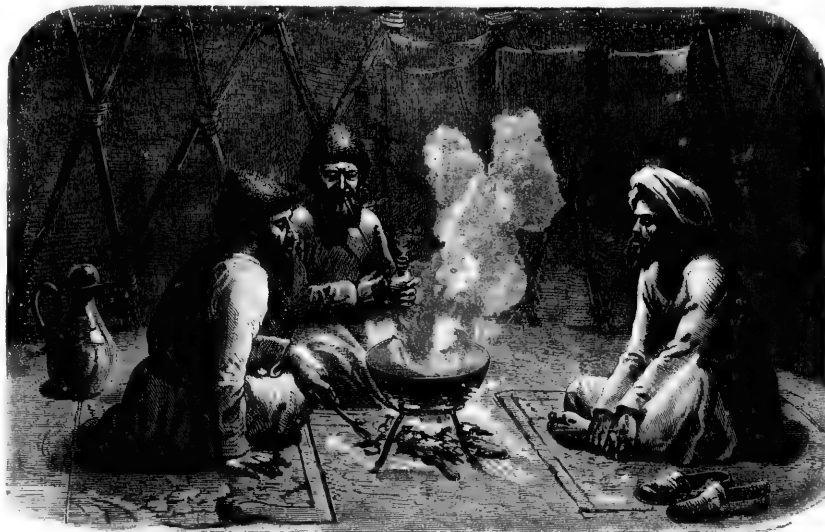
luminaries of geographical science, move; the lesser lights—I trust I shall not offend the distinguished geographers who "live at home at ease," and reduce or reconcile the deductions and observations of the "men of action," the discoverers themselves, by likening them to such subordinate celestial bodies as "satellites"—also rotate, though in a humbler sphere, round these "arcana magna" of old Mother Earth. Central Asia has been a favourite ground of exploration for the most adventurous spirits, and here some of the greatest travellers of mediæval and modern times have won their spurs, or rather, to adopt a favourite phrase, the "blue riband" of geographical science, if such a distinction may be said to have existed before the Royal Geographical Society instituted their medal. Portions of these countries have been traversed by the Chinaman Huen-Tsan, by the great Venetian Marco Polo, by the Germans Ritter and Benedict Goetz, and the Brothers Schlägintweit, by Veniakoff and Valikhanoff among Russians, by Vambéry the Hungarian; and last, but not least, by our

chief sources of the Oxus—afford valuable information concerning the geography of Bokhara and the Pamir plateau, while that of Captain (now Major-General) James Abbott is equally useful in the full and interesting account it gives of Khiva, visited by him in the year 1840, when he undertook a mission to that court under the authority of his distinguished brother officer, Major d'Arcy Todd, our Envoy to Herat. The work of Arminius Vambéry, the enterprising Hungarian traveller, gives more recent information of the three khanates, and to those who have attained a mastery of Russian, or even German, much is accessible which, to the ordinary Englishman, unlearned in these tongues, is as a sealed book. Before seeking to place before the reader a short and concise account of the present condition of geographical science as regards our knowledge of the three khanates of Khokand, Bokhara, and Khiva, we will say a few words concerning Eastern Turkistan.

It has, until recent years, been the custom to divide the

countries known as Tartary, into two great divisions, under the designations of Chinese and Independent Tartary. The first named is now called Eastern Turkistan, and the latter exclusively Western Turkistan. The ruler of the former country, described as a man of remarkable intelligence and energy, who is now known by the title of Ataligh Ghazee, finally wrested it from the Chinese in 1864, though the blow to Celestial domination was struck by the Tooras, a family claiming descent from the mighty Tartar conqueror Zenghis Khan, and who had themselves been formerly dispossessed by the Chinese. These Tooras, assisted by a force of Andijanis from Khokand, who were led by Yakoob Beg (as the Ataligh Ghazee was then called), expelled or destroyed the hostile

since the days of Marco Polo, who has penetrated to Yarkand and been allowed to return from that great emporium. The Geographical Society's envoy, Mr. Hayward, like Speke and Burton, an officer of the Indian army, reached the place a few days after him, but the two were not allowed to meet while in the city. Mr. Shaw describes the country as forming a vast elevated basin about 4,000 feet above the level of the sea, surrounded on three sides by a wall of snow-covered mountains reaching in many places an altitude of 20,000 feet. The range on the north is called the Thian-Shan (or Celestial Mountains); that on the west, the Bolor, a transverse chain, which separates the country from Western Turkistan. On the south the territories of the Ataligh Ghazee are separated



INTERIOR OF A TURCOMAN TENT.

garrisons, but the fruits of victory were gathered by Yakoob Beg, who now seems firmly established over a productive region, containing a population variously estimated at from three to seven millions. The Andijanis, as a reward for their valour, now occupy the chief place in the Administration, and form the strength of the army. Mr. R. B. Shaw, who recently arrived in England from his adventurous journey to Yarkand and Kashgar, the two chief cities in Eastern Turkistan, stated, in a paper he read before the Geographical Society in February last, that the Andijanis are looked upon not as conquerors, but as brothers in faith and blood, who have delivered them from the yoke of idolaters and unbelievers, while they reciprocate this conciliatory attitude of the inhabitants. The Yarkandis are naturally addicted to commerce and the arts of peace, while their deliverers from Andijan find their most congenial occupation in arms and administration. Both peoples speak the same language, which is essentially that of the Turks of Constantinople. Mr. Shaw was the first European,

from the plains of India by the mountain system of the Himalayas, forming an elevated belt 500 miles broad, with eleven more or less parallel ridges of mountains lying along it; one of these is styled the Karakorum, and the most northerly Kuen-Luen by the Chinese, though not forming a distinct chain from the rest of the mountains. The country enclosed within these ranges is well cultivated, containing flourishing cities of more than 100,000 inhabitants, where many of the arts of civilisation are carried on, security of life and property exists, commerce is protected, and markets are held weekly even in the smallest villages. Extensive bazaars, covered in to protect the people against the fiery rays of the sun, and containing rows of shops, are to be found in the chief towns, and in Yarkand alone there are sixty colleges, with endowments in land for the education of students of Mussulman law and divinity, while every street contains a primary school attached to a mosque. There are special streets for the various trades, and the thoroughfares are full of life and business.

On the east, the boundary of Eastern Turkistan is but faintly defined, and its confines are merged into the sandy desert of Gobi, which separates it from China. All the rivers which descend from the snows of the mountains, flowing eastwards, are lost in the sands, and, as there is little or no rain, the soil has to be fertilised by canals and irrigation. The beautiful cultivation and luxuriance of the thickly peopled parts are entirely due to these irrigating canals, which are exceedingly numerous and carefully kept. Mr. Shaw stated that the king superintended, in person, the works at a new canal while he was there, and even laboured at it himself. With so beneficent and wise a monarch, it is not surprising that the country has attained to its present prosperous condition, and it is difficult to place bounds to its advancement if he encourages commercial relations between his subjects and our merchants in India, who are eagerly waiting for the facilities that the Governor-General is about to afford. The Supreme Government at Calcutta is fully alive to the importance of Eastern Turkistan as a new market for the enterprise of British merchants, and it has entered into negotiations with the Maharajah of Cashmere for the purpose of encouraging trade with Yarkand, and arrangements have been made by which all transit duties through Ladak will be abolished. The difficulties of the route northward from the town over the Karakorum would probably be obviated by the adoption of the much easier road to the east, *via* Changanenmo, or, better still, by the elevated level plains of Rudok, more to the eastward.

Marco Polo, in the thirteenth century, was the first European traveller who visited Eastern Turkistan, and after him a period of three centuries intervened, until Benedict Goetz passed through it on his famous journey from Agra to Cathay. From the date of this journey, more than a century elapsed before another ray of European light illumined, momentarily as it were, the dense darkness in which this country had so long been veiled. In 1757, some European Jesuits, who were labouring in the cause of their faith in China, accompanied the Chinese Emperor, Kien-Ling, when he brought the country under his rule. They made some astronomical observations during their sojourn there; and the geographical positions assigned by them to some of the cities were, till three or four years ago, the only data which modern geographers had to rely upon in constructing this portion of what has hitherto been the most vague and indefinite of maps—viz., that of Central Asia.

Exactly a century after this, the ill-fated Adolphe Schlagintweit penetrated from India to Khoten, the third largest city in Eastern Turkistan, and proceeded as far as Kashgar, where he fell into the hands of Vali Khan Turya, a chief who had temporarily usurped the government of the country, and by whom he was beheaded. The next pioneer of discovery was M. Valikhanoff, a Russian officer, who was sent by his Government into the country a year after Adolphe Schlagintweit, and in the guise of a merchant. The narrative of his journey, which has been translated into English by Mr. Michell, and published in 1865 under the title of "The Russians in Central Asia," is very interesting in a geographical point of view; for a *résumé* of it, we may refer our readers to "The Russo-Indian Question," lately published by Captain Trench. M. Valikhanoff, it may be observed, can hardly be termed a European, as by birth and parentage he was more than half an Asiatic. Eight years later—viz., in 1866—Mr. Johnson, of the Indian Trigonometrical Survey, visited Khoten at the invitation of the

reigning prince, Habeeb Ullah, who was designated by the title of Khan-Padshah.

Following, at an interval of two years, upon the exploit of Mr. Johnson, was the expedition of the Russian General Poltaratski, who, in 1868, made a reconnaissance in the Cis-Naryn region, in the vicinity of the Chatyr Kul Lake, near Kashgar. No detailed account of this expedition has been as yet, so far as we know, translated into English; but a short *résumé* of it appeared in the March to April number of the Journal of the French Geographical Society of the current year. Then came, in chronological order, the researches of our countrymen, Messrs. Hayward and Shaw; and we hope no very long time may elapse before we have a detailed account of their discoveries. From the encouragement Mr. Shaw received from the Ataligh Ghazee the happiest results may be anticipated, and it will be gratifying to our national pride if our countrymen should become the pioneers of commerce in Eastern Turkistan.

Western Turkistan is divided into the three states, or khanates, of Khokand, Bokhara, and Khiva; the first named, which may be said to have ceased to be any longer a free state, as Russia has gradually absorbed or dominated over the entire country, was known to the ancients under the name of Fergana. It comprises almost the entire valley of the Syr Daria, or Jaxartes, and its various confluent. The khanate is bounded on the north by the country inhabited by the Kirghis Kasaks, who are divided into the Lesser or Western, Middle, and Great Hordes, the latter being the farthest to the east, and extending as far as the great Lake Balkash and the banks of the river Ili, of which mention is made in Valikhanoff's book; on the east Khokand is bounded by Eastern Turkistan and the stupendous chain of the Thian-Shan, which separates it on its south-east frontier from that territory, after passing which the table-land of the Pamir, which has been recently partially explored, forms a barrier to the southward; on the west, the boundary cannot be so well defined, as it includes a considerable extent of territory west of Khodjend, the Cyropolis or Alexandria Ultima of classical writers, though Bokhara and the Jaxartes are generally given as its limits in this direction; on the south it is bounded by the Pamir plateau and Badakshan. Khokand, though strictly speaking not the largest, is the richest of the three khanates; the entire length of this territory has been roughly estimated at 950 miles, by an average breadth of 360, which would give 345,000 square miles. The whole region is exceedingly mountainous, and is intersected by numerous streams, all flowing towards Syr Daria, though some of them lose themselves in the numerous extensive lakes which here begin to stud the surface of the country, and possess no visible outlet. The soil of Khokand is more fertile than that of Bokhara; and, judging by the number of its cities and other circumstances, it is the most populous of the three khanates. Vambéry estimates its inhabitants at more than three millions, consisting of the following races:—The Ozbegs, who are of a type quite distinct from the Ozbegs either of Khiva or Bokhara, form that portion of the population who have fixed habitations. The Khokandian Ozbegs of the present day are a pusillanimous race, though their ancestors have been for hundreds of years the dominant race in Turkistan, and adopted the institutions of Islam earlier than any other people of these parts. It is the custom for the nomads who form the other races of Khokand to adopt the name of Ozbegs in settling down. Then there

are the Tadjiks, a primitive Persian race, who form a more compact population here than in Bokhara, where they are also to be found. The city of Khodjend is exclusively inhabited by them, as also Namengan and other large towns which are said to have belonged to them for more than 400 years. In the other cities of Khokand, particularly in those bordering Eastern Turkistan, Tadjiks are rarely met with. Another tribe, the Kasaks, form the majority in the khanate, and lead a nomad life in the mountainous districts between the lake of Tchaganak and Tashkend, though tributary to the Khan. There are also the Kirghis—or the Kirghis properly so called, a tribe of the great Kasak Horde—who live in the southern part of the khanate, between the capital and Sarik Kal. Their tents are said to number 50,000, and they form the most warlike portion of the population. Lastly, we have the Kiptchak, whom Vambéry considers the original Turkish race. Though numerically inferior, for they only count 5,000 or 6,000 tents, these people continue to exercise, even to the present day, the greatest influence upon the politics of the state. They nominate the khans, and sometimes even dethrone them, while often 500 of their horsemen have taken possession of a city, and defied the authority of the khan. Their type of physiology resembles that of the Mongols; they have the beardless chin, the slanting eye, and prominent cheekbone of the race that, under Zenghis Khan and other Tartar conquerors, swept like a flood over all Asia, and founded mighty kingdoms.

The capital of Khokand is a city of the same name, or *Khokandi Latif*—"enchanting Khokand," as it is termed by the natives, who, however, admit the superiority of the architecture of Bokhara, which is not saying much, as the description of the latter city by Vambéry does not convey a notion of high beauty of design, or magnificence of construction in its public buildings or streets. Khokand, which is of comparatively modern date, lies in a beautiful valley, and is three times the circumference of Bokhara, and four times that of Teheran.* The northern part of the city is without a wall, and the southern portion, in which is the khan's palace, has only been enclosed within recent years. Though the circumference of the city is extensive, the number of houses is not proportionately numerous, as, like most eastern towns, the habitations stand in large orchards. Only four of the mosques are of stone, as is also a small portion of the extensive bazaar. Tashkend is the chief commercial city of Khokand. It is said to have a population of 100,000, and is by far the most wealthy place in the khanate; and, as the trade between Bokhara, Khokand, and Eastern Turkistan passes through Tashkend, it may be considered as one of the most important cities of Central Asia.

After Tashkend comes Khodjend, on the Jaxartes, already referred to, and which still numbers some 20,000 inhabitants; it is well supplied with mosques—some thirty-six in all—and has eighteen *madresses*, or colleges. Then there is Andijan, the former capital, a little to the eastward of Khokand, famous for its silks; and Namengan, and the large city of Mergolan, the chief seat of Khokandi learning. But there is a remarkable place on the eastern frontier of the khanate, which possesses great interest to the antiquarian. This is Oosh, also called Takhti Suleiman, or Solomon's Throne, which is visited yearly by a great number of pilgrims. The place of pilgrimage itself consists of a hill in the city of Oosh, and is described as being

* Vambéry's "Travels in Central Asia."

situated "amidst the ruins of an old edifice built of large square stones and ornamented by columns." Here the visitors are shown a throne, hewn out of marble, and also the place where Adam—the first prophet, according to the teachings of Islam—tilled the ground. The ruins of Oosh have suggested the probability of their being the remains of the most eastern colony known to have been founded by Alexander. Arrian states that the great Macedonian hero founded a city on the banks of the Jaxartes, for the purpose of forming a barrier against the people on the further bank of the river, and colonised it with Macedonian veterans, Greek mercenaries, and such of the neighbouring barbarians as were so disposed. It is generally supposed that Khodjend occupies the site of this ancient city, from its situation on the banks of that river.

The khanate of Khiva—known in history under the name of Khaurism, from a Persian word signifying "warlike"—is situated south of the Sea of Aral, and of the Ust-Urt. This latter territory is a table-land, south of the river Emba, and separates the Caspian and Aral Seas; it is about 240 miles in length and 160 in width, and is of interest at the present time as being frequently mentioned in the description of the encroachments Russia is making in the neighbouring khanate. The Ust-Urt is, in fact, the south-western continuation and extremity of the great steppe of the Kirghis Kasaks—this portion forming part of the territory of the Lesser Horde. Our knowledge of Khiva—once known among old geographers as Suran—is chiefly derived from Captain Abbott's work, "Narrative of a Journey from Herat to Khiva, Moscow, and St. Petersburg," which, though published twenty-seven years ago, is still of greater value than any other on the khanate. Khaurism—or, to call it by its better-known name, Khiva—is bounded on the north (nominally, we should say) by the small river Emba, for it claims possession of the Ust-Urt; on the south its boundaries form an irregular line, extending from the river Attreck—which debouches into the south-eastern angle of the Caspian, in 37° north, 54° east—nearly to Herat, where it turns north; on the west it is bounded by the Caspian. The eastern boundary follows an ill-defined line—corresponding pretty closely with the 63° meridian—crosses the Oxus, or Amu Daria, about ninety miles west of Bokhara, and is thence prolonged northward till it intercepts the Syr Daria, or Jaxartes, about 120 miles from its mouth. These boundaries are merely proximate, and vary considerably according to various authors. The mean length of the kingdom is about 750 miles, its mean breadth somewhat less than 600—thus enclosing an area of some 450,000 square miles, the surface of which is singularly uniform.

With the exception of the tract bordering the left bank of the Oxus, and the well-watered oasis of Merv, the entire country may be described as a wide desert plain, without river or springs, woods or mountains. "This wide, waste plain," writes Captain Abbott, "is not, however, such a desert as we read of in Libya and Arabia, although, from the latitude of Khiva to that of Merv, the plain is a broken and irregular surface of deep sand, for the most part destitute of grass; for even here there springs a growth of brushwood, affording excellent fuel, and the thorny herb which the camel loves; and, from the latitude of Khiva to the northern limits of the kingdom, the soil is a firm clay stratum, resting upon shell limestone, and covered with a low growth of wormwood and another dark-brown herb." The sandy surface is broken into hillocks and pits, and not into regular undulations—a

conformation which might be ascribed to the action of the winds. The clay surface, also, generally presents the appearance of a succession of ravines, though it is sometimes level. There is a triple chain of mountains of red sandstone, not less than 1,500 or 2,000 feet higher than the level of the neighbouring Caspian; these, and the mountains of Balkan, are the only elevations of importance in the country. The Ust-Urt, or plateau between the Aral and Caspian Seas, is nominally a part of the khanate; but the extreme cold of winter and the intense heat of summer render it almost uninhabitable. The geological formation of Khiva is principally red sandstone, on the south gradually changing into a firm clay, resting upon limestone.

The climate of Khiva is more varied than would be supposed, and its inhabitants are exposed to the greatest extremes imaginable of heat and cold. On the table-land between the Caspian and Aral Seas, the snow of winter lies, during five months, to the depth of four or five feet, and the thermometer sinks to 40° of Reaumur. Even at Khiva, the river Oxus is hard-frozen during four months, although the latitude corresponds with that of Rome; and snow lies for several months melting in the sun's rays, but so congealed in the shade as not to be compressible into masses. Travellers, and those who cut wood in the wilderness, are frequently lost in snow-storms, when the snow will fall five or six feet in depth, and the air is so searching that the warmest fires will not afford sufficient protection against it. Captain Abbott records that water froze in the small room he occupied at Khiva, at the distance of three feet from the charcoal fire; and even at mid-day, when the sun was unobscured, the vapour of the breath collected in large masses of hoar-frost and ice upon his beard and Tartar cap. Yet, in summer, the heat at Khiva is almost insufferable; linen clothes can scarcely

be borne, and it is impossible to sleep beneath a roof. People exposed to the sun frequently die of sunstroke. These great extremes of heat and cold terminate about mid-way between Khiva and Merv. At the latter place the temperature of summer is sufficiently oppressive, as the heat of every ray of the sun is intensified by the sands of the surrounding deserts; but in winter, although snow falls, it is immediately melted by the heat of the soil.

Yet Merv, although five degrees farther south than Khiva, has a higher elevation above the sea's level, as the course of its river attests. The cause of the excessive cold of Khiva may be simply explained. Khiva is situated midway between the frozen wastes of Siberia and the burning deserts of Arabia and Persia. The prevalent wind, therefore, is from the north-east, and blows over an unbroken waste of about 100 degrees, covered in winter with ice and snow. The chill of this wind is so great that it is said any portion of the human frame exposed to it is paralysed and destroyed. Of the Turcomans sent to oppose the Russian expedition in 1839, numbers were brought back mutilated; some had lost an arm, others a foot, others the whole cheek or the nose; the lips and even the tongue were in some cases destroyed. The position of Khiva, in the midst of a sandy desert, renders

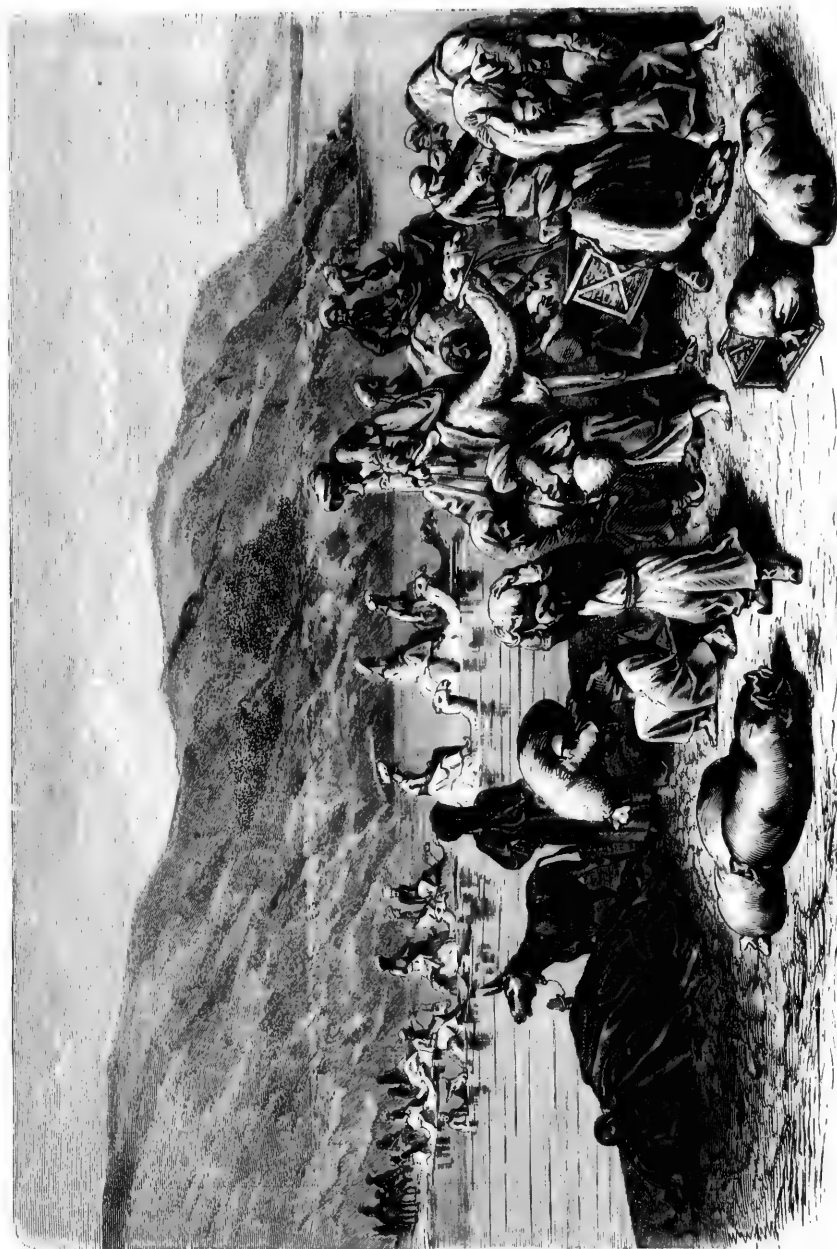
intelligible the extreme heat of the summer months. The spring is described as being delightful, and the desert may sometimes be passed in the summer months, as it is always less sultry than Khiva, and is occasionally overshadowed with clouds from the Caspian. Notwithstanding this, the climate of Khiva agrees with its inhabitants. The nomad races, whose habits of life give them sufficient exercise, thrive on it, and so does even the lazy and inert Ozbeg.*

The Caspian, which forms the western boundary of the

* Abbott's "Journey from Herat to Khiva."



GIRL OF BOKHARA.



CROSSING THE OXUS

khanate, is navigated by the Yahmoot Turcomans, who owe no allegiance to the Khan Huzrut (Supreme Lord), as the Khan of Khiva is called; among whose other titles, as proclaimed in his firmans, are "the Father of the Victorious," "the Conqueror," and "the Lord of Heroes."

The geological formation of the basin of the Caspian is shell limestone. Its eastern coast is generally smooth and shelving; the bays and harbours are therefore extremely shallow, and the cliffs rise to a great height above them, being seldom less than 700 feet above the sea level. The water is remarkably clear and very salt, though the northern portion is less so, owing to the influx of the Volga—the largest of European rivers—an effect further increased by the severe frosts which set in during the winter months, when ice several miles in breadth extends along the coast as far as the Bay of Balkan, altogether suspending navigation during those months. This gulf—taking its name from the Balkan Mountains—is in the possession of the Yahmoot Turcomans. The Sea of Aral, which also washes the shores of the khanate of Khiva, is only next in importance and extent to the Caspian; and it is a singular fact, to which we shall again advert, that its waters are no less than 117 feet above the level of the latter. Into the Aral the Jaxartes and Oxus both disembody themselves. The Greeks, speaking of the *e* rivers, unanimously and positively asserted that they fell into the Caspian, though this doubtless arose from their confounding the two inland seas, or from ignorance of the existence of the lesser one. From these assertions an opinion has been entertained that the Aral formed, in ancient times, a part of the Caspian. Humboldt, however, combats this view, and holds that the connection could never have existed. The first allusions to the Aral Sea are made by European travellers in the sixteenth century; for though the Russians had long been aware of the existence of the "Blue Sea," as they called it, they could not communicate their knowledge, having no close intercourse with Western Europe. It was only with the subjection of the Kirghis steppes, after the year 1840, that reliable information was received respecting this inland sea; and Captain Abbott, in giving some particulars of it, gathered during his adventurous journey in that year—for he did not visit its waters—expressly states that they "are to be regarded rather as conjectures than as established facts."

As the Sea of Aral is now nothing more than a Russian lake, it is to Muscovite sources that we must look for detailed and accurate information regarding it. From these we gather that the Aral covers an area of about 23,000 square geographical miles; and, from the fact of the large body of water discharged into it by the Amu Daria, or Oxus, and Syr Daria, or Jaxartes, the lake, although brackish, is not so salt as the waters of the ocean. The fish that are found in it are sturgeon, dog-fish, carp, and a peculiar description of herring. Seals, which are very common in the Caspian, do not exist in the Aral. There are many shoals near the sandy and depressed coasts; and this sea, small though it is, belongs to the stormy and troubled class of waters. The wind freshens suddenly, raising high waves, and leaving, on subsiding, a heavy swell. Winds blowing continually from one quarter are very rare; there is either a complete lull or a strong breeze, frequently increasing to a heavy gale. The vessels best suited for navigating the Aral are iron steamers drawing little water, similar to the gunboats employed by the Russians. There is very little good

anchorage ground protected from all winds. The shores of the sea present the appearance of a desert. In summer, with the exception of some parts on the south and south-west, they are altogether uninhabited. In winter, Kirghis encampments may be seen along the northern and eastern shores, as also on the adjoining islands. The northern coast is low and sandy, and, being very sinuous, forms many bays, peninsulas, and capes. The western side is bordered by the precipitous cliffs of the Ust-Urt plateau; the southern is low, and consists of reeds, which cover the drift-mud brought down by the Amu Daria, and of sand thrown up by the waves. The eastern shore, adjacent to which are the Kyzyl-Kum sands, is, in general, depressed, sandy, and overgrown with bushes and reeds. The Aral is called by the Turcomans the *Dungiz-i-Khaurism*, or the Sea of Khaurism. Abbott says the name Aral is never applied to it, and belongs to a tribe of Ozbegs dwelling near its shores.

The chief rivers of Khiva, and, indeed, of the three khanates, are the Syr Daria and the Amu Daria. That portion of the Syr Daria—also called the Jaxartes—that flows through Khiva chiefly enlivens a desert of sand, but its course through Khokand renders its waters the glory and life of that kingdom, as the Oxus is of Khiva. The volume of these rivers depends, of course, upon the season, the melting of the snow causing the Oxus to overflow its banks.

The Syr Daria, of which we shall first treat, takes its source in several streams in the sunny Bolur Tagh, or Bolor Range, that extends like a wall between Eastern and Western Turkistan. After passing the Kara Tau range, it pursues its course first in a north-westerly direction, and then westerly to the Sea of Aral, and divides into a considerable number of branches and irrigating canals, without receiving into itself a single rivulet. Its breadth is not uniform. In Khokand, by the evidence of natives, it attains 800 yards; in Russian territory, both above and below Kara-Uziak, it is from 100 to 200, and even 500 yards broad. The current of the river varies much; not only in different parts of its course, but at different seasons, and even during the day. In summer, at full water, the flow above Kara-Uziak is from two and a half to four knots; in the Djaman Daria from one to two, and below Kara-Uziak from one and a quarter to two and a half knots, increasing in rapidity at the bends to three and even five knots. It flows more rapidly in the morning, at about ten or eleven o'clock, becoming weaker about two in the afternoon, and again stronger towards evening. Its water, owing to the rapidity of the current and its flowing over a sandy-mud bottom, is always turbid. It quickly clears, however, when drawn for use, is perfectly sweet, and is wholesome not only for natives, but likewise for travellers. The depth of the river, like its current and width, also varies. Generally speaking, the Jaxartes flows through a deep and steep-banked hollow, the depth, at about one fathom from the shore, being above a man's height, and then progressing from one fathom to five and six fathoms. During low water shoals occasionally may be seen, particularly in the Djaman Daria, and at its mouth. The Jaxartes abounds with excellent fish; sturgeon, dog-fish, carp, pike, and rudd are among its finny inhabitants. The appliances of the Kirghis for catching fish are very primitive, while the Russians, with the exception of the Fishery Company of Aral—whose operations sometimes extend to the mouth of the Jaxartes—only aim at supplying their own wants.

A Visit to the India-rubber Groves of the Amazon.—II.

BY WM. CHANDLESS, M.A., F.R.G.S.

THE first thing an india-rubber maker, coming to a new place, and finding trees sufficiently numerous to be worth working, has to do is to make his "india-rubber path" through the trackless forest—that is, a path going from tree to tree to the number he wants; 100 is considered an average for one man, for they are sure, like trees of all kinds in the Amazonian forests, to be much scattered. Then he must clean the trees of all moss and creepers, so that the milk may come out undefiled, and leave him clear space to tap. He must also have ready a heap of palm-nuts for smoking the milk; but it is usual to tap the tree a little after cleaning, to get it accustomed to the process. The old way was to make a trough all round the tree near the bottom, to catch the milk and convey it to a pan below; now this is nearly abandoned, and a little basin is fixed with clay below each puncture directly it is made; this gives more trouble, but the milk is thus caught directly instead of running down the tree and getting injured by dirt or wet, and leaving a deposit, which forms so much rubber of an inferior and less "fine" quality. Wet coagulates the milk, and coagulated milk will not serve for "fine rubber;" therefore, it is useless to go out on a wet morning; but with basins the trees may be tapped within two or three hours after rain; with the "trough" the whole day is wasted, as the bark long remains wet. The trees are tapped with a "machadinho," or "little axe," about a finger's breadth and width, made on purpose; most of the little axe-heads now come from the United States. The puncture is made upwards, at an angle of about forty-five degrees, and should not pass into the wood, nor, indeed, quite through the bark; there is a knack in this, and Brazilians will say that such an one has a lucky hand for it, as they hold some have for salting meat. As might be expected, women have generally a better hand than men, especially ladies; there are now some half-dozen ladies on the Madeira, and when their india-rubber path has been cleared for them, they find the walk in the shady forest and the occupation pleasant, as is also, no doubt, the income for their private purse.

A tree should have but one puncture to every eight inches of circumference, and it is chiefly from the present or basin-plan limiting the number of punctures, that it injures trees much less than the trough system, when the tree was slashed wildly all over. Tapping goes with the week. On Monday a man taps as high up as he can reach, on Tuesday a foot lower or so, and on Saturday pretty nearly on the ground; the lower the tapping is, the more the yield; that of Saturday is often nearly double that of Monday.

Thus much explained, we may describe in a few words the way of working. A man starts off soon after daylight to the farther end of his path, taking with him his little axe and a lump of clay; the basins he finds, as he left them, at the foot of the tree, inverted, that they may be dry inside; basins of the size of a tumbler are generally quite large enough; those of tin-plate are the best, because the lightest and requiring less clay to make them adhere to the bark, but many content themselves with home-made clay, or even joints of bamboo cane. Immediately the tree is tapped, the basins are fixed with the

clay just below the puncture, and so the man goes from tree to tree working his way homeward; probably he may get home by half-past eight or nine a.m. Then he may rest and breakfast leisurely. That over, he goes out again with a pail of some sort to collect the milk, which by this time will have done exuding; and of course goes straight to the farther end of his path. By one or two p.m. he may be home again, and now has to smoke or make the india-rubber. A small wood fire is made, and then fed with palm-nuts and nearly—that is, the pan must be tilted a little, to let in air below—covered with an earthen pan, about a foot and a quarter high and a foot wide, and with an aperture or chimney at the top (or bottom, if you like) about six inches wide; through this the smoke issues thickly; it is a dense, white smoke, of a peculiar smell, and in travelling up the Madeira or Purús one often both sees and smells it a long way off. The palm-nut most used and considered the best is that of the *urucuri* (*Attalea excelsa*), a palm very abundant on the Madeira and on most "white water" rivers. Some places, however (for instance, Lake Manacassurú on the Amazons above Manáos), have no nuts, and these must be brought from a distance of several days' journey. The *urucuri* nut is about two inches long and an inch in diameter; when fresh it may be eaten, but it seems to me better fitted as food for pigs than for men.

The india-rubber maker uses a mould or form, round like an Indian paddle, or rectangular like a spade, according to his taste, and of a size to suit his industry and the yield of his trees. This mould—that is, the broad flat part of it—he dips into the milk; or, if it be large, he may pour the milk over it with a calabash; he lets it drip for a moment over the pan, so as not to drip over the fire, and then holds it and turns it this way and that in the smoke for about twenty seconds; then the milk is set into a thin layer of india-rubber, and in the popular sense of the word dry; and he can repeat the process till he thus works up all his milk. If the cake (in Portuguese the "skin") be too thin, he can augment it next day; in any case, it is usual to leave it on the form for twenty hours, the edge is then cut and taken off and put in the sun and air to dry; at first it is of a slightly brown cream colour, but gradually it becomes as dark as we are accustomed to see it. India-rubber loses about twenty-five per cent. of its weight in drying, and often, even three or four months after it is made, it still loses a little. This india-rubber is the first quality, or "fine;" it must have no lumps of coagulated milk in it, or it will be thrown aside as half-fine. The examination at Pará is now so strict, every cake being cut into four parts, that there is not, I think, much room for intentional cheating. "Entre-fina," or "half-fine," rubber is made exactly as "fine," but of milk more or less coagulated; the difference of price, however, being considerable, india-rubber makers now make but little of it, preferring to clear the milk of clots, using the liquid part for "fine," and keeping the remainder for "coarse"—"seringa grossa." This is a collection of all remains—scraps dried on the trees and in the basins and the pail, as well as coagulations; generally, a lump coated with three or four layers of smoked milk to hold it together; it sells for about one quarter the price of fine rubber, but, I am told at Pará, yields more profit per cent. than the former. I may add that two

layers of india-rubber are thought enough to waterproof common cotton cloth; eight or ten enough for the upper part of india-rubber shoes, and sixteen or twenty for the soles; worn-out shoes are not thrown away, but put into the lump with "coarse" rubber. As a general rule, Indians make most, and intelligent persons least, coarse rubber.

A man may make from eight to sixteen lbs. of india-rubber a day (estimated half-day); the latter is good work, the former very easy; even Bolivian Indians, who are paid by the day, generally make six lbs. and finish smoking by two p.m. Manoel Urbano, a very intelligent man of colour, on the Purús (often from his influence with the Indians there called the King of the Purús), told me that he had once for a wager made thirty-eight arrobas* in a month, that is, more than forty lbs. a day (as no one works on Sundays), but that he started tapping the trees as soon as it was light, and often had not finished smoking the milk at ten p.m., and had a boy to carry the clay and to help to bring in the milk; possibly this was allowed by the terms of the wager. His opponent made over thirty arrobas, but broke down a few days before the end of the month; and Urbano knocked off work for a week afterwards.

Some years ago the experiment, I am told, was tried of sending the "milk" in its natural state, in tin cans, to the United States; but the trouble was nearly as great, and the increase of price did not compensate the additional risk and freight. An intelligent Brazilian, I suppose of German origin, Senhor H. Strauss, discovered a means of solidifying the milk without the process of smoking, by mixing with it some chemical substance, chiefly alum, it is said. He offered to sell his secret to the Government for general use, but died during the negotiations. In Pará, india-rubber made by the Strauss process was sold only as second class, "entre-fina," probably from doubt as to its quality. I have never heard how it was classed in the United States or England.

When I was at Pará, in January last, the market price of best india-rubber was two shillings per lb.; it would seem therefore, at first sight, that a man making even eight lbs. per day should do well and get on in the world; and so he should and would—though much of the value of what he makes goes to pay middle-men, and all that he buys he buys very dear, especially provisions—if he would but work steadily and live with moderate economy. Let us, however, look a little at these middle-men, and at the mode in which trade is carried on.

* The Brazilian arroba is equal to thirty-two lbs.

A trader, say, receives £5,000 worth of goods from a Portuguese house of business in Pará: he has a number of customers who take £100 or £200 worth of goods from him, and again give it out in smaller portions to the actual india-rubber makers; of course, he may also have a few of these depending directly upon him; they are, however, no better off on that account. At intervals, or at the end of the season, he receives from his customers india-rubber in payment. Those who bring less than a certain amount—say fifty arrobas—whether this be more or less in value than their debt, he will credit them with what they bring at an arbitrary and low

rate, generally less than half the Pará price. Those who bring more, viz., his customers, who have themselves paid this same price to the men working for them, can claim to have their india-rubber sent to Pará and sold there; and he is so far merely their agent, charging them with the expenses, and taking himself a commission of ten per cent. The result is, that in general the india-rubber passes through the hands of two traders before it gets to market, and the actual maker rarely gets more than half the market value. Similarly, whatever he receives is very dear; the traders defending themselves from the charge of extortion on the ground—by no means imaginary—that they suffer much from debts, that is, an insufficient return of india-rubber while they are paying two per cent. a month on their debts at Pará. They have partly themselves to blame for the freedom with which they give credit. Almost any scamp

—a man you may say without a farthing, and known to be idle and in debt—can ask for £100 worth of goods and get them. The just pay for the unjust.

There is a little buying (as we understand buying) of india-rubber direct from the maker, and settling the account on the spot. But this is looked on with disfavour, because the seller has no right to sell, as he has contracted to give his india-rubber in payment for what he has already received. The buyer ("regatão," rather a term of reproach) is always ready with the sophism that what is due is money, not india-rubber; but even if he pays this to the maker—and oftener he gives wine or foreign spirits, or trumpery gold or gilt trinkets, or fancy biscuits, all at fancy prices—it is gambled away or retained, and never reaches the hands of the trader. These buyers, in fact, are a pest under present circumstances; they teach the country-folk bad faith and extravagance, and are among the chief causes of an india-rubber maker being always in debt.



INDIAN BOY.

But it may be said, "For heaven's sake let us hear no more about the Madeira, for we have had enough of this for the present." Yes, but we must just touch at the head of Macaw's Island, as the steamer needs wood; besides, I have a letter of introduction to Captain Braga, whose house stands there; and I must be quick and put on some decent clothes, for we are on the Madeira, not on the Purús, where one could land in shirt-sleeves and slippers. Captain Braga received us with much civility (in fact, a Brazilian never does otherwise), and with honest pride showed us his flower-garden—a good one, at any rate for the Madeira. He is one of the few who have employed his slaves in making india-rubber; indeed, I believe he and his brother have bought them on purpose. Most people are afraid that they will run away, where it seems so easy; and few like to buy when abolition seems impending. He remarked, however, with truth, that slaves, if well treated, rarely do run away; that for a strong black, india-rubber making was light work; and that as a slave would pay his value in two years of this work, he did not trouble himself about abolition. I may here mention that, by a slave census taken last year, it was found that the total of slaves of all ages and both sexes in the province of the Amazons is only 591; and that practically all the exports of Pará are the result of free labour. The abolition of slavery would hit a few individuals, but not affect sensibly the commerce and prosperity of the two northern provinces, Pará and Amazons.

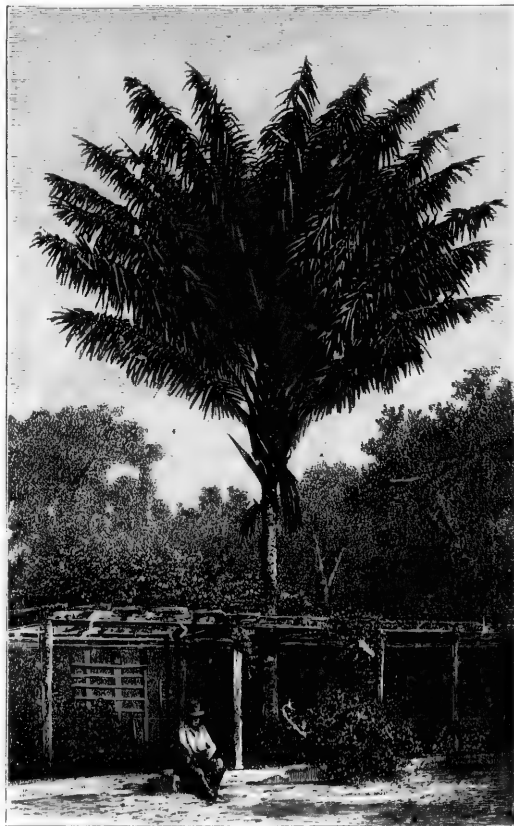
When I reached this place, india-rubber making had not yet begun for the season. From June to December is the regular season, the beginning or end of the month being the date, according to the locality. Formerly, there was a great migration between April and June to the Madeira, and at the

end of the year back to the Amazons. Few looked upon the river as their home. The loss of time and labour was thus very great, and in general the five months of india-rubber making had to keep a man the whole year round. Except a few banana plants, there was no sign of cultivation, and people were dependent entirely upon the supply of mandioca-flour brought from below—a supply always insufficient. This caused much additional waste of time, often in the very best of the season. Small canoes would go down to meet a large one toiling up slowly and painfully, and this, from such repeated bleedings, would sometimes at last arrive almost empty. I recollect, on the Purús, one which had started from Mandós with 350 baskets, arriving after a four months' journey with only forty. Now a line of monthly steamers to the Madeira and Purús has started, and will probably cause much change. People on these rivers, being now no more out of the world than on the Amazons, will make houses instead of huts, and spend in cultivation the time formerly spent in travel.

On the next day we passed Manicoré, a new village, just made a parish, pleasantly situated on a bluff at the mouth of the river of that name. Of course, villages and towns will gradually

be formed; but india-rubber makers must, obviously, live scattered, generally two or three in a group; often they choose a spot where some huge samauma tree, king of Amazonian forests, stands as landmark and sentinel beside the water, its buttress-roots securing it so well, that it seldom falls but with the fall of the bank.

A little before sunset we stopped at "Vista Alegre," the houses of two brothers, blacks, shrewd, industrious men, who are getting on in the world; one of them owns a slave now. They have cleared a good bit of ground, and, in the main, raise



ATTALPA PALM-TREE ON THE MADEIRA.

their own bread-stuffs. The place deserves its name of "Cheerful View," for it is a pleasant slope of ground, with an agreeable, though not very long, view of the river. In our honour one of the lads fired salutes; the echo took about six seconds in coming back from the opposite bank. Salute-firing with six inches of powder in a seven-and-sixpenny Belgian gun is dangerous work, so we dispensed with its continuance. Another lad came from the wood with a small tinamou, a bird about the size of a chicken; its flesh is very white, and it is certainly the tenderest, and perhaps the best-tasted, of Amazons game; this and two or three fowls were given as presents, but, on our asking to buy another fowl, the good wife brought one, saying, emphatically, "This is three milreis," that is, enough to pay for itself and the others too. We were astonished at the time occupied in embarking the firewood, and on going down to the boat found that there was one piece (value one penny) in dispute, consequently the cargo had been all unloaded again to be re-counted. Strange to say, even on the main Amazons, wood for the steamers, instead of being bought, as in the United States, by measure, is bought by number, the price both there and on the Madeira being (on an average) forty milreis, or £3 6s. 8d. per 1,000 pieces. The wood here, and generally above, was of the "mulatto"-tree, a very graceful tree, growing in numbers together. Its bark is very smooth, the outer coating being changed every year; when new, this is green; later it darkens to nearly black; and, finally, turns red as it dries previous to splitting off. The mulatto-tree is too smooth to climb. I suppose there is not another, excepting those with thorny stems, that a son of the Amazons will not climb up. When dry, its wood burns well and gives a good deal of heat, but most of what we had was too green. For some time to come, steamers will have difficulty, as regards wood, during the india-rubber season.

On June the 4th we reached Crato, which, from its conspicuous place on the river, I supposed a town. Of old it was a penal settlement, but I believe as such never got beyond huts. Now it consists of one good-sized and tile-roofed house, and a few huts of the dependents of the lord of the soil. The place is private property, having been granted some years ago to the enterprising Colonel Leonardo Ferreira Marques, who, unlaunted by the rapids of the Madeira, brought down cattle from Bolivia to start a farm on the grass-plains of Crato, that extend far to the south-west, but, as is generally the case, not on the river bank. Subsequently, he sold the place to the present owner. It has now about 300 head. For the most part, land on the Madeira is held without title, as elsewhere all over the Upper Amazons. Latterly, the President of the province has been authorised to grant, at his discretion, half a league square to any applicant. The latter would have to pay an occupant for improvements—e.g., 100 milreis (about £8 6s.) for each india-rubber path. Grants, however, of occupied land were not, I believe, intended by the legislature, and are ill-advised; already, though few, they have led to serious disputes, and, if continued, will lead to agrarian outrages.

On the following morning, about daylight, we got to the land of the Parentintins, on the right bank. They are the wildest of all the Indian tribes. Truly their hand is against every man, and every man's hand against them. It is not on record that any white man has had peaceful intercourse with them; and every Indian is their foe. The india-rubber trees on their land are still virgin, and the canoe-man that imprudently

follows their bank is lucky if he does not get an arrow between wind and water. On the steamer we may call it imprudence; but if a man find the current on one side too strong for his canoe, what can he do but cross to the other? Fortunately, the Indians are shy of the water; still, as a few years ago a party of them crossed to the left bank, and committed much havoc among the scattered and defenceless folk there, a canoe with eight well-armed men now kept patrolling the river. On the Puris last September, some Indians of a strange tribe—supposed to be this party of Parentintins, who, instead of recrossing the Madeira, had gone westwards—attacked the hut of a Portuguese I knew very well, killed him and his wife, and carried off their heads as trophies; another Portuguese, clerk or store-keeper to the former, escaped by hiding himself under a heap of mosquito-nets. We saw nothing of the Parentintins on the Madeira, and, before night, had passed their district.

About two a.m. the next morning, the steamer ran aground on the point of a sandbank. I was standing on my canoe and leaning against the steamer, and, from the jerk, thought it was the vessel striking on some snag. We did not get off again till after ten o'clock. The steamer's men, not being natives of the Amazons, were evidently unwilling to go into the water, and thinking more about alligators than anything else; but mine jumped in at once, and the others afterwards felt ashamed to hang back. We then tried to warp off with an anchor, and, in dropping this in the dark, knocked off the upper plank of my canoe half the length, so that our upper edge was barely two inches out of water; however, with care, we got to shore, and re-nailed the plank. When daylight came, it was resolved to put out the steamer's fire and empty the boiler, and this eventually let us get off. Meanwhile, my men cast their fishing-nets in a small back-water, between two spits of the sand-bank, and in two hauls caught no less than eleven turtles, six of them full-sized. I have never had such luck since.

The same afternoon we reached "Bon Jesus," the last large india-rubber making settlement on the Madeira. It belongs to the agreeable and hospitable Don Pastor, one of several Bolivians whom the profits of india-rubber making have induced to come to the Brazilian Madeira. Some of them had previously made trial on Bolivian soil among the rapids, but found the trees so dry that they yielded little profit. Possibly the place was badly chosen. Supposing the trees good, india-rubber making in Bolivia would be more profitable than in Brazil, as men would be more easily hired, and provisions be cheaper, while the india-rubber would be free from the payment of the heavy Brazilian duties. Still, on the Lower Madeira, Bolivians make money fast; one whom I caught up two days later was on his return home, having in four years made 20,000 dollars (about £3,400). Bolivian Indians can be hired in Mojos for two dollars a month and their board, for work there; on the Madeira they are usually paid four or six dollars, never more; that is, at the outside, £1 per month. As already mentioned, they usually make six lbs. of india-rubber a day; and last year india-rubber could have been bought profitably on the spot at a price equivalent to £1 for thirteen lbs. Their living is not very expensive, as they prefer plantains to mandioca-flour; and hereabouts game and fish were plentiful. Brazilians will not work for wages at india-rubber making, but arrange to labour on their own account. In fact, if you were to offer a Brazilian half a dollar a day to work for you, he would very likely reply by offering you a dollar to work for him instead.

Yet, I believe really that at the year's end the Bolivian Indians have bettered themselves more than the Brazilians.

Don Pastor, with his bright and amiable young wife, has lived here several years; but loneliness has not made them dull. People more cheerful, and cheerfully making the best of everything, one rarely meets. Here in "the bush" we found some of the elegancies of life, and the marks of a lady's hand. The floor, indeed, was a mere layer of planks, and the walls were of palm-leaves, but there was a china vase of flowers on the table. Nor had the table—in another sense—been forgotten; seeds had been brought from Bolivia, and we had fresh lettuces and radishes, such as I have never seen in Mandos; where any wretched cabbage-leaf, which it would be an insult to strawberries to wrap them in, is thought a prize.

Don Pastor was eager now to return home to Bolivia, and had been offered £500 for the possession—not the ownership, be it noticed—of his "seringal" or india-rubber woods, with

about thirty paths. But "with india-rubber at thirty-six,"* said he, "how can one go? You must have patience, F——" (to his wife) "one more year. But in less than two years' time, Senhor Eiras, we shall see you in Santa Cruz." And so we parted; not, indeed, at his house, but beside the far-resounding Fall of Theotonio, whither he kindly accompanied us to speed us on our way.

It is time, too, to part from the reader. He may have heard of the monotonous uniformity of the Amazons and its tributaries; a monotony most talked of by those who have travelled most rapidly through the country and seen least of it; he may think it confirmed by the monotony and tediousness of these pages; but this tediousness is all my own. The Amazons is ever fresh and suggestive.

* That is, at 36 milreis per arroba of 32 lbs., equivalent to 1s. 10½d. per lb., the highest price it had reached for many years; but the present price is still higher.

Bolivia; and its Outlet by the Amazons.

BOLIVIA occupies a very peculiar geographical position. On the west she is almost cut off from the Pacific; while on the east Brazil interposes a vast territory between her and the Atlantic. The Pacific shore-line is nothing but a desert, whose *medanos*, with their changing sands, render its transit very difficult and even dangerous for both man and beast. Here, shut up in the very heart of South America, is territory covering an area of some 400,000 square miles, and containing about 2,000,000 inhabitants. Its area was formerly about 173,000 miles, but a late treaty with Brazil has cut off a large strip from the north, and leaves the northern boundary of the Republic on a line with the junction of the Rio Beni with the Madeira.

One very notable feature is that all its inhabitants are found upon the Atlantic slope of the Andes, while the inhabitants of all the other countries tributary to the Amazons valley have their population upon the slope of the Pacific or upon the Caribbean Sea. The topographical features of Bolivia are notable for their grandeur. The great chain of the Andes here branches out into mighty parallel ridges and spurs. The latter shoot far to the eastward until they meet the parallel ranges of Brazil in the great province of Matogrosso. Interspersed among these "cordilleras" are great separate groups, swelling and tumbling aloft, and crowned with eternal snow. A great elevated table-land, about 13,000 feet high, and held between the two grand ridges of the Andes, extends almost from the northern confine of the Argentine Republic north-west to the frontier of Peru. All the watercourses to the east of this table-land flow into the Atlantic. To the south we have the Bermejo, forming in part the boundary with the Argentine Republic, and the Pilcomayo, running south-east and nearly parallel with the Bermejo, both emptying into the Paraguay branch of the Plata. To the north and east we find three great streams, affluents of the Madeira branch of the Amazons. They pour into the Madeira a wealth of waters in no way inferior to the volume of the Mississippi. Their

names are the Beni, the Mamoré, and the Guaporé. The Beni has seventy-two branches, all more or less navigable, for canoes which freight from one to three tons each. Twenty inferior streams swell the volume of the Mamoré, which, in a course of nearly 900 miles through the very heart of Bolivia, carries in the dry season from five to fifty feet of water, with a breadth varying from 100 to 500 yards. The Guaporé, forming the boundary-line between Brazil and Bolivia, has its headwaters almost in sight of the headwaters of the Rio de la Plata. It receives some thirty-seven affluents of various sizes—from those permitting large canoe navigation to rivers which can be ascended by large steamers. The aggregate length of these affluents of the Madeira with their tributaries cannot, at a rough estimate, fall short of 5,000 miles. Of these 5,000 miles, at least 2,000 are suited to steamboat navigation in the dry season, and in the wet season at least 1,000 miles more may be added for light draught steamers. For 500 miles of the lower Mamoré, steamers drawing twelve feet of water, could run the entire year. The banks of these rivers afford excellent natural landing-places throughout almost their entire extent, like the Mississippi and the Parana.

Of the Paraguay branch of the Plata river it may be said that it will prove a great outlet for Bolivian products when the immense wild lands of South-eastern Bolivia are settled and made to yield their wonderful natural wealth into commercial marts. Steamers can ascend to a point nearly opposite the centre of the Republic, on the Brazil frontier. Between this point and the present centre of population it would be necessary to travel at least 800 miles of wilds, with no road. The Bolivians, therefore, very properly turn their eyes towards the Amazons as the natural outlet for their products to the commerce of the world.

All travellers attest to the climate of Bolivia being one of the healthiest in the world—Humboldt, D'Aubigné, Haenke, Castelnau, Gibbon, and others who, at different periods have made explorations in the country under direction of their

respective governments. The population of the country is in great part upon the Amazons slope. Many populous centres are found upon the banks of the rivers far in the east and north-east. Among these towns are Santa Cruz, containing some 12,000 inhabitants, and Trinidad, capital of the great Beni province, having 6,000. The people may be divided into two great sections—mining and agricultural. The valleys of the Beni and Mamoré furnish their agricultural products to the mineral districts, and in exchange receive the foreign goods which find their way into the mineral centres, which have heretofore intercepted all commerce between the Bolivia valleys of the Amazons and the outside world.

One-half of the 2,000,000 of the Bolivian people are of the Quichua and Aymara Indian races. The latter have their centre of population at La Paz. The former cover a greater extent of territory, and may be said to be scattered over three-fourths of the country. The Spanish is the dominant and most numerous race, and is gradually gaining ground over the Indian. It may be justly said that the Bolivian people are among the most hardy, energetic, and industrious of all the Spanish American nationalities.

To an elevation of 10,000 feet the eastern slope of the Andes is covered with lofty forest trees. The potato, banana, Indian corn, wheat, barley, and rice are among the products. Corn sometimes produces 200 bushels to the acre and wheat seventy bushels. Cochabamba supplies great quantities of wheat to the cold districts of La Paz and Potosí. Of the fruits there are found oranges, lemons, olives, figs, pineapples, pears, apples, plums, chirimoyas, pomegranates, peaches, and, in fact, almost every variety of fruit. Cinnamon of excellent quality is found: it grows wild in great abundance. Tobacco, equal to that of Cuba, is extensively grown in Santa Cruz and the Beni province. "Coca" or betel, very extensively cultivated in the Yungas valley, is sold in the La Paz market to the amount of about 4,000,000 dollars annually. It is used by the Indians all over the country instead of tobacco. It enables them to undergo great hardships. The chocolate of the Beni has no superior in the world, and is produced abundantly. The coffee of the Yungas valley is largely cultivated for home use; but is rarely exported, owing to the cost of transportation, *via* the Andes.

Sugar is produced and largely manufactured from the cane in the Santa Cruz district, and is thence distributed even to the Argentine frontier. Its quality is excellent. Cotton grows wild in great abundance. It is of two kinds—white and yellow—both of a fine, long staple. With the vast wild indigo fields it covers an immense extent of the Bolivian territory. Flax, which was prohibited by Old Spain, may be raised in any quantity. Dyewoods and dyes are numerous. Vanilla, wild sarsaparilla, saffron, laurel, and white wax, yellow and black beeswax, rhubarb, gentian, jalap, aloes, valerian, and ipecacuanha are abundant. Of gums there are many varieties—arabic, copal, storax, tragacanth, benzoin, and caoutchouc. The latter—india-rubber—is very abundant and of superior quality. A great variety of balsams are also found—copaiba, Peru, Tolu, and others unknown to commerce.

The timber of many of the forest trees is of exceeding beauty, and would furnish Europe and North America with rare cabinet woods—mahogany, white and red cedar, red and black ebony, rosewoods, Brazil wood, and numerous others unknown to the world.

The foreign trade of this productive region has all passed heretofore through the Bolivian port of Cobija or the Peruvian port of Arica. It has to pass the desert of Atacama and the Andes on the backs of mules at an immense cost. From Cobija to the nearest city of importance, Potosí, lie 430 miles of mountains and desert sands, where water is hard to obtain, and food for man and beast still more difficult. All freight passing over on to the eastern slope has to climb to an elevation, within a short distance of the Pacific, of 14,000 feet. With the scarcity of forage, the length of the journey, and the roughness of the road, it is no wonder that the average cost of

bringing goods and distributing them over Bolivia by this route is 200 dollars, gold, per ton, or ten cents per pound. The foreign European trade in imports amounts to about 3,000,000 dollars annually. This is offset in exports by the Peruvian bark crop, the guano of Mejillones, the copper product of the Pacific border, and a few other articles which count but lightly. The balance of trade against the country is paid by a part of her silver product, which is, including coined, uncoined, and smuggled silver, about 2,500,000 dollars annually. She has found it absolutely impossible to get her magnificent productions above enumerated into the markets of the world by the way of the Andes, owing to the excessive cost of transportation.

No wonder, under these circumstances, that Bolivia has ever turned her eyes towards the Amazons as the true outlet of her vast and fertile territory. Two millions of people, occupying a territory eight times the size of England have been locked up for half a century.

The rapids of the Madeira are the only impediments to free navigation from the Atlantic to the heart of Bolivia. The lower one is situated 240 miles from the mouth of the Madeira and 940 miles from the city of Pará, near the mouth of the Amazons. From the lower to the upper rapid is 180 miles, by a curve in the river, which is concave to the east. In this curve are seventeen falls of water. Heavily laden canoes of from two to three tons burden are dragged up fourteen of them. The other three are more formidable; the canoes are unloaded and dragged around them. The margins of the river are low on both sides, but a straight line, drawn from the upper to the lower rapid on the chord of the river arc, would cut along the base of a low range of hills, and form an excellent road line 150 miles long. It is along this line that the Brazilian engineers have been making a survey to estimate the cost of a railway to tap Bolivia and their own Matogrosso province. It is believed, by the engineers who have examined the rapids, that they may be canalised. The entire fall, according to estimate, is about 150 feet in the 180 miles, or ten inches, average, to the mile. The rapids, are, however, separated by long stretches of smooth deep water, ranging from forty to 150 feet deep. The average distance from the upper rapid to the different centres of trade in Bolivia is about 500 miles. Therefore, from the mouth of the Amazons to the heart of Bolivia we have 1,620 miles with no interruption except the rapids.

Should these comparatively small obstructions be removed, as with the appliance of skill and capital from Europe they may easily be, Bolivia, like Peru, as we have before explained in a former part of the ILLUSTRATED TRAVELS, will become an Atlantic State; and the trade of the world will be increased by the contributions of another great and flourishing country.

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DIGHTOFFKA COSSACKS.

The Caucasus.—VI.

BY DOUGLAS W. FRESHFIELD, M.A., F.R.G.S., AUTHOR OF "TRAVELS IN THE CENTRAL CAUCASUS AND BASHAN."

BETWEEN many of the stages on the road down the Araxes valley below Erivan, Cossack stations are passed—links in the chain of outposts by which the whole Asiatic frontier of Russia is guarded. Their occupants are generally well-grown men, dressed in the ordinary Cossack costume, and equipped with an armament which makes up in quantity for what it lacks in quality; but even a gun, a brace of pistols, a sword, a dagger, and a short riding-whip do not suffice to lend an air of ferocity to their appearance, or to counteract the effect of their open, good-humoured countenances.

To the traveller embarrassed by an encounter with a swollen and unbridged torrent—an incident common throughout the Caucasus, but nowhere more so than in the Araxes valley—the Cossack will always render welcome assistance. Three streams, liable to sudden floods—the passage of which, after heavy rains, is a matter of difficulty and sometimes danger—flow out of the Karabagh Mountains and intersect the post-road between Erivan and Djulfa. We will give our own experience of the most formidable of these passages.

On our journey to Tabreez we drive up, towards evening, to a station, the last before that at which we hope to sleep. Our Mingrelian servant, anxious to lose no time, jumps from his seat and delivers to the postmaster our doubly-sealed *podorozhno*; to our disgust the document is received with the sullen air which we generally interpret to mean, "No horses in the stable." "Well," we ask, "what is the matter?" The reply is unexpected—"The river, two *versts* hence, is in flood; a tarantasse was nearly swept away at mid-day, and the waters have been rising ever since; it is impossible for you to proceed." We insist on driving to the river-bank and judging for ourselves. Two fresh telegas are accordingly brought out, and, packing our luggage and ourselves into them, we are soon carried to the edge of a bare, stony tract, through which flows a turbid stream of sufficiently alarming dimensions. A Cossack, mounted upon a wiry pony, now mysteriously appears upon the scene, and gives us a lead. Our driver, to our surprise and delight, turns out a plucky fellow, and follows without a question; the water rises nearly into the cart, but the three horses breast it steadily, and easily drag their light burden after them. In this way we traverse successfully first one, then a second stream, and begin already to congratulate ourselves on having paid so little attention to the postmaster's warnings. Suddenly the real river meets our astonished gaze, and we learn that what we have crossed are only two minor branches. It is not so much the breadth—although that is considerable—of the foam-flaked flood of yellow waters which so much disquiets us; the other streams were nearly as broad, but they were by comparison shallow; here the strong swirling current which sweeps under the high further bank looks so horribly deep. We are in the leading telega, and the Cossack rides up and gives a few words of half-understood advice, then goes off to reconnoitre the ford. We, meantime, take off our boots and socks, and stuff them into the saddle-bags, which we prepare to hold over our shoulders in case of need. The Cossack has by this time returned, satisfied with his inspection,

and under his guidance we enter the river. Half a dozen Tartars cling to the side of the cart about to be exposed to the force of the current; others hang on to the harness, to guide and encourage our team—all unite in raising wild shrieks, meant to cheer or frighten the horses into facing the flood. A last word of protest against the whole proceeding, issuing from our Chamouni guide in the second telega, is faintly heard, and then our whole attention is absorbed in the struggle. We are led into the river obliquely, so as to avoid exposing the telega to the full force of the current. The water is soon up to the horses' bellies, it is pouring through the open sides of the cart and over our feet, and it is with the greatest difficulty we maintain our balance at each fresh jolt over the stony bottom. The horses, however, are strong, and not unused to the work; the driver is cool and skilful, and we reach safely a shoal in the middle of the stream, where all concerned are glad to take breath for a minute.

Then a second plunge—shorter, deeper, more perilous than the first; a few seconds of suspense while the horses struggle wildly to climb the steep submerged bank, and the telega almost swings round to the current. But the well-directed strength of our team gains the mastery; for a moment we are almost tilted backwards out of the cart, and then find ourselves and our luggage safe on dry ground. It is pleasant, according to Lucretius—

"E terrâ magnum alterius spectare laborem;"

but the pleasure has an added zest when one has oneself undergone the peril. The passage of the second telega, and the absurd attitudes and evident terror of its occupants, afforded us a hearty laugh, which was too soon interrupted by the necessity of satisfying the just claims of the Cossack and Tartars, whose assistance had been of such value.

A steppe storm is another incident which enlivens the monotony of the Araxes valley. This phenomenon of Nature is closely allied to the *simoom* with which books of geography and travellers' tales have made most of us familiar from childhood. Ararat, which serves as a meeting-place for the spirits of storm, is the parent of most of these startling atmospheric disturbances. On an otherwise clear, calm morning, clouds slowly gather round the snowy head of the mountain. The grey film which first enwraps the summit, condenses gradually into a thicker, blacker substance, out of which forked lightnings shoot from time to time. At length an impulse of motion seizes the mass, and a dark wing slowly stretches itself out, overshadowing a part of the plain. Suddenly an appearance like puffs of smoke rises from the ground immediately beneath the cloud, the seeming smoke—in reality clouds of dust—is borne up by the whirlwind into great pillars of sand, which, after a few moments, break up and rush faster than a horse can gallop across the plain. The wind which bears them with it is unfaceable, and the thin, fine dust perfectly blinding. The latter, however, is soon laid by the first heavy drops of the thunderstorm, which sweeps down in drenching force on all who are unlucky enough to be exposed to its violence. Half an hour later the sky is again clear over-

head, except where a distant rainbow, spanning the banks of the Araxes, paints the skirts of the retreating storm, and recalls to our minds the opening scenes of the Bible narrative, which are so closely associated with these Armenian highlands.

Incidents in the lives of the survivors of the Flood are connected by local traditions—as to the age of which we know nothing—with several spots in the neighbourhood of Ararat. Nakhitchevan, the town we are now approaching, is said to occupy the precise site on which Noah built an altar after leaving the ark; outside the town the Armenians point out the tomb of the patriarch—a monument in the authenticity of which they show their belief by surrounding the sacred spot with the tombstones of their own dead. Nearer Tabreez, on Persian soil, is Marand, where Noah is said to have buried his wife; the word Erivan signifies “it is visible,” and the name of the town is, according to tradition, derived from the circumstance that the occupants of the ark first saw dry ground at this spot. The grapes grown in the Araxes valley are still believed to owe their excellence to their descent from the original vine—itsself a wanderer from Paradise—the potent juice of which was the first cause of the curse of Ham, and negro slavery. Nakhitchevan, at the present day, is a decayed country town, which owes its sole importance to being the residence of a Russian commandant and the place at which the passport and custom-house bureaux are fixed. The ruins of a considerable mosque bear witness to former prosperity, and the position of the place, on a brow overlooking the valley, is commanding. Although a direct bridle-road leads across the hills to Schuscha, the curious in wild scenery are strongly advised to follow the river round the base of the Kanudschuck range, until they strike the caravan-track leading directly from Persia to the eastern side of the Karabagh. The scenery of the Araxes now enters upon a new phase; Ararat is completely lost to view, whilst the neighbouring ranges close in and leave only a narrow channel—in some places almost a gorge—for the river. The landscape which, during the ride from Nakhitchevan, grows more savage at every step, attains at Djulfa the height, or depth, of desolation. A gigantic rock—a Matterhorn without its pedestal—rises in our rear; ranges of brown hills, scantily covered with wiry grass, hem in the road and contract the horizon; and a vague but distinct notion that he is approaching the end of this world, if not descending into a lower, oppresses the traveller’s mind. The descent is, in fact, considerable, for the trench through which the Araxes runs, in this part of its course, lies nearly 3,000 feet below the level of the surrounding country; bare, arid, and almost devoid of inhabitants, it resembles, in some respects, the bed of the Jordan and Dead Sea, although its scenery is on a far larger and more imposing scale. The element of mountain grandeur, wanting in Southern Syria, is here supplied by a lofty range, which rises abruptly, on the Russian bank of the river, to a height of 12,000 feet. Owing to the complete absence of vegetation, every wrinkle and hollow in the mountain sides is rendered conspicuous, and this bareness combines with the ruddy yellow tinge of the soil to produce a landscape fit for the banks of the Phlegethon. The lower spurs, moreover, exhibit the painful caricature of ordinary hill-structure generally remarkable in volcanic districts, bearing to Alpine slopes the relation of a skeleton to a statue. But as the eye ranges heavenwards to the 4,000 feet of spotless snow which in early summer veils the rocky heads

of these strange mountains, one is disposed, in admiration of the pure beauty on high, to forget the sterile horrors which surround us, or, at least, to account the range as a Scylla—fair above, if foul below.

Djulfa is the name of the spot where the post-stations end, and the traveller bound for Tabreez and Teheran leaves Russian soil. The Araxes, which in Roman times disdained a bridge, has now grown yet more impatient of control, and frequently indulges its passion by disabling the Russian ferry-boat. The river once crossed, a ride of ninety miles leads to the great commercial depôt of Western Persia and the residence of the heir-apparent—Tabreez, where an Englishman will find a warm welcome from the small but most hospitable colony of Europeans whom fate or commerce has banished to this distant spot.

It is difficult to imagine how a large town can ever have flourished in a country so desolate as that which surrounds Djulfa. It is, however, certain that at the beginning of the seventeenth century Shah Abbas destroyed here a considerable city, and removed many thousands of its inhabitants to the neighbourhood of Ispahan. A touching contemporary lament over this event has been published, with an English translation, at the printing-press of the Armenian monastery at Venice; the last stanza, as a specimen of the national feeling and peculiar pathos of Armenian poetry, deserves quoting:—

“That my eyes had been blind, my neck broken,
Poor Armenia, that I might not see thee thus!
If I were dead, I should be happy,
Rather than to live and to see thee thus.”

A member of a Prussian embassy, who seems to have conceived a most wholesome horror of Djulfa, catalogues its present inhabitants in the following sentence:—“Only great black scorpions, long-haired tarantula spiders, and the venomous centipede, find sustenance in this infernal spot.” We did not encounter these reptiles, which have perhaps served for food to their scarcely less disagreeable successors, the Russian officials who now alone inhabit the place. The modern station of Djulfa consists of a good house belonging to the military commander, surrounded by a few miserable mud hovels. Passers-by are given the choice of spending the night on the damp and fever-giving ground, or of wandering up and down the terrace outside the one whitewashed mansion, where they may listen to the popping of champagne-corks which marks the arrival of some honoured guest in the official paradise within. Those who have no need to cross the river will do well to delay as little as possible at a spot celebrated only for the unhealthiness of its climate, and the surliness of the Russian Cerberus who guards the frontier ford.

How far the scenery of the Araxes valley continues to wear the weird aspect characteristic of the portion just describe, we cannot say; for at Djulfa our journey in this direction is ended. Ordubad, the next town on the northern bank of the river, possesses at least one object of interest in an enormous tree-trunk of fabulous circumference, which, in so little wooded a country, is naturally famed far and wide. Farther on, at a place called Kudoferin, a ford and factory, on a direct but little-used caravan-track from Schuscha to Tabreez, are reached—to the former town we shall now conduct the reader.

Schuscha, the capital of the present Russian province of the Karabagh—formerly an Armenian principality subject to

Persia—is a healthy residence and a convenient centre for a European bent on exploring the surrounding hill country. The town itself is better built, and retains more of its former character than most of those in this part of Asia; many of the houses of the richer Tartars are fitted up in the Persian style, and a handsome though dilapidated mosque bears witness to the religion of the race now no longer dominant.

encounter. The principal races represented are the Armenian, the Tartar, and the Kurd—the two former live in villages, while the latter are a nomad tribe, dwellers in tents, not averse to a little quiet pillage if it comes in their way. In their manners and modes of life the Armenians are the most pliant, and fall easiest into European models; they are also the most enterprising and speculative, and hold in their hands



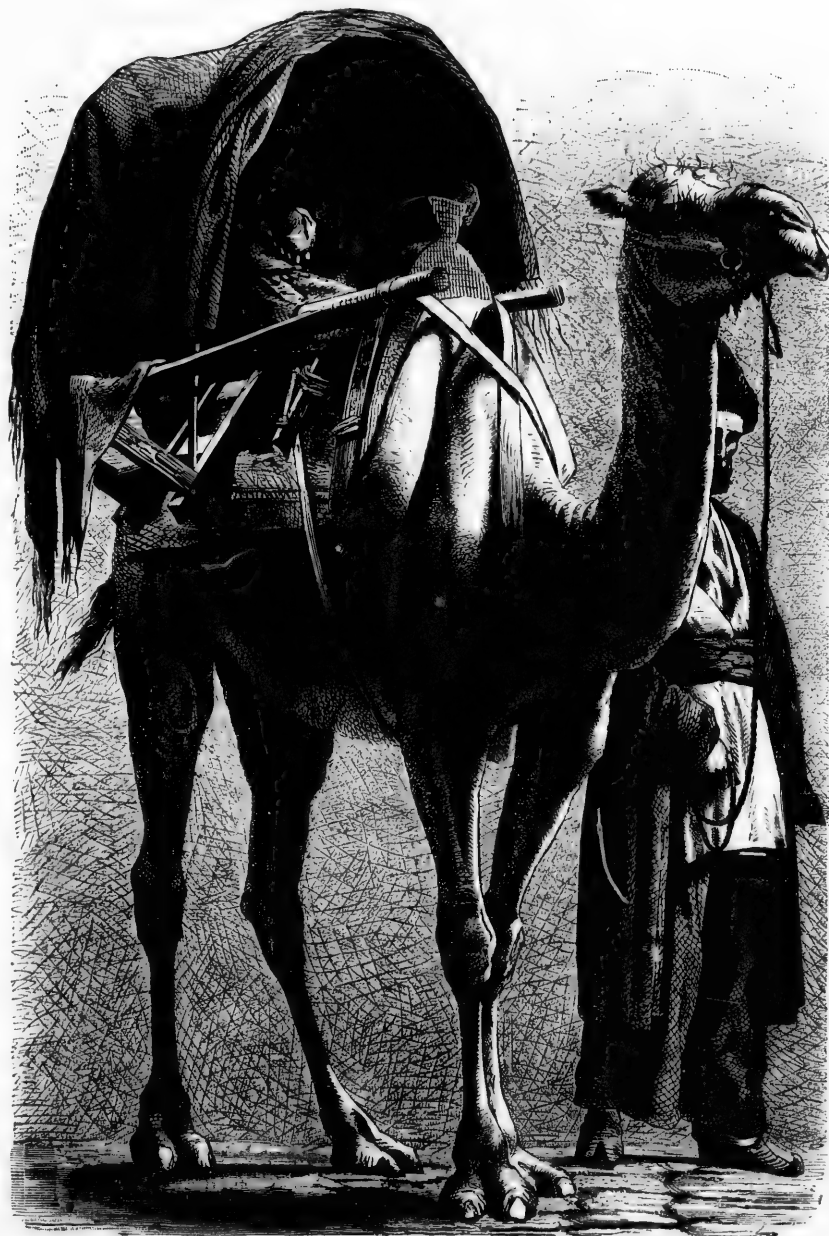
ARMENIAN MONKS, AT ETCHMIADZIN.

The only post-road by which Schuscha is linked to the more central towns of the Caucasus runs along the plain to Elizabetpol; but the traveller will be able, without serious difficulty, to select a horse-track by which he may make his way back to Erivan through the heart of the mountains. The route offers high attractions to the geologist, who will everywhere meet with traces of the volcanic action which has raised the neighbouring pyramid of Ararat. For the student of ethnology, there will be a constant source of interest and instruction in the very motley and mixed population he will

nearly all the commerce of the country. The Tartars—rich in flocks and herds, which they pasture in summer on the mountains—are far more resolutely Asiatic, Mohammedan—in a word, conservative in all their habits, and mix less readily with their Russian masters—a tendency which has probably saved them from complete corruption.

Supposing the traveller to have successfully crossed the Karabagh, and returned to Erivan, we will now plan for him a second expedition round the flanks of Alagöz, visiting on the way the ruins of Ani and Etchmiadzin, the chief monuments

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of the long-lost greatness of the Armenian nation. The principal interest of this excursion lies in the opportunity it affords of studying Armenian architecture; but many will find an additional attraction, if the season is sufficiently advanced, in the ascent of Alagoz.

Etchmiadzin—well-known as the seat of the Armenian patriarchate—lies only a short ride to the westward of Erivan. The cathedral and residence of the patriarch form part of a large monastery, fortified by a high earthen wall; in the neighbourhood are a few houses and a shabby bazaar, which has little attraction for a visitor. The patriarch or pope of this Armenian Rome—a middle-aged man of an imposing appearance, which is usually heightened by magnificent robes—is most gracious in his reception of English travellers, who will be freely shown all the treasures of the place. Ani lies in Turkish territory, on the right bank of the Araxes. Here stand the remains of the palace of the Armenian kings, and of the churches of their capital, built as early as the eleventh century, and now utterly deserted.

Some distance to the north is the Russian frontier-post of Alexandropol, whence we may return to Erivan by a track

skirting the north-eastern flank of Alagoz. The best starting-point for the ascent of the mountain is the wretched village of Alekujak, where a traveller will find no better accommodation than an empty stall in an underground stable, where sleep is most effectually murdered by the smell and noise of the greater, and the bites of lesser animals. Alagoz is a vast mountain-mass, the steep sides of which support a broad table-land, which affords a welcome summer station to the nomad Kurds. At the northern extremity of these pastures rise two sharp peaks, over 13,000 feet in height, one of which was pronounced impracticable by the Russian engineers, who succeeded with some difficulty in scaling the second. In the hollow at their base a small glacier, the only one in Armenia, maintains a precarious existence—a fact sufficiently curious when we recollect that Ararat, nearly 4,000 feet higher, can boast no similar offspring. To the latter mountain it is now time for us to return. No visit to Armenia can be considered complete which does not include a pilgrimage to the "Mountain of the Ark," which for so many centuries has been regarded by the inhabitants of the surrounding country, Mussulman and Christian, with a mixture of patriotic and religious veneration.

Notes on Western Turkistan.—II.

BY LIEUTENANT C. R. LOW, LATE H.M. INDIAN NAVY.

CHANNELS OF THE JAXARTES—THE OXUS OR AMU DARIA—BOLOR MOUNTAINS—THE PAMIR STEPPE.

THERE are three by-channels on the right bank of the Jaxartes. The first, the Ber-Kazan, at the point where it diverges from the river, is forty yards wide, and nine feet deep, and continues its course in a series of expansions which have local names, and are mostly overgrown with reeds. The second, the Kara-Uziak arm, has no regular bed, but consists of a labyrinth of lakes and fens, interspersed with sheets of clear water, fringed with reeds. Its channel is interrupted by morasses at two distinct points, and, owing to this peculiarity, the water at the mouth of this stream is perfectly clear, though of a marshy taste. The third branch, called the Kazala, has, where it strikes off, a well-defined bed, about forty yards in width, with a depth of twelve feet, and a slight current. From Tal-Bugut to a point at Aman-Utkul, the right bank of the Jaxartes forms a depressed valley, by far the greater portion of which is overgrown with reeds, while in the northern portion are formed four lakes which have no springs of their own, but are fed by canals conducted from the Jaxartes, and are, in fact, nothing more than inundations over a saline marshy valley; the water in them is consequently brackish, and becomes fetid, if not refreshed by the flowing stream of the parent river. The principal branch on the left bank of the Jaxartes is the Djany Daria (or New River) which disembogues itself in the south-east part of the Sea of Aral.

The Amu Daria, called also the Jihoon and the Oxus, is a river in Western Turkistan, not second in importance to, and of greater length than the Jaxartes. What the latter is to

Khokand, the Oxus is to Khiva—the great fertiliser and life-giver. The region of the source of the Oxus is one of the least known on the surface of the globe. The late Captain Wood, of the Indian Navy, did more than any other traveller to make us intimate with its geographical features, and was the first to unravel the secret of the actual source of the Oxus; though geographers, being among the most sceptical of men, still "agree to differ" on the point whether the lake he named the Victoria, is the chief source. Sir Alexander Burnes, who met with such a tragical fate at Cabul on that memorable 2nd of November, 1841, has also done much to familiarise the world with the course of this river through Bokhara in his very interesting and instructive "Travels;" but still the Pamir Steppe and the Bolor Range, whence the Oxus issues, afford one of the finest fields for distinction to an adventurous and scientific explorer. It is satisfactory to know that in all probability our ignorance will be enlightened ere long by the researches of certain of our own countrymen; the area after all is but limited, for the entire distance between the sources of the Roshkar, the extreme point of Russian survey, and Peshawur in British India, is not above 600 geographical miles. Humboldt, writing of the region of the Pamir and Bolor Range, sums up in his "Asie Centrale," all that is known of this interesting region, and our knowledge has been little, if at all, extended since he wrote his account. The chain of the Bolor, particularly that portion of it situated between 36° and 40½° of latitude, forms the natural boundary between Eastern and Western Turkistan. Commencing from the Terek-Tau and the Thian Shan, or from the Pamir Plateau to Badakshan, colossal moun-

tain ranges present almost insurmountable difficulties to the passage of armies, or the advances of the more peaceful caravans of commerce. Twice only—that is, once during the Han dynasty, contemporary with the Roman Republic and Tiberius, and once again during the same dynasty, coeval with the reign of Charlemagne—were the efforts of the Chinese to penetrate into the fertile valleys of the Oxus and Jaxartes crowned with success. More than a hundred years before our era, Fergana or Khokand became a Chinese state, and remained so for some time. Again, during the latter part of the last century, the Celestials were masters of the Bolor region and Badakshan, but they were soon ousted again.

The diminution in height of these great ranges at their northern limit, and after their intersection by the Asferah Range, renders the passage from Eastern Turkistan into Khokand comparatively easy. The etymology of the word Bolor, varied also into Belur, is unknown, though, as applied to the town and kingdom of the same name, it is of great antiquity. The Buddhist traveller, Huen-Tsan, writing of it in the year 640 *n.c.*, says, "To the south of the Pamir Valley, after crossing the mountain, one reaches the kingdom of Bolor, which produces much gold and silver." The appellation of the Tsun-lin, or Onion Mountains, belongs properly to the intersection of the Bolor and Kuen-Luen Ranges, and particularly to the northern and eastern portions of these mountain systems. The Chinese, however, extended this designation not only to the whole Bolor, but also to the eastern portion of the Hindoo-Koosh. Thus, while Huen-Tsan applies the name of Bolor to the town and kingdom, he calls the mountain chain Tsun-lin. In the middle of the last century, during the reign of the Emperor Tsian-lun, the Jesuit priest Felix d'Arocha placed the Bolor as one of the points on the list of his astronomical determinations, under the name of Po-lo-outh. There is also a river called the Bolor, which, after a curving course through Vokhan, becomes one of the sources of the Oxus. The uninterrupted prolongation of the meridional chain of the Bolor commences from the $32\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ parallel to the south of its intersection by the ranges of the Himalayas, the Kuen-Luen, and Hindoo-Koosh, to $45\frac{1}{4}^{\circ}$ on the north of its intersection by the Thian Shan, which range here receives the names respectively of Asferah, Kiptchak, and Terek-Tau.

The entire chain thus extends over a distance of 860 miles. The dominating points rise above 18,000 feet, and are situated between 35° and 40° latitude, occurring particularly at the intersections with the ranges extending parallel with the equator. The most southern of these intersections is of colossal proportions, both in breadth and altitude. The works of Elphinstone and Burnes, of Wood and Lord, have supplied us with most of the information we possess on this interesting region. The extension of the Bolor Chain, and its range from north to south, were well known to the traveller Huen-Tsan. He asserts that "the Tsun-lin Mountains abut on the south on the great snowy range (the Hindoo-Koosh), and reach on the north the Warm Sea (the Issyk-kul)."

Humboldt describes the range of the Bolor as consisting of smaller parallel chains divided from each other by high valleys and plateaux. This fact is established by the details of the description of the three great passes through the Bolor. The most northern of these passes leads from Yarkand and Kashgar to Khokand. Caravans laden with tea, destined for the markets of Bokhara, leave the regions watered by the tributaries

of Lake Lob-nor, and cross two mountain chains before reaching the basin of the Jaxartes and the Sea of Aral. The first mountain pass on this difficult route, which runs from south-east to north-west, occurs at that part of the range called the Terek-Tau. This is the Kashgar-davan Pass. After clearing this first barrier, which rises from east to west, caravans proceed through the northern prolongation of the Bolor, between Oosh and Andijan, of which we have already spoken as situated on the Jaxartes. This route was known at a remote period, and is mentioned in two march-routes of more recent times, referred to by Humboldt. Beyond this pass southward there is the Pamir Pass, which extends through a continuation of the Bolor to the north of its intersection by the Asferah Range. The next pass is that which was traversed by Father Benedict Goetz, in 1603, when proceeding from Karshu through Sirkul and Yarkand. Ritter was the first to direct attention to the route of the Jesuit missionary from Karshu, which lies—if we adopt as a basis Captain Wood's observations on the sources of the Oxus—approximately in latitude $37^{\circ} 10'$. The Pamir Pass, a description of which is extant from the sixteenth century, is the most celebrated in the whole of the Bolor Mountains. The division of the range into subsidiary chains becomes visible here in the difference of climate and vegetation, and Macartney, in his map attached to Elphinstone's "Travels," distinguishes the chains as the Bolor, Pamir, and Badakshan. "The Buddhist traveller, Son-Yun," says Humboldt, "crossed the Bolor in a direction from east to west, after leaving the city of Khoten in Eastern Turkistan, and speaks of chains, the eastern of which he calls the great Tsun-lin. In the eastern part of the Bolor, between Gilgit and Chitral, rises the colossal peak of Tutukan. One degree northward of this height, and nearly under latitude 37° between Karshu and Vokhan, is the Pushtekhar Group, which extends from south-south-east to north-north-west; but however colossal this group may appear, it forms only the girdle of an upheaval still higher, known under the name of the Pamir, and celebrated throughout the whole of Central Asia as a mountain in comparison with which all others must be considered low."

Turning then to descriptions of this wonderful plateau, Humboldt cites Huen-Tsan, who says: "The Pamir Plain extends 1,000 *li* from east to west, and 100 *li* from south to north; it is situated between two snowy mountains. Grain is sown there, but everything grows badly. In the middle of the plain is the Dragon's Lake, the waters of which are dark green, and full of tortoises, sharks, crocodiles, and dragons. Foxes, swans, and wild ducks frequent these waters. To the west of Dragon's Lake there issues a large torrent, which flows towards the Oxus; another torrent, which flows towards Kashgar, issues out of the lake on the east."

In the interval between Huen-Tsan (640) and Wood (1838), says Veniukoff, the only traveller who visited these parts was Marco Polo. This enterprising traveller may have crossed over the Pamir in 1277, but it is difficult to ascertain, from the account he gives, whether he did actually traverse the plateau. From the phrase "it is said," which he uses in his description of the locality, it will be inferred that he did not visit it in person. He was detained by illness a whole year at Badakshan, and from this place he might easily have reached Kashgar, by crossing the Bolor in a more southerly direction than that followed by Benedict Goetz. In any case, his description of the Pamir coincides with that given by

Huen-Tsan and Wood, even to the smallest details: "Proceeding from Badakshan to the north-east and east," says the Venetian, "one reaches, after passing several castles along the bank of one river, the province of Vokhan, the inhabitants of which profess Islamism. Journeying three days more, in an easterly and north-easterly direction, one arrives, after a prolonged ascent, at the summit of a range of mountains, which they say are the highest points in the world. When the traveller finds himself in this place, he sees between two mountains a large lake, out of which issues a fine river. The plain yields such fine pasturage that the leanest cattle get fat in ten days." In spite of the similarity of the descriptions, both topographical and physical, of the Pamir, Humboldt was at a loss to determine whether the designation of the Pamir belongs exclusively to one plain, which Huen-Tsan calls *Pomir*, or to the whole of the extensive plateau, taking twelve days to cross, as stated by Marco Polo. The Venetian traveller, like his Chinese predecessor, says, at the end of his description, that to the south of the Pamir is *Belor*; but he does not mention that the plateau of the Pamir forms the watershed between the basins of the Oxus and *Lob-nor*. Marco Polo visited the province of Vokhan, and it is surprising that he did not learn that the "fine river" of which he speaks, as flowing out of the mountain lake, was none other than the Oxus, the same river that forms the limit of Vokhan on the north.

The western extremity of Sarykul, or Victoria Lake, which is one of the sources of the Oxus, is situated, according to Wood, in latitude $37^{\circ} 27'$. According to the accounts gathered by Macartney during Elphinstone's memorable expedition, two other lakes exist in the zone of the Pamir—namely, Karakul, in latitude $38^{\circ} 50'$, and Surik-Kul, in latitude $37^{\circ} 10'$ —marked in Macartney's map considerably to the northward of the principal source of the Oxus, which is placed in latitude $38^{\circ} 10'$. Macartney shows no outlets to these lakes, neither of which must be confounded with the Sarykul of Wood, as they are situated respectively $1^{\circ} 23'$ and $1^{\circ} 43'$ to the north of it.

Burnes, writing of the Pamir, says: "The centre of the

plateau is Sarykul, out of which there should issue, according to all accounts, the Jaxartes, Oxus, and a branch of the Indus. This plateau, which affords excellent pasturage, extends round the lake for a distance of six days' journey in circumference; and it is said, that from this elevation all the adjacent hills appear below the observer." It may be observed, however, that Arrowsmith's map, constructed in 1834 for Burnes' work,

does not altogether agree with the statements in the text. On this map there is also placed, in latitude $38^{\circ} 40'$, Lake Dzarik-Kul, represented as one of the outlets of the Vokhan river; and to the north-east of it there appears the much larger lake of Karakul, out of which flows to the east the river called the Yaman Daria, and which, lower down, receives the name of Kashgar Daria—from the city of that name in Eastern Turkistan, situated upon its banks—and, still further in its course, the name of Tarym.

When the *Bombay Gazette* gave the first account of Wood's journey to the sources of the Oxus, to Lake Sarykul, and to the plateau 15,000 feet high, it was imagined that this "dauntless explorer," as Humboldt calls him, was much more to the southward of the region of the Pamir proper than he actually was. But the publication of his valuable work soon dissipated all doubts respecting the identity of the Pamir with the neighbourhood of the Sarykul. The traveller was surrounded by those Kirghis who gave themselves out as the masters of the Pamir. When at the point of junction of the two branches of the Upper Oxus, at Issar (latitude $37^{\circ} 2'$), Wood, being in uncertainty as to which route he should follow, heard that the northern

branch was called the Pamir branch. The Pamir was described to him by the Kirghis as a high mountainous region; and they stated, in a very positive manner, "that Lake Sarykul was situated on the roof of the world, and that this roof was the Pamir." The road along which Wood ascended to Sarykul is the caravan road to Yarkand.

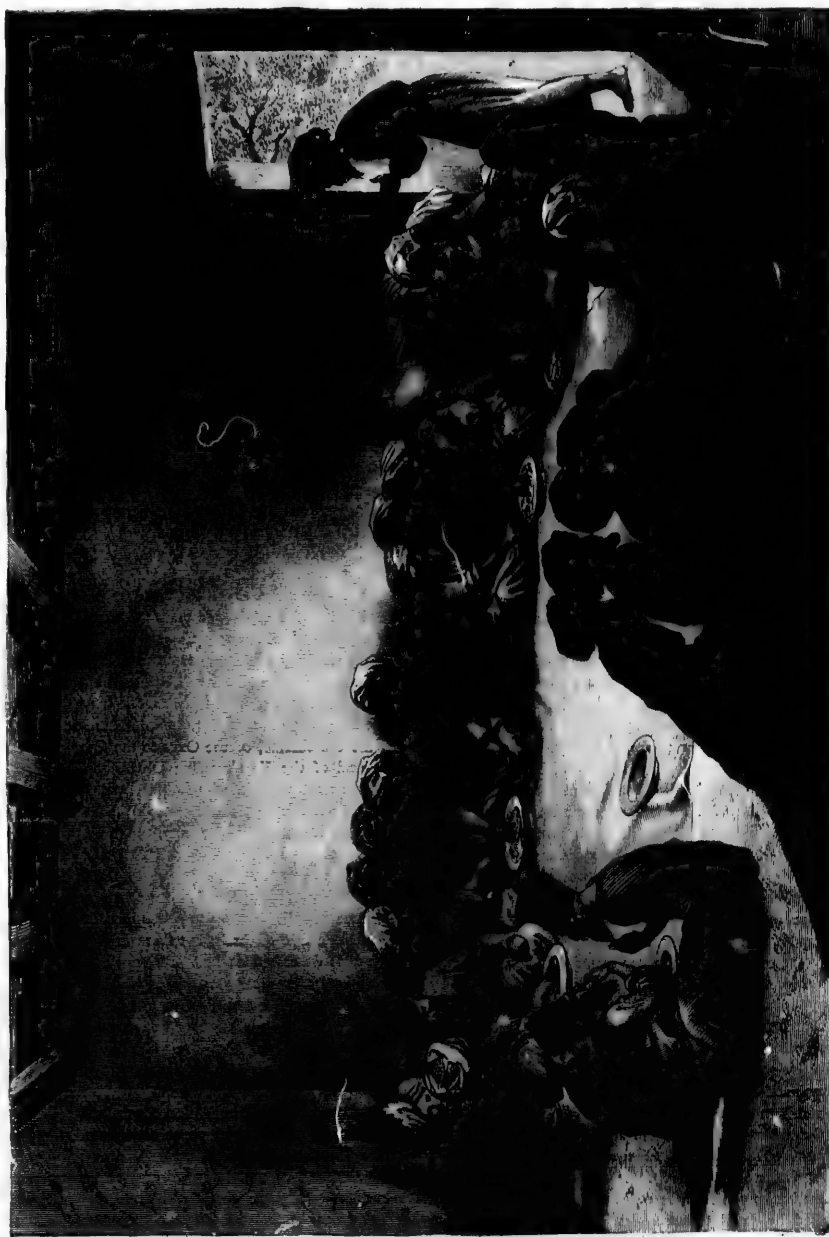
The Oxus is formed, like many other large streams, by the junction of several branches. If we take Wood's Victoria Lake as the source of the river, its whole length to the Sea of Aral may be estimated at 1,120 geographical miles—thus most



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TURCOMANS DINING

nearly approaching in extent the Dnieper among European rivers. Its three chief branches—the Bolor, Duvan, and Sharud, on the latter of which is situated the city of Badakshan—may be described as uniting in one stream, though there is another stream, the Aksu, whose course has not been so accurately traced. The Oxus flows in its upper course either through sultry, dry, and consequently barren steppes, or through a mountainous region, where the beds of its branches are strewn with rocks, and the valleys bordered by precipitous and rugged heights. Of its three principal affluents, the Sharud alone waters localities celebrated for their fertility. Burnes says that both natives and strangers speak in raptures of this country—of its rivulets, picturesque valleys, fruits, flowers, and nightingales. The valleys of the Bolor, and the banks of the upper course of the Duvan Daria, on the other hand, are not of so promising a nature. The former, as described by Wood, are deep and narrow indentations in the surface of a high table-land, and have all the stern characteristics of an Alpine region. Lake Sarykul, notwithstanding that it is situated in the 37th parallel, continues to be covered with ice in the month of February. An anonymous German traveller—said to have been employed by the East India Company, whose MS. work has been recently brought to light—alludes in the following terms to the almost Siberian temperature that prevails at the sources of this famous river: “After leaving behind us the source of this stream (the Aksu) we emerged on the snowy plateau of the Pamir, which is always swept by a very cold wind, and rendered, in this manner, insupportable as a permanent place of habitation. The several lakes existing here are covered with ice all the year round, the surface of which is so smooth that the snow is always blown off by the wind. On descending northward from the Pamir Plateau, the traveller sees before him the large lake of Riankul, in which the water is so cold that no fish are able to exist.”

“The glens of the Bolor Mountains,” says Veniukoff, “are inhabited by a half-wild race of people, who, being separated from each other by the mountainous character of the country, do not fuse into large, well-organised communities, but retain the habits of wandering marauders, and exist on the plunder of caravans.” Huen-Tsan, the Buddhist missionary, writing in the seventh century of our era, states that the inhabitants of the upper sources of the Oxus are devoid of all courtesy and justice, prone to violence, and hideous in appearance. Still it may be put down to their credit that some of these tribes offered a stout resistance to the conquests of Alexander, and, on their subjection, formed part of the kingdom founded by the mighty Macedonian, under the name of Bactria.

The Oxus, after passing out of the basin of its sources—which are enclosed, on the north, east, and south sides by mountains 15,000 to 18,000 feet high, across which the roads for pack animals are few and difficult to traverse—flows beyond the southern confines of Badakshan, Vokhan, and Balkh. Between the two points of Termez and Pitniak, the first town of the oasis of Khiva, a distance of about 540 miles, the settled population keep aloof from the sultry valley of the Oxus. The banks of the river along the whole of this extent are occupied by small towns and villages, which occur near ferries, or at the intersections of caravan routes; it forms a noble stream, and, as at Chardjui, has a breadth of 470 yards, and a depth of 24 feet.

The Oxus enters Khiva by a sandy desert, but, flowing

onward, reaches a fertile clay plain, over which its waters are distributed by numerous canals. This plain is about 200 miles in length, by about an average breadth of 60 miles, and produces grain for the supply of the bulk of the Tartar population, as well as for export to Khorasan. In ancient times the course of the Oxus, after passing Khiva, was a bold curve, by which it rolled its waters into the Gulf of Balkan, in the Caspian. This fact is one of the most extraordinary in the physical history of the globe, and, were it not authenticated beyond dispute, might well arouse the incredulity of the most faithful believer in travellers' tales. That a great river did, some centuries back, follow a course very different from its present channel, and disembogued its waters into a sea now severed from it by a desert of 350 miles, is a statement that will require strong proof to gain general credence. This fact is, however, placed beyond doubt by the actual existence of the river valley and channel through which it flowed in remote ages; and the marvel of it is increased when we consider that the river must have turned off at an abrupt angle from the point where it digressed from its present course, which is much the more direct one. Burnes ridiculed the theory, which he refused to recognise as being within the domain of fact, and considered the channels to be “remains of some of the canals of the kingdom of Khaurism, being supported in this belief by the rivers near them, which have been deserted as the prosperity of that empire declined.” But it is manifestly impossible to mistake for a canal the bed of such a river as the Oxus, which, after hollowing out for itself a valley some miles in breadth, ploughs up a furrow several hundred feet deeper than the earth's level, and quite wide enough for a stream 800 yards wide. There is a very generally received notion among the nomads that there exists a subterranean communication between the Aral and Caspian; and Abbott remarks upon this, that it may be perfectly true that sounds of subterranean waters are heard at Kara Goombuz—as the old channel of the Oxus to the Caspian is the lowest lying land of the Karakum, or Desert of Khaurism, thereby being the natural drain of all that country—though he is of opinion that it is improbable that the Sea of Aral has any communication with this drainage, which he thinks is supplied by the snow and rain which fall in considerable quantities between the two seas.

The waters of the Oxus are pure and sweet. Its breadth opposite Khiva is about 900 yards, and increases as it approaches the Sea of Aral; but there is a point above Khiva where it is described as being narrowed to about 200 yards, and as being proportionately deep and rapid. The river is navigable throughout the entire course, from its mouth to Bokhara and Balkh, but during five months is frozen so firmly that the caravans pass over the ice in security. The subject of the diversion, in ancient times, of the waters of the Oxus, and also of the Jaxartes, from the course they now take into the Aral, to the more distant and lower basin of the Caspian, was discussed in a learned paper contributed, three years ago, to the Royal Geographical Society, and published in the “Proceedings” of that body. The most important practical deduction from these changes, if true, is the possibility of effecting now by art what was formerly done by Nature, and, by deepening the dry channel, diverting the Oxus once more into the larger sea; for by this, steam navigation would be possible from the heart of Russia to the north-western borders of India, by the Volga, the Caspian, and the Oxus.

The Natives of Algeria.

THE KABYLE, THE ARAB, THE MOOR, AND THE JEW.

BY PROFESSOR D. T. ANSTED, M.A., F.R.S., F.R.G.S.

Nothing is easier, and few trips more interesting, than a journey to Algeria, where one may see without difficulty the Arab, in his state of migration in North Africa; the Kabyle, such as he has become after long centuries of misrule and slavery; and the Jew, in his modified Oriental type. As to the French element, it is so little important, and so little changed from that of the provincial Gaul of the present day, that we may pass him by in any inquiry as to what belongs to the place. He exhibits the ordinary characteristics of his race, and has neither undergone change himself, nor caused a change in others.

Forty or fifty hours on board a comfortable steamer will generally transport the traveller from Marseilles to Algiers. The town is charmingly placed, and, though to a great extent rebuilt since French occupation, still retains enough of the Oriental element to render it immediately interesting. There is also a great variety of race and costume to be seen, especially in the corn-market in the Moorish town, in the early morning. In the *caravanseraï*, opposite this market, the traveller will find a picturesque assemblage of camels, mules, and asses, and natives of every variety of complexion. These, of course, are all men. Of the Moorish women the dress alone is visible, the *yashmak* and the *burnous* effectually concealing not only the face but the figure. The Arab women are rarely seen at all; and the Arabs do not much haunt the town, or if there, are not seen to advantage. Of Jews there is never any scarcity, and both male and female are equally ready to do business in either buying or selling.

There are some good specimens of Moorish house architecture in Algiers, but such specimens are rapidly giving place to the style of building recently introduced into French provincial towns, and before long there will be hardly anything left. The modern houses of French construction are lofty and square, and the streets wide. It will be seen, when the next considerable earthquake takes place, whether this departure from the established Oriental method of building is altogether desirable.*

The Moorish town is distinct from the French, and is enclosed within a triangular area, rising on the slope of the hill facing the sea, and terminated by the citadel, which is about 400 feet above the sea. The streets are narrow, and form a complete labyrinth. The sides of the houses towards the street are dead walls, with an occasional loop-hole and a closed doorway. At the height of the first storey are often wooden corbels supporting a second storey, which projects into the street. There is sometimes a third, projecting still further, and where this is met by a similar house of three storeys on the other side, the walls of the upper storey meet, and the street is a tunnel. Should a door be open in the dead wall, a charming court will be seen surrounded by an arcade of marble columns, supporting a gallery. In the middle is a fountain or a beautiful tree, and leading to the gallery, over the arcade, is a staircase, the stairs being covered with encaustic tiles. From this gallery the rooms are entered, not by opening a door, but by drawing a curtain.

* Earthquakes in Algeria are not mere possibilities. There have been severe shocks within a few years.

The rooms and gallery, as well as the stairs, are paved with encaustic tiles or stucco; the walls are painted in arabesque; the sofas and couches covered with silk, embroidered with gold; one or two small carpets, or the skin of a lion or panther, are on the floor. Such are the luxuries in the houses of the better class of Moorish shopkeepers and Jews in Algiers. In former times the town was full of such mansions; some large and enriched with the most costly ornaments, and there are still many left; but some of the best and largest have given way to unmeaning French houses of the usual conventional style.

The mosques in Algiers are of no great interest, except to those who have not before seen a Mohammedan place of worship. The interior is very bald and simple, though the walls are painted and decorated with verses of the Koran. There are one or two small pulpits, a niche to show the direction of Mecca, and many mats and carpets. There are no seats whatever.

Around Algiers the country is very beautiful, and easily visited; being crossed by good roads, on which there is a service of omnibuses to the near villages. But away from the high road it is difficult, and in some degree dangerous, to attempt to make one's way. The difficulty arises from the dense and almost impassable vegetation, and the danger from large savage dogs, who rush out in groups of several together, and attack every stranger without mercy. These dogs are a nuisance throughout the country, and are to be found everywhere. They always, however, turn tail when faced, and when stones are thrown at them. Even the motion to pick up a stone will frighten them for the moment.

The nearest point at which the Arab population near Algiers can be seen in anything like their normal state is at the Arab village of Little Bouzarieh, a few miles from the city, towards the west, close to a small French establishment of the same name. The small tribe dwelling here cultivate a part of the soil in a peculiar, Oriental manner, dividing the produce among themselves, according to the wants of each family, and feeding a certain number of stock on the uncultivable part, for the general use of the community. When a beast is killed, either from the common stock or after purchase, the slaughtering is done by throwing the animal on the ground, and cutting its throat in the open air, in front of the village. The meat is then cut up and divided by the chief, or *kadi*, into as many parts as there are claimants. To distribute these portions a number of bits of twisted straw and sticks, capable of being inserted, are put into a basket and shaken. After which an Arab takes them out one by one, and calls out the name of the person each is made to represent, who then appropriates a heap of flesh to himself. The division is thus made in an orderly manner.

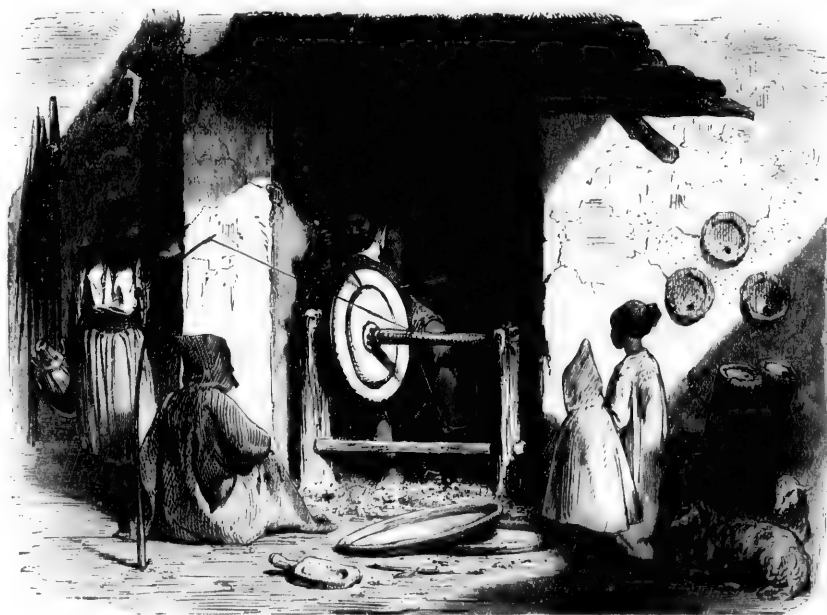
A little further in the interior, on the rich plain of the Metidja, are farms cultivated by sedentary Arabs, who differ little from those of Bouzarieh, and here also may sometimes be seen a *douar* or encampment of the nomadic races or Kabyles of this part of North Africa. Their tents are of a dark-brown colour, and are made of a mixture of camel's hair, goat's hair, and the fibres of the dwarf palm, woven together. They

resemble the poorest gipsy encampments, made of filthy rags and blankets, such as are seen sometimes in England. The tents are supported by crossed sticks, and are tolerably large. Coming upon them from a distance, one hardly distinguishes them at first from the ground on which they are pitched. Tethered camels browsing about, and here and there a wild human figure in rags, are all that connect them with humanity.

It is, however, necessary to travel a little away from the high roads to see the Kabyles in a satisfactory manner. There are many tribes in that part of the country situated a little east of Algiers, in the direction of Philippeville. At present the principal Kabyle tribes are to be found in the Aurès mountains

Originally pagans, they are now and have long been Mohammedans, and submit implicitly to their marabouts or religious enthusiasts. They have little or no education, and most of the words used by them, referring to religion or education, are of Arabic origin. Their women go about unveiled, and the men bare-headed. They are frugal and industrious, and often hire themselves out either as soldiers or to labour in the towns, but always with a view of afterwards returning to a nomadic life among their own people.

They dislike and despise the Arabs, to whom they consider themselves much superior, but they rarely become rich or permanent residents anywhere. Some of the Berbers of



KABYLE TURNER AT HIS WHEEL.

near Batna, in the hills above Bona, and in the regions south of Bugie, all of which are localities somewhat difficult of access. Others are found in the empire of Morocco; and others, again, in Western Algeria, where they are sheltered by the sands of the desert, as effectually as among the hills further east and north. In Morocco they are called Berbers.

These Kabyles (the *indigènes* of the French) are a mixed race now, but their origin can certainly be traced to the barbarous and aboriginal population of Northern Africa, known to the Greeks three thousand years ago. Their language appears to be little altered, their habits probably less. Their characteristics are those of mountain people, as distinguished from those dwelling in plains. They are brave, hardy, vindictive, utterly fearless of death, and, above all things, jealous of their independence. They do not mix readily with other peoples or races; they avoid towns, and do not advance in civilisation.

Morocco tattoo themselves on the forehead, chin, and cheeks, and have much the appearance of gipsies, but this is exceptional. The Kabyles of the province of Constantine manufacture a rude kind of pottery, as well as small articles of smith's work, which they carry far into the interior on the backs of their camels. It is curious that the nomadic Kabyles are occasionally good-looking when young, while the few who are settled, or partially settled, are exceedingly ugly at all ages.

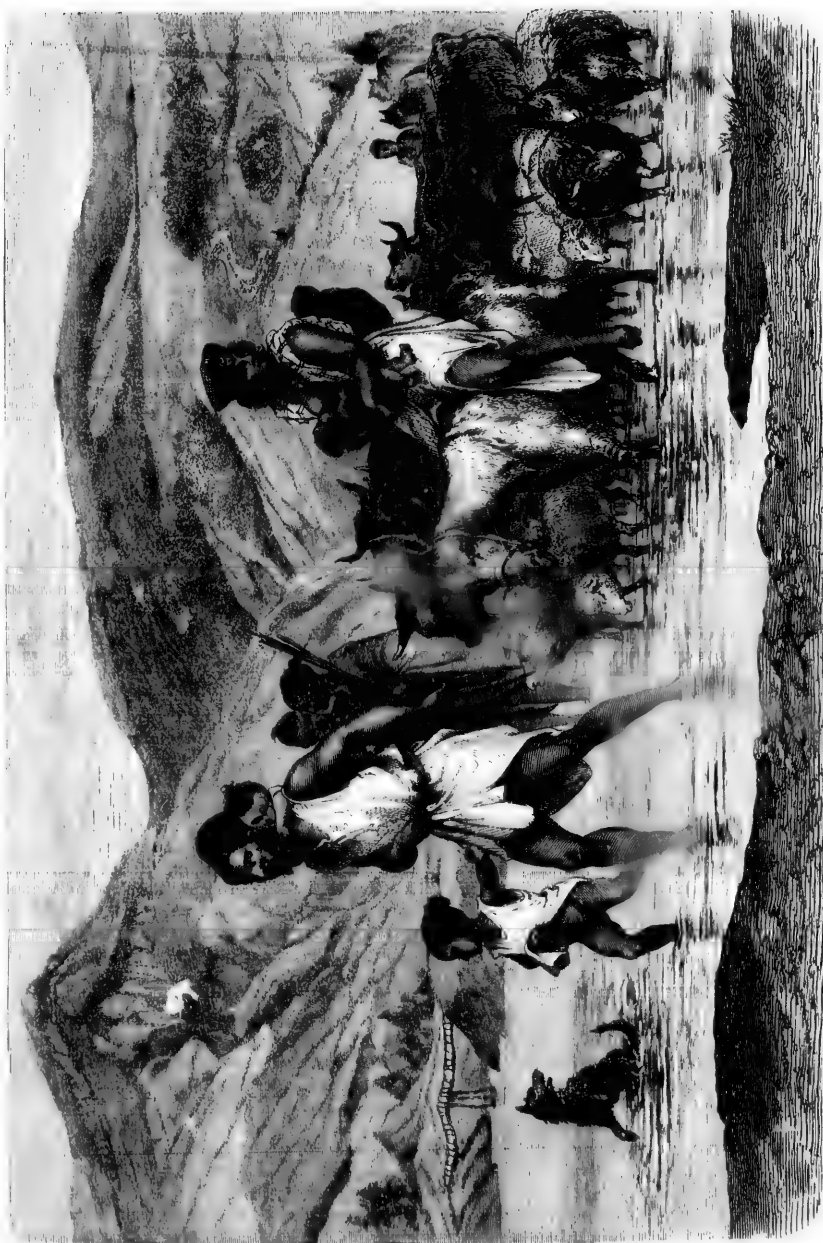
In travelling by donkey, whatever the distance may be, the men are generally mounted. Sometimes husband and wife ride together, rarely the wife alone. It is a picturesque sight to see a Kabyle family on the march. The women, like all savages, are exceedingly fond of personal ornaments, especially earrings, of which they will wear four or five inserted in the same hole in the ear, which is thus drawn down to a preposterous length. The rings are of metal, and of enormous size, often four inches

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KABYLES FORDING A STREAM.

in diameter, and to prevent the ear from being torn are partially supported by a loop of hair or silk braid passed over the head. Such are the Kabyles of North Africa, a curious and very interesting race, little altered by civilisation, and not likely to be influenced by French domination. Their rude and imperfect industries are represented in the illustration on page 236.

The Arabs dwelling permanently in Algeria are members of the nomadic families who have from time immemorial overspread the country, retaining, in a form but little altered, their language, and many of their most striking peculiarities of all kinds.

Many of the tribes are to a great extent settled, but they rarely dwell long in towns. They inhabit villages in tribes, and often wander with all their property from one to another. They are often met in considerable numbers in these frequent migrations, which have no very special object beyond a vague and instinctive love of change. They are traders, and have fallen in better with their present French masters than the indigenous Kabyles, who endure with much less patience the yoke put upon them. The people vary greatly in appearance. Among them are some of the noblest and most ferocious yet handsome men on the face of the earth; and this mixture of extreme beauty and ferocity is not altogether an accident, being more or less characteristic of this modified race. There are, however, many who have all the ferocity and none of the beauty. Many of the women are ugly to a degree rarely seen among other people, although among the younger women, and especially the very young girls, are many whose features are soft, regular, pleasing, innocent, and even charming. The women are, however, rarely seen in the country, hardly ever in the town. One of the peculiarities of the Arab races is their impassiveness. At the Arab market at Constantine, tall quiet figures stand about wrapped in their long burnouses, or sit in a line on the edge of the hill, perfectly motionless, for hours together, and presenting from below the appearance of a string of great white crows. Here and there is a closer knot of people listening to some blind singers, who are squatting on the ground chanting in a plaintive tone verses from the Koran, inculcating the practice of works of mercy. Similar professional beggars, chanting the identical verses to similar inanimate groups, may be found in the market at Cairo, and wherever else the Arab tribes have penetrated. Even the leathern water bottle, which characterises the Bedouin in the desert of Arabia, is retained, and often performs its purposes in the Great Desert of Africa, a little to the south of Algeria.

The steppe and low plateau in Eastern Algeria, rather thickly covered with herbage at certain seasons but only escaping with difficulty and periodically from the condition of a sandy desert, affords excellent examples of nomadic Arabs. These come in large numbers, and from some distance, with their flocks and herds, to eat off the supply of vegetation, which is found wherever the sand is not loose and driven by the wind. At the grazing season (about the middle of April) the supply of grasses of various kinds, of a peculiar kind of thyme, much liked by camels, and of a variety of wild artichoke, and other plants, offer a tempting bait.

The Arabs, who bring their flocks of sheep and goats and the herds of camels to these pastures, are in the strictest sense dwellers in tents, and their nomad camps are so numerous that they are never out of sight while riding across the district at this season. The camels are accompanied by their young, who

run by the side of their dams, and are extremely pretty little creatures, not being leggy and gawky like the foals of mares, but the exact image of the full-grown animal in miniature, with all the playfulness that belongs to their age. The sheep and goats are not allowed to wander, since under the sense of necessity even the Arab becomes economical. Aware that the supply of food is limited, he draws up his flock in regular order, marching them slowly on, eating all as it comes. Each tribe of Arabs has its own separate area for pasturing, and this must be made to go as far as possible. Thus in this part of Algeria a new and interesting phase of Arab life is seen, and it is curious to find that in some cases these nomadic tribes establish a little cultivation of cereals, which become ripe and are reaped about the time that the herbage of the plains is eaten down, and before it is necessary to start for the coarse grasses of the salt marshes far away in the interior.

About twenty-five miles from Constantine, towards the west, is a singularly interesting example of an Arab fixed population, occupying an ancient Roman town called Mileum, situated in a well-watered and wooded oasis, but surrounded by a barren and treeless desert. Mileum or Milah is very small, and appears to have been taken possession of bodily at the time of the Arabian invasion of North Africa, having just been deserted by the Romans. The original buildings remain, and have undergone little change, although in the course of so many centuries some of them are in a state of decay. At this place all the amenities and formalities of the highest forms of Oriental civilisation are to be found, and the scrupulous politeness of the Arab may be recognised in everything that is said or done with reference to a stranger committed to their care, and placed under the protection of the tribe.

Between Constantine and the coast to the north-east, the way lies through a curious and interesting country, in parts of which are rich pastures and numerous encampments of Arabs. At the doors of the tents the women may be seen sitting working at tapestry, or making up their burnouses; but they must not be approached too closely, nor is it polite to make any inquiries concerning them.

The Moors, though often met with in the large towns, have not, as a people, made much impression on the country of Algeria. In Algiers they are shoemakers, embroiderers, barbers. They are often seen, and among them are many exceedingly handsome men. The women are generally enveloped in white veils and white trousers; these and the yash-mak leaving nothing visible but the eyes and the feet. When seen, the older women are found to be exceedingly ugly.

The Jews are an important people throughout Northern Africa, occupying in the towns a more marked position than the Arabs, but not much met with in the open country. In the market-place of Algiers they are recognised by their bagging knee-breeches and blue-black turbans. There are several synagogues in Algiers, some of them modern and richly decorated. The people are now so far raised in position above their former oppressors, that there is even a very unpleasant reaction, for the Jewish boys are much more remarkable for their insolence and impertinence, especially on Sunday, than for the peculiar power of enduring insolence and oppression for which their ancestors were long celebrated.

The type of the Jewish countenance, at least as regards the women, is very different in different European countries, and this difference is increased in Eastern countries. At Algiers,

the expression of the countenance of almost all the race is mean and ugly, the nose hooked, the chin short and receding; but when we study the same people further east, we find the expression greatly altered and improved; the nose becomes straight, the chin longer and fuller, the complexion fair, and the hair auburn. At Tunis this is the case, and there the hair varies from black to auburn, and the complexion is clear. The eyes, also, are large, but they are not always so full of expression as in European Jewesses.

Constantine is particularly remarkable for the condition and appearance of its Jewish population. At this place, in the time of the Moorish government, the beys did not persecute their Jewish subjects; and for some reason not very clear, the Jews appear to have been left alone, and allowed to occupy a respectable position in the society of the town. There were thus no ill feelings between them and the Mohammedans. There was more and better education than at Algiers, and much more liberality. The consequence of this was physical as well as moral. The unoppressed Jew of Constantine is of a much higher type physically than his oppressed brother of Algiers; the men are sometimes eminently handsome, and some of the women are also remarkable in this respect.

The customs of the Jews are the same everywhere; they are traders and dealers in money, but seldom engage in handicrafts, and still more seldom in pastoral occupations. Thus we rarely see them in the open country in Algeria, and never in tents. In this respect they differ totally from the wandering Kabyles and Arabs.

A few words in conclusion as to the dwelling-places of these different nationalities. The Moors and Jews when wealthy, as is often the case, live in the luxury already alluded to at the beginning of this article. The Arabs are much less well lodged, and the Kabyles worst of all.

In the towns, the habitations of the poor Arabs are dirty-looking and wretched. An exceedingly small room, with an opening a few inches square for a window, and a low door, provided with no furniture whatever, except a broad bench round two or three sides of the room, affords accommodation for a dozen men, who doze away their time during the day, and at night cover themselves with their burnouses and blankets and sleep on the ground. In the country the huts are still more wretched. The villages contain about a dozen square constructions, each consisting of three walls three or four feet high, built of unwrought stones or unburnt bricks, and twenty or thirty feet in length. Sheds open towards the interior, and roofed with reeds, form the fourth side, and within this enclosure are shut up several families with their horses, mules, donkeys, dogs, goats and poultry. Such are the permanent dwellings, but in many cases the villages consist only of huts built of reeds, each ten or twelve feet long, six or eight wide, and five or six high in the highest part. They are open on one side, the others being only closed with dried leaves.

The Kabyle encampments have been already alluded to. They consist of large pieces of cloth, generally black, supported and rather tightly drawn over poles of various lengths, giving an irregular outline with several summits. They are, however, all extremely low, as the highest pole must not be longer than can conveniently be carried on a donkey. When the tribes are on the march, it is curious to see the odd miserable contrivances that have been needed for making these tents at once available when pitched, and easily removable. The more settled habitations resemble the villages of the poorer Arabs, being built of mud walls and roofed with reeds. In them are carried on the small industries of metal-work, which the people carry with them into the interior for the purposes of trading.

Journey from the Senegal to the Niger.—VII.

FROM THE FRENCH OF LIEUTENANT MAGE.

CHAPTER IX.

WE ENTER YAMINA—ARE ASSAILED BY THE CROWD—THE DWELLING OF ALI'S DAUGHTER—SERINTÉ—THE MOORS GET BEATEN—THE HOUSE OF SERINTÉ—WE ARE ASSAILED BY THE MOORS—CRITICAL POSITION OF YAMINA—VISIT TO SIMBARA SACCO—WALK TO THE MARKET.

A ROUGHLY-CONSTRUCTED kind of quay protects that part of Yamina which faces the Niger from the encroachment of the water in the rainy season, and is a general receptacle for the dirt and rubbish of the town. Above this is a wide belt of sand, on which stands a row of huts, with their small low doors fronting the river.

We stood a long while gazing out on the Niger, and then walked along the sandbank, and entered the town through a small open square, where a smith was at work in his shed, and made a temporary encampment in the corner of a street, close to a very grand doorway, which looked like the entrance to a mosque. The profusion of sculptured ornament about it, roughly executed in clay, was characteristic of the archi-

ture of the country, and reminded me of the Saracenic arabesques. It was, as I heard afterwards, the entrance to the house formerly inhabited by a daughter of Ali, the last king of Ségou, son of Mansong, who was reigning when Mungo Park visited the town.

We unloaded our animals, and piled up our baggage in an angle of the wall. The doctor and I were thoroughly tired, so we spread out our mattresses and lay down, but the inevitable crowd soon gathered round us, increasing so rapidly and pressing so close, that in a very little while we had scarcely breathing-space. The Moors, as usual, were the most forward, the most inquisitive, and the most offensive, and our men had great difficulty in keeping them at arm's length. At the end of half an hour, when our position was becoming untenable, Fahmahra arrived with an old black man, who exercised his authority in making the dense crowd that threatened to stifle us sit down. He had no easy task, and went on persistently crying out, "Acigui! acigui!" ("sit down!"); but as fast as those in front sat down, others came and filled up their places,

At last, in despair, he turned to Fahmahra, consulted for a moment with him, and then said that he would find us a lodging. He took us first into the former royal abode close by, but though I would gladly have taken refuge there from the discomfort outside, he was not satisfied. The inner court—the only tolerably clean part of the building—was already tenanted, and the rest of the place was dilapidated and dirty beyond all description. Our old friend, who was a Soninké, then took me to his own house, which was on the other side of the town. The compact crowd which followed us was kept somewhat at bay by Fahmahra, who laid about him diligently with a rope's end, and rained blows on Moors and all alike. It afforded me the keenest delight to see the Moors getting well flogged, accustomed as they are to treat the blacks with insolent pride, and regard them as contemptible slaves; and I found myself thinking that perhaps the time was at hand when the oppressed would suddenly arouse themselves from the lethargy and inaction of centuries, and hunt their oppressors from their territories, driving them into the desert, and leaving them no other resource than to undertake the commerce of the Sahara.

However, later I saw that the Moors had not lost any of their ascendancy, that the blacks still dreaded and looked up to them as their masters. The scene I had just been witnessing, and which gave rise to these reflections, resembled the momentary outbreak of a rebellious child, soon reduced again to proper subjection. A time of compensation will doubtless come, when these miserable races will be raised from the ignorance and superstition in which they are living. It is for Europe to hasten the time of their deliverance and improve the condition of these poor creatures, who have much in them to awaken our sympathy, notwithstanding their many defects.

There was nothing remarkable about the exterior of the dwelling of Serinté, our obliging old host. Under a little tent at the door sat a woman selling roasted earth-nuts and Bambara beans, and various native compounds, such as the before-described momies or cakes of millet flour, mixed with karité butter, and bourakié or bouraka, which is a paste of couscous mixed with honey, pepper, and other spices, made into balls. A most important personage, the shoemaker of the house, was at work in the doorway. The class he belongs to is as much despised as that of the griots, and yet he is the confidential friend and adviser of his master, and is entrusted by him with the most delicate missions. We were told that no woman, however poor, belonging to another class, would marry a shoemaker.

A dark passage led to two inner courts, occupied by the slaves, some of whom had been born in the house and had grown up in our host's service, and were as part of the family.

A small passage on the right led to the gynæceum, or

women's court, where Serinté's wives lived. We were lodged quite at the back of the house, where there was a small court, with five or six little rooms opening into it. Two of these, which were only just large enough to contain a bed, were allotted to us. We were told to make ourselves quite at home, and that we should be unmolested by the crowd, so that we did really hope for rest and peace. But, alas! these promises proved vain—easily made, but impossible to keep. For, in spite of a guard that was posted at the entrance to our court, it was literally taken by storm before I had had time to stow away our baggage and put it under cover. First and foremost among the invaders were some Moorish chiefs, who were passing through the town with their caravans. They were cherifs, or descendants of Mohammed, from Tichit or Oualata; and one, the most insolent of all, from Touat. They had frightened Serinté into letting them enter, and overwhelmed me with questions. I began by being polite, and then I ventured to tell them that I much wished to rest; and that having no effect, I deliberately stretched myself on my mat,

whereupon the cherif of Touat actually bethought himself of trying to make me recite some Muslim prayers, saying—"Goulou Bissimilahi Rhamane e Rahemani." This was too much for me, and I used terms which I had rather not repeat. My men were delighted; though they were most of them Mussulmen, they detested the Moors, and now began to make game of them, telling them that they were wasting their breath on the white men. As for me, I felt that my patience was exhausted, and



COIFFURES OF BAMBARA WOMEN.

I took refuge in one of the inner chambers, slamming the door furiously in the face of the Moor from Touat, who had tried to follow me in. I think at last he understood me, for he took himself off and did not appear again. I got rid of the rest by degrees, and more easily, for I had no need to show any regard for their feelings, and treated them to a good shower of water whenever they came near me, and the Moors hate water more than fire; so that at last I got the court cleared.

In the evening, a kid, some rice, and a couple of fowls were brought to me, and some lacklallo—the traditional national dish—for my men. The next day, at my particular request, I succeeded in getting a little fresh milk—a very scarce article, since all the flocks of the town had been carried off to Béledougou by the Bambaras.

The misery and distress in Yamina, at this time, were very great. It had always been a commercial town, and its population was composed entirely of traders. It was unfortified, and in every way unprotected against attacks. Since the revolt of Sansandig (this was now a certain fact) the Bambaras had been doing their utmost to excite Yamina to revolt, to place a garrison in it, and thus intersect the Nioro road—the one we had followed after leaving Toumboula, and the only one by which supplies could reach Ahmadou.

The population of Yamina is composed entirely of Soninkés, most peaceful people, of whose character I have already given my readers a slight sketch. Such is their horror of war that when El Hadj came to the place with his victorious army, the chiefs immediately delivered themselves up to him, saying—"You can cut our throats, and take away our riches; we will pay your taxes, recognise you as king, do everything you wish except fight; that we have never done, neither we, nor our fathers, nor our fathers' fathers, and that we never will do"—a most fatal declaration, which gave them up, bound hand and foot, to be pillaged by El Hadj's talibés, and subsequently brought them under the subjection of Ahmadou, who, with his whole army, lived at their expense, without even protecting them against the incursions of the rebel Bambaras.

We found three-fourths of the town uninhabited, and the

It is undoubtedly a good thing to hate and avoid war; no one can have a greater horror of it than I have; but a country or a town peopled by rival castes, who live in continual antagonism, have conflicting commercial interests, and have no other thought than how to grow rich at the expense of one another, must come to a bad end; for where there is neither patriotism nor the strength of unity an outer enemy will always prevail.

Yamina is in its death-throes, while Sansandig, which arose and made a stand against the oppressor instead of crying out for peace at any price, has maintained its liberty, and will doubtless recover its former prosperity, notwithstanding all it has suffered in the struggle.

I awoke well rested on the 23rd of February, and performed my ablutions, with the help of hot water, more



BAMBARAS AND THEIR HEAD-DRESSES.

deserted dwellings in ruins—their roofs having been used as fuel for the camp-fires of the army. The inhabitants that remained were without a ruler, and split up into different factions, and a heavy gloom seemed to hang over the place, once so full of bustle and active life, as the daily resort and halting-place of caravans going to and from Tichit, Bouré, Sierra Leone, Kankan, and Tengrela. Its aspect, so different from that which I had imagined, made me quite sad.

Looking down on Yamina from the slight elevation of the plain which surrounds it, one sees nothing in the way of vegetation but some scanty grass and low brushwood, which testify to the laziness of the inhabitants. The bare aspect strikes one more and more as one goes nearer. Only a few palm-trees, with their picturesque foliage, and here and there a minaret surmounting a mosque, break the uniform monotony of the long, low, grey line of wall against the horizon. These minarets are massive towers of ogival form, and are furnished on the exterior with projecting pieces of wood, like the rounds of a ladder, so that they can easily be scaled. Everything in and about the town told of decadence and ruin.

thoroughly than I had been able to do throughout the whole journey. The dust and dirt of so many days were at last got rid of, and it was delightful to feel clean again. I shall never forget the impression I made when I came out of my bed-chamber or cell that morning, in my best coat and a white shirt, the only one I possessed, instead of the coat and flannel shirt I had worn on the whole march. All the blacks were in admiration at the change, and their self-love was gratified by the distinguished appearance of their chief, who hitherto had looked like the most ragged of mendicants. I was just starting to visit the market, when our host came and proposed that I should go and pay my respects to the chief of the village. Up to that moment I had believed Serinté to be the highest in authority; but in these countries ask any one, no matter what he may be, whether he is the chief, and his flattered pride will not allow him to answer in the negative.

We followed our host through many very narrow streets, and across various open spaces, or rather holes, out of which the earth to build the town had been taken, and which are gradually being filled up with rubbish, and came to a large,

rather clean-looking house. We traversed many passages and courts, and entered a large hall, about fourteen feet high, with a roof supported on wooden pillars. It is called, in the language of the country, *bilour*, or *bolérou*. Here the palavers or councils are held, and meals are taken. In the day-time it serves as a shelter from the sun, and at night it is the sleeping-place for the children and unmarried slaves.

The bare wall is plastered with clay and cow-dung. After waiting there about a quarter of an hour, Simbara Sacco, an old Soninké, chief of all the Saccos, who are a Soninké clan, came in. We exchanged a few civilities, and I told him that I had come to see Ahmadou, which did not appear to interest him in the least; we then took leave and retired. From thence we went to the market, which I traversed with a crowd at my heels. At Yamina, as in all the towns of the Soudan, there is one great market-day a week, besides the usual daily traffic, and then buyers and sellers come from a great distance. Seeing what these weekly market-days were, even in the present impoverished and deserted condition of the town, I could form some idea of their former importance and activity when the great caravans used to come from the north and the south, and when the salt of Tichit, carried on the backs of the camels of the Sahara, was given in exchange for the gold of Bouré and the nuts of Kollat, gathered on the mountains of Kong.

CHAPTER X.

THE YAMINA MARKET—BUTCHERS' SHOPS—VARIOUS TRADES, AND STORES—VISIT TO THE CHIEF OF THE SOMONOS—BAMBARA HEMP—CANOES ON THE NIGER—WE CROSS THE RIVER—COOLNESS OF THE WATER—ITS DEPTH—THE LEFT BANK—MARKET-DAY—COSTUMES—SALE OF MERCHANDISE—WALK ROUND THE MARKET—VISIT TO THE REAL CHIEF OF YAMINA.

THE market-place of Yamina is a large square, with small sheds, built of wood or matting, all round it; these are roofed in a manner which effectually keeps out sun and rain. The dealers sit on mats inside, one, two, or sometimes three in each shop, and have their goods spread out, or hung up before them; goods of the most varied description—salt, glass beads, stuffs, paper, sulphur, flints, copper and silver rings for toes and fingers, and for the nose; belts and fillets, or head-bands, made of fine bead-work; native-woven cotton goods of every quality, from the coarsest to the finest; cotton drawers, boubous, and burnous of all kinds. In one corner of the square was the barber's shop, and we found the barber just engaged in shaving the head of a child, who was strapped on its mother's back. He used no soap, nothing but water, and sharpened his razors—of Sierra Leone make—in the fire. Very dexterously he handled them too, for he did not even scratch the child, though it was struggling violently the whole time, and uttering piercing screams.

Leaving the barber, we came to the women whose occupation it is to mend and re-bottom the cracked and worn-out calabashes. Further on was a salt-dealer, engaged in breaking up his salt, with an adze, into very minute pieces, and arranging it in little heaps with an iron spoon of native manufacture. The heaps varied in size and in price from five to two hundred cowries. He was most neat and methodical in his work, and scrupulously careful of the least grain, that none should be wasted. A block of salt was worth at that time 20,000 cowries—just the price of a slave.

The butchers' shops are on one side of the market-place, and the meat is hung up on stakes all round them. Inside, or in front of each shed, is a great circular oven for roasting; these are made of earth, and the largest joints can be cooked in them. The fire is underneath, and the meat, laid on cross-bars of calcedra-wood, forming a gridiron, is roasted and smoked at the same time.

The ox is generally killed in the middle of the market, and in the Moslem fashion, with the following ceremonies:—Its legs are tied together, and it is thrown on the ground, with its head towards the east; a marabout then comes and cuts its throat, accompanying the act with a murmured invocation, or simply the word "Bissimilahi," in reward for which service he is presented with a part of the carcase. Some butchers then blow on the ox with their mouths; but this ceremony, which is a piece of very extra refinement, is not often observed. It is skinned and cut up, and the blood most carefully collected in calabashes; all that is spilt running down a trench into a hole containing an earthen jar. Nothing is wasted; all the inferior parts are sold, ready cooked, to the poor. In Senegal, in the villages along the river-bank, every man kills his own ox, and will eat beef under no other condition; but at Yamina they are more civilised, and meat can be bought at the butcher's for ready money by any one. A coarse kind of black pudding is made of the entrails; the lungs and other portions are dried, and used, when very high, to season the lacklalo jelly; the liver is eaten fried; the blood is boiled and reduced to a jelly, and is used in various ways, or eaten as it is, as a great delicacy.

The current money here is the cowrie, called in the Yollof dialect "petauw," in Peuhl "tiédé," in Bambara "koulou." It is a univalve shell, found in the Indian Ocean, and brought in cargoes by ship to the African coast. Its relative value differs enormously in different localities, even within a distance of twenty miles. It is used all along the Guinea coast, from Cape Palmas to Lagos, on the Bight of Benin, by the traders, who by its means realise immense profits, especially those who are engaged in the palm-oil trade. It has also a value as money in the country of the Lower Niger; but in Liberia and further north, is used merely as an ornament in the costumes worn by the Yolas of Cazamance, and in the head-dresses of the Peuhls. It is regularly current chiefly throughout the basin of the Niger, from Timbuctu in the north to Kong in the south. Its value here is nominally about half-a-crown a thousand, though this is not exactly correct, for they have a peculiar way of reckoning, which appears, at first sight, to be the decimal system, as the cowries are reckoned by tens. But with them 8 times 10 = 100; 10 times 100 (80) = 1,000; 10 times 1,000 (800) = 10,000; and 8 times 10,000 (8,000) = 100,000: so that their 100,000 ("oguinale temedere," in Peuhl) really equals only 64,000; their 10,000 ("oguinale sapo") represents 8,000; their 1,000 ("guiné ouguinale") 800, and their 100, 80.

With a little practice one soon learns to count in this way. The natives pick up five shells at a time with dexterous rapidity, and sixteen fives make a hundred. Travelling merchants, and the native women, to avoid mistakes, arrange them in little heaps of five, and then put eight of these heaps together, which make a "debé," as it is called in Bambara, or half a hundred.

Besides the cowries, there is another kind of money—that

is, slaves. For instance, a horse or an ox is bought for so many slaves and fractions of a slave. Although, as I said before, their average value is 20,000 cowries, yet it varies somewhat, according to age, sex, beauty, and strength, but is never less than 4,000 nor more than 40,000.

The slave-bazaar was a most painful spectacle. In a large shed, surrounded by a fence, were a hundred or more slaves, of both sexes and all ages, many in chains. About a dozen dealers and slave-brokers were buying and selling. The slaves were brought out to be examined; some were lying on the ground in a deep sleep, and had to be roused up, to be measured and felt, and to have their teeth inspected, to find out their age. Old slaves are not much in request, and are sold at a low price, for they generally contrive to run away, and are very difficult to manage. Prisoners taken in war are usually killed on the spot, and therefore full-grown males are seldom seen in the slave-bazaars.

In the centre of the market-place sat a lot of women with calabashes and baskets round them, selling all kinds of fruits and vegetables—sour gourds, or “monkey’s bread,” as they are sometimes called; maize and millet, herbs and pimento, earth-nuts or arachides, and couscous and tamarinds. In another part of the square sat the fish-women, with their stock of more or less stale fish, surrounded by a crowd of women too poor to buy meat, and eager to get a seasoning of putrid fish instead for their lacklallo jelly. A dreadful smell pervaded the neighbourhood, and soon drove us away.

We returned to our abode, and I unpacked some of my goods, and gave Fahmahra directions to sell them at moderate prices, as we had no provisions, and no cowries to buy any with. I asked Serinté to engage a canoe to take me across the river the next day, as I wanted to bathe somewhere out of reach of the crowd, also to sound the river and make a sketch of the town. Then I was glad to rest, for I felt very tired after the exertions of the day.

Early in the morning we went to Bakary Kané, a Soninké, and the chief of the boatmen, who form a kind of corporation, and are called “somonos” or fishermen. He had a great shop for fishing-tackle of every sort, mostly of native manufacture, such as nets of strong thick cord, with meshes at least four inches long, and others of finer quality, as well as lines and hooks of European and native make. The strong cord is made of indigenous hemp, called in Bambara “n’dadou,” in Yolloff “bissabbouki,” from the wild bissab, which grows in great quantities on the banks of the river. The fibre is grey and very durable, and does not rot in water as the fibre of the baobab bark does. Bakary was engaged in combing out some of this hemp with a native wooden comb. He was a great black fellow, with a white beard and a gentle, smiling face. He received us extremely well, showed us his house, and even introduced us to his wives. They ran away at first on seeing us, but curiosity soon brought them back. I must confess they were not very beautiful or attractive. He then got a canoe ready, and took us across the river. A Niger boat is rather a miserable craft. Ours was about thirty-two feet long, and three and a half wide, and made of two large pieces of wood, half-canoes, sewed together rather artistically in the middle with strong cords. The cracks and joints were caulked with dry grass, tow, and clay. Generally the cracks, when they get too large, are covered with planks fastened by iron nails made in the country. The stern and bows, and the centre of the boat, are slightly

raised. The water gets in very easily, particularly when the boat begins to get old and shaky, and one or two men have to be continually employed in baling out. On such a wide river as the Niger, the waves, in a high wind, are sometimes three and four feet high; it often happens, therefore, when the wind rises suddenly, that the pirogues are swamped. They are built entirely of the wood of the cailcedra tree, which grows to a great size in that part of Africa. If care were taken in selecting only the sound parts of the trunk, very pretty light pirogues might be made, capable of carrying more than these great clumsy ones, which are both heavy and unwieldy from being patched together with several pieces laid one over the other.

Two men punted us across with long bamboos, and another stood in the stern and directed our course with a pole. Our progress was not rapid, and although in our honour a great heap of tow had been put in to keep the bottom dry, and the river was certainly not more than 650 yards wide, we had to submit to an involuntary foot-bath by the time we reached the other shore.

I immediately began to sketch the town and the canoe, whilst Mr. Quintin bathed. He found the water very cold, which was also the experience of our blacks afterwards throughout our journey. They told me it was much colder than that of the Senegal. I found its greatest depth to be not more than seven feet by rough measurement. The right bank, like the left, is without vegetation, and of fine sand, covered at high-water. Owing to its being one of the great market-days at Yamina, the shore was a scene of great bustle and animation. Numbers of men and women from the villages of the interior were flocking in, heavily laden with the produce of their fields and articles of native manufacture, and going across to Yamina to sell and buy. Some of the women wore boubous just like the men, but most of them were naked to the waist. The Bambaras generally go bareheaded, and some of the Peuhls also, especially the young girls. Some, I noticed, wore a band or kind of diadem on their foreheads, very artistically worked in different-coloured beads and graceful patterns, reminding me of the purses and napkin-rings made by our little girls at home. Many had gold and copper rings in their ears and noses, and glass and amber necklaces; and some, a profusion of bracelets, and little chains round their ankles. The men’s dress is the same everywhere, excepting that some wear the Bambara cap, yellow or white, and made of cotton, not unlike those of the Neapolitan fishermen, except that it has two points. These hang, one in front, the other behind; and the corners are used as pockets, to contain many things, more particularly kolat nuts or gourous, such as every good Bambara chews when he can get them.

When I came back to our house, I found a great crowd assembled. Fahmahra was selling my goods for me, and as I had instructed him to put a very low price on everything, there was no lack of eager buyers. The Brazilian garnets, and the round, smooth coral, had irresistible attractions for the Moors, and our amber was the admiration of every one.

The small glass beads of different colours, called in Peuhl “nday’e,” fetched the best prices, and were directly bought up. Altogether, in two days, I realised 54,000 cowries, the counting of which I found no easy matter. I went back to the market towards half-past three—the crowded time of the day—and found the square, and the streets leading;

into it, thronged. The market itself was the same as the day before, only more abundantly stocked, and generally more animated and noisy. In some shops I saw English goods for sale. I bargained for a sheet of common writing-paper, and was asked fifty cowries for it, and have since sold some just like it for twice that price. Salt seems to be a very important article of consumption there, and a very expensive one. Tablets or slabs of salt, four feet long, two and a half wide, and about half a foot thick, were sold for 10,000 cowries. A kind of salt-earth, which is very cheap indeed, is much used by the poor. They put it in water, and mix the water, when it has absorbed all the saline particles, with their food, and use it in cooking. A great trade was carried on in tobacco. I saw immense packets of tobacco leaves and quantities of snuff, which the natives take very largely.

In the evening, news was brought me that the Chief of Yamina had just returned from Ségou. Of chiefs there literally seemed no end! This was, however, the genuine

chief, and we hastened to pay our respects to him. He received us at the entrance to his house, in a sort of porch with a neatly sanded floor. His bearing was simple and dignified; and in a courteous manner he inquired after our health, and bade us welcome in his own name and in that of Ahmadou. I informed him of my desire to start in two days for Ségou, and to go thither by water; hoping that my horses would be carried across to the opposite bank, and follow me by land, but I said that I should want two canoes for ourselves and our baggage. I begged him to provide me with these, and remembering my morning's experience of leaky boats, I was most urgent in my demand for two of the newest and largest that could be had, both fitted up with awnings to shelter us from the sun, and with some conveniences for cooking. He promised that he himself would attend to all my wishes, and see to the fitting-up of the canoes, and we took our leave, very much gratified with his amiability, and with perfect trust in his ready promises.

The Red Sea.—I.

THE Red Sea, in its geographical form, may be termed an inlet of the Indian Ocean. It is a long and narrow gulf, stretching north-west from the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb (latitude $12^{\circ} 40'$ north), by which it communicates with the Gulf of Aden, to the Isthmus of Suez (latitude 30° north), which divides it from the Mediterranean. It separates Arabia, on the east, from Egypt, Nubia, and Abyssinia on the west, and varies considerably in width—from about 20 miles at the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb to about 240 at about latitude 16° . At Ras Mohammed the sea divides into two arms, which enclose between them the peninsula of Mount Sinai; that on the west, continuing the direction of the sea, is the Gulf of Suez, the length of which is about 180 miles, whilst its extreme breadth is about 30. The eastern arm, called the Gulf of Akabah is about 100 miles long and 15 broad. The depth of the Red Sea varies considerably, the deepest sounding being marked 1,054 fathoms. The shallowest part of the Red Sea is the Gulf of Suez, which decreases in depth from 40 or 50 fathoms, at the entrance, to three fathoms in Suez harbour at the north end, where the gulf, which is supposed in ancient times to have extended much further north, has apparently been filled by the sand washed up by the strong tides or drifted in by the winds.

The navigation of the Red Sea has been at all times considered difficult and dangerous, owing to the prevalence of violent winds and the number of islands, shoals, and coral reefs which line the shores. These coral reefs extend generally in parallel lines along the coast; they abound in all parts, but are especially frequent on the Arabian side, where the navigation, as a consequence, is extremely critical and intricate. The coral is held in high esteem, being extremely beautiful—often red, but more commonly white. The islands generally occur singly, but between the parallels of latitude 15° and 17° , they are found in two groups: the Farsan Islands on the eastern, and the Dhalac Islands on the western side. In mid-channel, south of Ras Mohammed, there is generally a width of 100

miles clear. Along this channel the winds are constant throughout the year in one of two directions: from May to October the north-west monsoon blows; for the rest of the year the south-east is the prevailing wind, and the water in the northern part of the sea is then raised to a higher level than the Mediterranean. It had been generally supposed that the level of the Red Sea was more than thirty feet higher than that of the Mediterranean; but it is now known, from careful observations, that the levels of the two seas are really the same. The ports on the Arabian side are, Mocha, Djiddah, (the port of Mecca), and Yembo (the port of Medinah); on the west, Suez, Kosseir, Suakin, and Massowah.

From the earliest period the Red Sea has been a great highway of commerce between India and the Mediterranean communities, and traversed successively by Egyptians, Phœnicians, Hebrews, and Arabs. It is first mentioned in the Book of Exodus, on the occasion of the passage of the Israelites, which is supposed to have taken place a little south of the present town of Suez. The first recorded navigation of the sea was in the time of Sesostris, in the fourteenth century before Christ. Three centuries later, Hebrew and Phœnician ships traversed the Red Sea on the voyage to Ophir, from the port of Ezion-geber, at the head of the Gulf of Akabah. The Gulf of Suez was for many centuries apparently the seat of the Egyptian trade in this sea and to India. After the foundation of Alexandria, and during the dynasty of the Ptolemies and the Roman dominion, the trade with India was carried on, though the chief seat of traffic was moved further southward to the towns of Berenice and Myos Hormos, which sent out annually large fleets to India. After the establishment of the Mohammedan empire in the seventh century, an important trade with India and China seems to have been carried on through the Red Sea; and through it, in the period between the twelfth and fifteenth centuries, the goods of the East passed to the Venetian factories in Alexandria, until the discovery of the route round

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FOUNTAIN OF MOSES, NEAR SUEZ

the Cape of Good Hope diverted the traffic with India into a different channel, and put an end to the commerce in the Red Sea. Since, however, the establishment of the Overland Route to India, the Red Sea has more than regained its ancient importance as the highway of commerce between Europe and the East.

Suez, which is situated at the head of the gulf of that name, is the most northerly point of the Red Sea. It is in latitude $29^{\circ} 57' 30''$ north, and longitude $32^{\circ} 35'$ east from Greenwich. Until a few years past it was a small, ill-built, wretched-looking place, but now it is much improved, and is almost daily improving. Its population may be estimated at from 6,000 to 8,000 souls, who are mainly dependent on passengers for the Peninsular and Oriental Company, *en route* for India or the remote East.

Suez is connected with Cairo by a railway, which is about 76 miles in length. The town is walled on three sides, that towards the sea being left open. The harbour at present is indifferent, although the quay is tolerably good, and will be soon better. English and French houses, offices, and warehouses have been erected in almost every direction, and the bazaars are gradually assuming an improved appearance. These bazaars are provided with clarified butter from Sinai; with fowls, grain, and vegetables from the Egyptian province of Sharkijeh; and with dates and cotton; while water, through the mechanical operations of M. Lesseps in the construction of his canal, comes fresh and pure from the Nile. Rain seldom falls in this locality, and all around stretches a burning waste of sands.

Suez, in an historical point of view, is by no means devoid of interest from the fact, as we have stated, of its being the spot near which the Israelites of old crossed the Red Sea, in their flight from Egypt, when on their way to the land of promise. Some writers surmise that the passage of the Red Sea, which the Israelites crossed, was a short distance to the east of the present town, at the spot where the camels ford it, on their way to the fountain of El Ghurkadah. The *Messageries Impériales* have recently constructed some large buildings at Suez, having a great number of hands employed, in one way or other, in connection with their overland travelling and navigation.

FROM SUEZ TO DJIDDAH.

The direct course from Suez to Djiddah is, perhaps, by a vessel belonging to the Egyptian Steamship Company, which puts in at Kosseir, Djiddah, and Suakin, and thence sails direct for Massowah, once every month. Arab boats, however, leave Suez almost daily for Djiddah; and there is a weekly communication between that city and the port of Massowah. The cabin of an Arab boat, capable of accommodating four persons, can be hired for about £8 sterling, for the passage between Suez and Djiddah, provided the *voyageur* has sufficient tact to manage the boat-owner, who is generally a shrewd, sharp, and sometimes cunning knave, and who is not over-scrupulous as to the liberties he takes with his passengers. The *voyageur*, however, who has no objections, and is fully prepared to "rough it" on deck, which, at times, is by no means uncomfortable or in any way unpleasant, can secure a passage for about 10s. But the traveller proceeding by the Arab boats should take care to furnish himself with provisions at Cairo, as Suez is too dear a place for commodities to be advantageously obtained.

The passage from Suez to Djiddah by an Arab boat generally takes seventeen days; but by following the course of the mail steamer it can be accomplished in much less time. We may, however, remark *en passant*, that the trade and navigation of the Red Sea are principally carried on by Arabs, the majority of whom are an active, subtle, and industrious body of men. From their long experience in navigating that dangerous sea, the Arabs are acquainted with every inlet, coral reef, and available bay or port to be found there, from the Gulf of Suez to the Gulf of Aden and the Indian Ocean. These people, however, as we have already remarked, have a rather knavish turn, and a hard bargain must be made with them, otherwise you will be cheated in more ways than one, and your property, little or much, will not remain long in your possession.

The first village or small station which shows signs of life after leaving Suez, is Toor. It is mostly inhabited by Christians. The village stands on the plain of Horeb, situated on the south-western shores of the peninsula of Sinai. It is about 120 miles from Suez, and was inhabited as late as 1860 by eighty-five Syrian Christians of the Greek Church, two Mohammedans, an Italian, and two Jews. Toor has acquired a reputation for the rich quality of its dates, its pure water, and its warm mineral springs, three things of inestimable value to the stranger in the land, be he Jew, Christian, Turk, or Arab. The villagers live by farm-gardening, by fishing, and by diving for sponges along the Arabian shore, which, as far as Ras Mohammed, are there found, of excellent quality and in comparative abundance. These sponges are sought after in almost all parts of the East, and in Europe likewise, and are mostly disposed of by Arab merchants who trade between Djiddah and Massowah. The women and grown-up children of Toor are generally occupied in carrying water from the wells to the interior of the country, the plains of Horeb. This water is mostly used for drinking purposes, being too costly for irrigation; although the land is as thirsty as pilgrims on their way to Mecca, yet the produce would not pay for the outlay of using it as an irrigating agent. The water is sold to pilgrims and others who may be *en route* for the holy city, or elsewhere in the neighbourhood, at twopence per bag, which contains about two gallons of water. The two Mohammedans at Toor were managers of the public *café* of the village, the proprietor of which, strange to remark, was the Christian priest of the village, and his jurisdiction extended to the neighbouring plains. He was a venerable patriarch, a Russian by birth, and was upwards of ninety years of age. A multitude of Mohammedans, and even the haughty, unbending, and prejudiced Turks, on their way to Mecca, seek this venerable patriarch's blessing, and have an impression, when thus blessed, that they will be better enabled to reach the tomb of their prophet—the all-absorbing aspiration of a Mohammedan's soul.

The Arabs of Toor are called Towara; but, although they hail from the village, few of them reside even in the neighbourhood of it. The following are denominated the tribes of the peninsula of Sinai:—

The Sotwolha, who live west of Mount Sinai. These are divided into—1. The Welad Sâeed; 2. Korashee; 3. Owareme; 4. Beni Moshen; 5. Rahameeh.

There are likewise the Elegat, who are united to the small Nubian tribe, Mezayneh. These Nubians have, however, been settled on the peninsula of Sinai from time immemorial.

The El Mezayneh are sometimes found apart from the Elegat on the east side of Sinai, where they are often encamped with a portion of the Wclad Soolaman, who come from the plains of Toor. A black tribe of Bedouins, the Bene Wasel, residing on the eastern side of Mount Sinai, are said to be originally from Barbary, yet their habits and customs are the same as the other roving tribes of the peninsula. These Bedouins are very friendly with the Arabs of the tribe of Mezayneh and Elegat. The tribes of Heywaat, at Teaha and Tarabeen, are generally found on the north of the peninsula of Sinai. The Elegat are a branch of the great tribe of the same name who are found along the Wadee-el-Arab, near Saboorah, in Nubia.

The grandson of Mohammed Ali, Abbas Pasha, raised an elegant structure over the mineral springs of Toor; but, being neglected and unoccupied for some years, and no one charged with keeping it in a state of preservation, it is little better than a pile of ruins.

The sailors, as well as all other classes along the shores of the Red Sea, work between sunrise and sunset, except when crossing from Djiddah to Kasseir, or Suakin, and from Coonfidah to Massowah. Should the *voyageur* go along the Arabian coast, the following are the places where the boats are ordinarily put in for the night:—

1. Moila, a small village close to the shore, where fish, dates, and good water are easily purchasable.

2. Seima, a small camp of Arabs, who get their supplies from Moila, except water, which is brought from a distance of three miles north-east of the camp.

3. Ras Maharash, an Arab camp, who have numerous flocks of sheep and goats. Close to the camp is a well of pure water, which is purchased by pilgrims and others who put into port.

4. Sehina, a small village, containing twelve huts, whose inhabitants are shepherds, fishermen, and divers. There is a well of good water about a mile from the village.

5. Sherim Demerah, a small fort in ruins, around which there are several Arab families, the greater portion of whom are fishermen and pearl-divers.

6. El Astabel, a small camp of Arabs, who live by fishing and diving. There is a well of good water south-south-east of the little harbour, which is one of the softest in the Red Sea.

7. Kolat El Wodjeh, a camp of Arab fishermen, who now and then go as far as the islands of Dhalae, close to the shores of Abyssinia. These people fish on rafts, and take their fish alive to market. Their method of fishing is simple and singular. They fix a basket to the raft, in which they place their fish, and as the basket is submerged the fish are preserved alive till sold. While the men are out fishing the women and children attend to the little farm, the sheep, the goats, and the fishing close at home.

8. El Hank is a few huts scattered over the plain. The people possess a few camels, sheep, and goats; they also, like their neighbours at Kolat El Wodjeh, fish and deal in mother-of-pearl. From El Hank to El Hanra it is considered dangerous, and the latter should not be approached after dark, as there are both visible and sunken rocks, besides the coral islands Oumuroomah and Mushabeah.

9. Ekre, a small village, whose inhabitants came from the interior of Arabia some twenty years ago. They have a few camels, sheep, goats, and donkeys. The entrance to the harbour is rather dangerous, the rock of Shaybarah and some smaller rocks being close by.

10. El Hanra, a small village, where water, fish, and dates are easily purchasable.

11. Kasr El Bait, a miserable place, where there is scarcely anything purchasable except water and camel dung, the latter being the local substitute for charcoal.

12. Nabte, a few huts, inhabited by shepherds, fishermen, and Medina guides.

13. Hazira, a large village, situated on the extremity of a bay of the same name. It contains a population of about five hundred persons, all of whom are bigoted and fanatic Mohammedans. Water, provisions, and even ready-made Arab shirts are, however, presented for sale, and at very moderate prices. This place is to the Mohammedan pilgrims bound to Medina *via* Yamboo, what Sherm Oabhoor is to those who go to Mecca *via* Djiddah. The moment the pilgrims land at either of these places, they throw off their old rags, and attire themselves in new and clean Manchester suits; and as there is a large quantity of left-off clothing strewn about, the Jews find their way to the place, and are always ready to purchase it.

14. Yamboo, the port of Medina. It lies 95 miles north-north-east from the principal mosque of the town of Medina; it is 200 miles by land and 180 by water from Djiddah, 450 miles from Suez, and 240 from Kasseir. Yamboo has a population of about 5,000 people, who are extremely bigoted, and hate the appearance of a Christian. The market is well supplied with fruits, vegetables, meat, and fish; and leather shoes and cotton shifts are manufactured in the town.

15. Sherm Braickhah, a safe anchorage. Water and dates can be purchased. The people are poor, and the men fish for pearls and sponges, while the women and children look after the cultivation of the gardens.

16. Sherm Bhabue has a safe harbour, but neither water nor firewood can be obtained unless the roving Arabs are encamped in the neighbourhood.

17. Sherm Oabhoor is a large village, where the pilgrims bound for Mecca change their clothes and cleanse their bodies, preparatory to setting out for the holy city.

18. From Sherm Oabhoor to Djiddah is about a day's sail; and from the latter we get the first glimpse of the distant hills and plains of Yemen.

DJIDDAH.

The trade of Djiddah, which is by far the largest of any port in the Red Sea, is chiefly carried on with square-rigged British vessels, the Méjidié Steam Company, and native boats, which answer to what is termed the coasting trade. These boats, however, go occasionally to Bombay, Muscat, and the Persian Gulf, and the trade they do is estimated at three times the value of that carried on in square-rigged vessels; though the tonnage of these boats is only double that of the larger vessels, the articles they carry are of more value, being chiefly coffee, gum, spices, ivory, mother-of-pearl, pearls, ostrich feathers, and other articles, of great value as compared to their bulk. These articles go from the south, and the cotton and silk goods from the north; whereas the principal cargo of the ships from India is rice, sugar, and timber. Some of the ships have but little cargo, in order to have room for pilgrims.

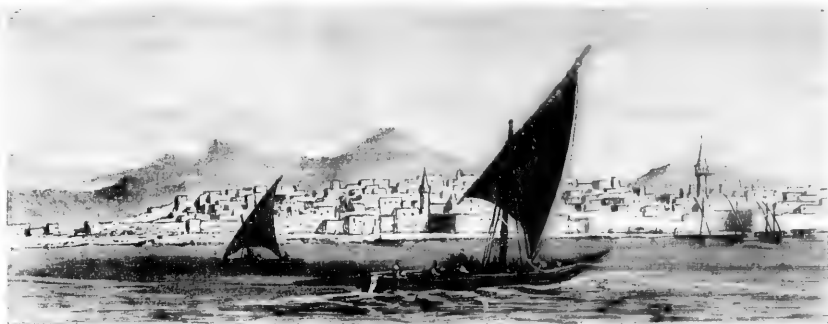
The import trade of Djiddah, in 1859, was the largest on record. The Customs' officer gave the return of it to the French Consul, who stated it to be £992,441. This must have been a mistake, inasmuch as the trade done with square-rigged vessels alone amounted, in 1865, to £672,657. Estimating,

therefore, the amount conveyed in native boats at three times the value of that carried in square-rigged vessels, the total value of the imports in 1865 would be £2,017,971, or more than the whole of the imports in the years 1850, 1857, and 1859. The trade, moreover, of 1859 was given at its value at Djiddah, whereas we have estimated the trade of 1865 at its value at the port of shipment. But, supposing that an excessive estimate has been taken of the value of the trade carried in native boats, and placing it at only twice the value of that carried by larger vessels, there would still remain for 1865 an enormous increase on the trade of former years; and one the more extraordinary, as the merchants do not consider that the imports of 1865 exceeded those of previous years. The Customs' officer deceives the consuls, under an apprehension that Djiddah would be injured by a true statement being given.

Several reasons may be stated for this feeling of distrust on the part of the Djiddaheens; first, their hatred to the Christians, and their desire to exclude them from what they consider the

the port, and it is probable that the same number cleared out; the whole averaging eighty tons' burden each.

The ports on the same side of the sea are:—Tor, in the Gulf of Suez; Moilah and Wejh, under the Egyptian Government; Yambo, where the Turkish territory begins; Rabogh, Reis, Djiddah, Liht, Loheia, Coomfida, Hodeida, and Mocha, at all of which places provisions can be obtained, and which are the only places where it is safe for Arabs to land. The ports under the Egyptian Government are much more under control than the Turkish ports. Indeed, a European can travel with safety through the greater part of the Viceroy's territory; whereas the Turks can with difficulty maintain the garrisons in the seaports, which, with the exception of Djiddah, are frequently besieged by the Bedouins. At Yambo, Rabogh, and Reis, it would be dangerous for a European to land. The harbours of Tor, Moilah, and Wejh are good, but small. Hodeida is sheltered from the north, but exposed to the south wind. Mocha is sheltered from the south, but exposed to the north wind.



DJIDDAH.

Holy Land; secondly, their jealousy of all foreigners, and their fear, as we have said, that any information sought for is intended to be used to their detriment and disadvantage. The Indians are hated by the Djiddaheens, on account of their greater success in commercial matters, and, if it could be done with impunity, they would be sorely oppressed by the latter. The supreme Government, moreover, never receives anything like the real sum produced by the Customs, so that it is the interest of those in authority to practise concealment as much as possible, and to place the revenue of the Customs at as low a sum as possible.

The number of ships, and the value of their cargoes, which entered the port of Djiddah in 1865 were as follows:

	Number.	Value of Cargo.
British	42	£389,953
Egyptian	13	141,600
Turkish	9	93,656
Dutch	3	30,429
French	1	4,789
Muscat	1	12,230
Total	69	£672,657

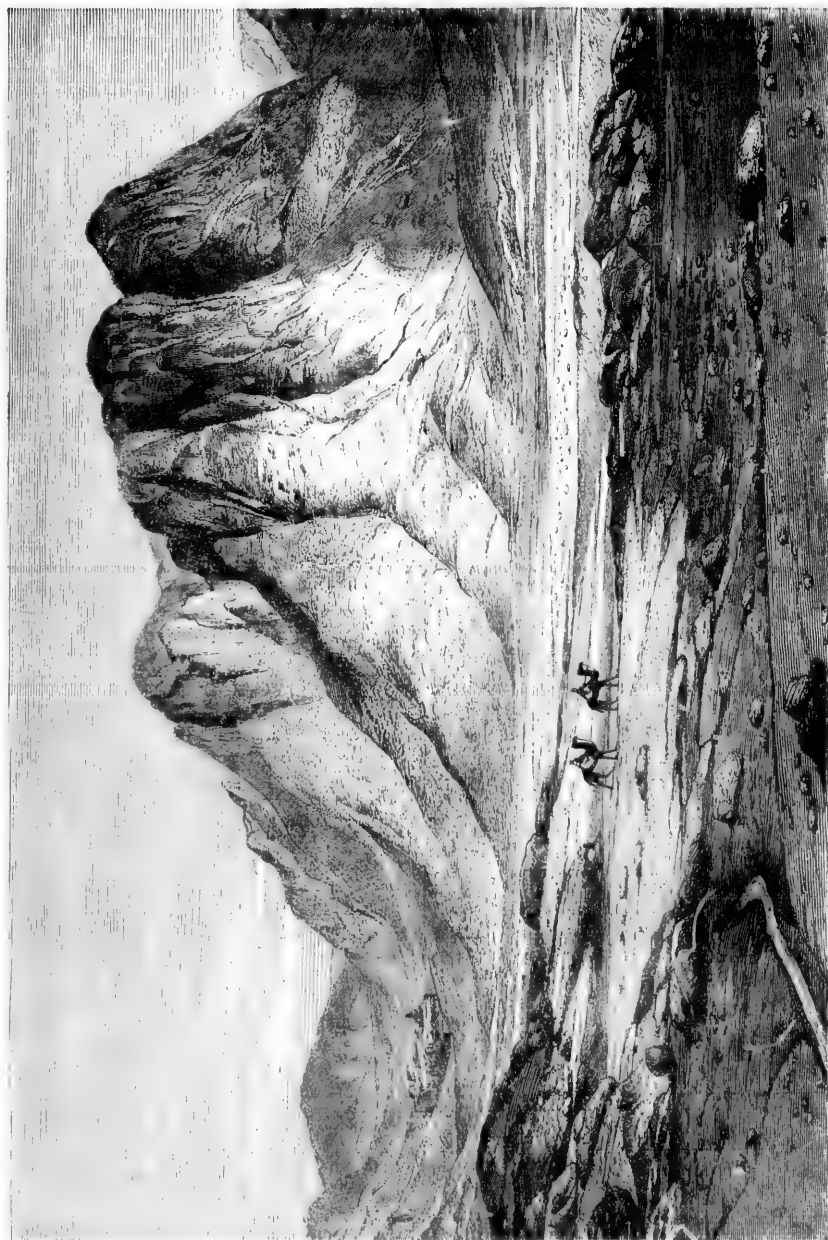
We have no correct data as to the number of native boats, but we may roughly estimate them at 600 as having entered

Djiddah is much the best harbour in the Red Sea. It is, however, difficult of entrance, and is rarely attempted without a pilot, though the dangers are all visible. Once in, ships can lie in perfect safety in any weather, the harbour being sheltered on all sides by ranges of reefs, the principal being five miles long, lying parallel to the shore, at a distance of a mile and a half, and having but two narrow entrances in it, one about the centre, by which square-rigged ships and buglas from the south enter, the other near the north end, which is continued to the shore, and, turning to the north-west, forms a bay, by which buglas from the north enter. The portion of the harbour occupied by the vessels is two miles in length, half a mile in its greatest breadth, and narrowing at certain places to about 300 yards. The actual roadstead is much larger, there being good anchorage for five miles in length; but, for convenience, the vessels anchor as near the town as possible. They can also anchor with safety outside the long reef, there being ranges of reefs extending for ten miles. The harbour lies nearly parallel to the town north and south, and has a depth of from three to seventeen fathoms. It is, however, good holding ground, being coral; but, as there is never any swell, there is no danger of a ship dragging her anchors.

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VIEW NEAR MOILAH, RED SEA.

The great disadvantage of the harbour is its distance from the quay, for though not more than a mile and a quarter long in a straight line, the intervening space is so intersected with reefs as to render it, almost in all winds, equal to at least four miles, in addition to which, at times, there is so little water that the cargo-boats frequently stick, and the goods have to be dispersed over several boats. There is one place, about one-third of the distance from the town, where in the middle of summer, after a long prevalence of north winds, boats cannot pass, and the merchandise has to be carried for about sixty yards by porters through the mud, causing a most offensive stench, and when the wind comes from the west, which fortunately is of rare occurrence, this is almost unbearable. A very little expenditure would remedy this. A tramway might be made on almost dry ground by taking a slight circuit to about one hundred yards from the centre of the harbour, for a very small sum. This would well pay any person or company enterprising enough to make it.

The ports on the western side are Kosseir, under the Viceroy of Egypt, difficult of approach, and not very safe, there being in north-west winds a heavy swell; Suakin, difficult of approach, but perfectly safe when entered, being also land-locked; and Massowah, besides a few other places, where water and provisions can be obtained by remaining a few days. There are also numerous places under the reefs where ships can anchor, and, indeed, the ships from India, with Indian or Arab masters, frequently anchor at night. There is, however, an admirable and elaborately minute chart of the Red Sea, by Captain Moorsby and Lieutenant Carless, of the Indian Navy, and no English captain would think of entering the Red Sea unprovided with it, and with Horsburgh's directions. There are four lighthouses, two nearly finished, and two finished: one at Cape Zafarana, in the Gulf of Suez; one on the dangerous Dædalus shoal, about 200 miles north of Djiddah; and one at Perim, at the entrance to the sea from the south. Those at Zafarana Point and Perim are lighted.

The navigation is easy for steamers, which have but to steer a straight course up or down the sea, avoiding certain well-known shoals or reefs; but for ships beating up against the wind, it is certainly a dangerous sea. It is almost impossible for a sailing ship to reach Suez between May and November. Since 1859 ten steamers and ships have been lost in the Red Sea—namely, the Peninsular and Oriental steamer, *Alma*, near Mocha; the Méjidié steamer, *Marint*; the Peninsular and Oriental steamer, *Carnatic*; two English ships, laden with coal, in the Gulf of Suez; the British ship, *Hyderabad*, entering

the harbour of Djiddah; the British ship, *Julindur*, thirty-five miles north of Djiddah; the British ship, *Batavia*, fifty miles south of Djiddah; and the British ships, *Blanche* and *Fallay* *Islam Fazalla Allaki*, both about one hundred miles south of Djiddah, and with all hands on board, besides several hundred pilgrims.

Many ships also strike reefs, but manage to get off without material damage. Every year also, some of the pilgrim ships remain at Hodeida, or Leet, being unable to beat up, and forward their passengers by land, or by native boats. A great number of native boats are annually lost, being driven on the reefs, owing to their practice of hugging the shore. They anchor every night, and when the wind is from the north, which, between Suez and Coomfida, is the almost universal wind from April to October, they perform the voyage from Djiddah to Suez in from one to two months, returning in from eight to sixteen days. When they go to any place on the other side, they either go immediately across, and then beat up or run down within the reefs to their destination, or they beat within the reefs on this side until they arrive at a point from which they can make a straight run across to their port; and even if the wind is favourable, they never shape a course direct from Djiddah to their destination, unless it happen to be Suakin, when, with a north wind, they know that by running free, they can about make it. These boats have compasses on board, but they are stowed away in what serves as a cabin, and are never looked at. They are built at Loheia, Hodeida, Djiddah, and Suez; formerly they used to be built of wood from Trieste, but are now all built of Malabar teak. The greatest number were formerly built at Mocha, once the most important town on the Red Sea; it has, however, ceased to be of any importance, either for trade or otherwise. The Loheia boats, of which about fifteen are built annually, are considered the best, as are the Loheia seamen. At each of the other places about six are built annually. They are from thirty to 250 tons, have two masts, the foremost nearly in the centre, and raking considerably towards the bows. On this is a large lateen sail, with a yard much longer than the mast or boat. Aft, on the small poop, is a similar mast and sail, but much smaller. The poop only is decked, and the cargo is exposed to the water, and is damaged by the first sea that breaks over it. This is the principal reason why the captains are so desirous of keeping in smooth water. The larger ones are steered by wheel, the smaller by tiller. They sail well free and before the wind, or in smooth water on any tack; but in rough weather, on a wind, they make little way.

The Island of Formosa.

It is surprising that so little is yet known of the large, and from its position and products important, island of Formosa, situated as it is on the margin of the northern tropic, on the great highway of vessels to Japan, either from Europe or the southern part of China, and producing large quantities of rice, camphor, sulphur, sugar, tobacco, cotton, hemp, coal, petroleum, and a great variety of spices, fruits, and medicinal herbs. Its dense forests teem with tigers,

leopards, monkeys; large herds of deer wander over the island; and its rivers abound with fish.

There can be no doubt that the paucity of good harbours and the national jealousy of the Chinese, who possess the northern and western parts of the island, tend to this ignorance, and prevent the proper development of a country teeming with such natural riches. Although 200 miles long by from fifty to seventy broad—not more than the northern

quarter and the fringe of the west coast can be said to be known, and that but partially.

The island is called by the Chinese Tai-Wan, but it is better known as Formosa ("beautiful") to Europeans, so named by the Portuguese from the beauty of the scenery. Although professedly a Chinese Foo, or district, of Fokien, in China proper, the interior and east coast are still in the possession of numerous distinct tribes of aborigines, who live in a state of chronic war amongst themselves and with all mankind; and this state of things is rather encouraged than otherwise by the Chinese, in order to keep the Europeans out.

The most magnificent scenery is on the extreme eastern coast, where mountains, 5,000 to 7,000 feet in height, rise abruptly from the water's edge, wooded to the summit with trees presenting the most gorgeous foliage, and forming deep gorges of great beauty, which, from the contrasts of their dark shadows, form a most attractive picture.

The range which runs north and south, through the centre of the island, can be seen from a vessel off either side, but the outlines are most picturesque and the effect most beautiful when viewed from the west at sunrise. The deep and varying neutral-tinted shades of the peaks (Mount Morrison, nearly 13,000 feet, being the highest), which stand out in sharp relief against a azure and crimson sky, then form a scene which, once beheld, is not easily forgotten.

The middle portion of the west coast is very sandy, and so flat that the high and low tide in some places causes a difference of five or six miles in the breadth of the beach. The Chinese who inhabit this coast occupy themselves chiefly with agriculture and fishing, and are described as dirty in the extreme. The mode of tilling the ground is the same as in China, as well as the fishing, by means of catamarans, or rafts, composed of about twenty bamboos lashed together, and tapering at the end. The catamarans are propelled by oars, the rowers standing behind or abaft them. Fishermen, too, may be often seen working with a long shrimp net at low water, generally standing up to the waist in water, and raising or depressing the net by means of a long bamboo pole.

The Chinese settled on the island come principally from the province of Fokien. The mode of dealing with the emigrants as they arrive is novel and ingenious, and may be commended to the notice of some of our own colonies. The settlers, on arrival, are located by the principal mandarin of the district beyond the last interior settlement, and are there permitted to acquire the particular portion allotted to them by fighting for it against the wild aborigines; this generally takes three or four months to accomplish, by which time their numbers have been considerably thinned, and those who do survive receive, therefore, a larger portion of land, so that the more that are killed the better for those who are not. Many of the officials are degraded mandarins from the mainland, condemned to exile for a period, which they serve out in a capacity similar to that which they filled in their own country.

To Europeans the produce of the greatest importance is coal, which is found on the northern coast, near Keelung, (the only harbour suitable for large ships), and but twenty miles from the bar harbour of Tamsui. Although coal was known to exist here, it did not attract much notice until lately. The American, Commodore Perry, caused the seams to be examined, by extending the working deeper into them, and at present an English company has obtained permission to

work these mines. If the quality of the coal is found suitable for furnaces, there can be little doubt that by the introduction of machinery, and a systematic mode of working, this port would be of vast importance to navigation, as a coaling station for vessels proceeding to or coming from Japan. Sandstone is generally indicative of the presence of coal, and some curious effects of the action of water are to be seen, in pillars of sandstone supporting erratic boulders, the columns having been washed out of the continuous rock.

In the interior of the island camphor is produced in large quantities from trees (the *Laurus camphora*), and until lately was a Chinese monopoly—a mandarin paying a large sum for this exclusive right; but now English merchants have broken ground, and have already sent several ship-loads off. Sulphur springs are numerous, but the usual jealousy of the Chinese Government prevents their being worked. The natives are forbidden to collect sulphur crystals—some fine specimens are seen near Tamsui, where in one place there are about ten jets, the largest having an aperture of nearly a foot in diameter, from which the fluid issues with a noise like the roar of a bull. Notwithstanding the official prohibition, traces of very recent bakings were found by a recent English visitor in the shape of broken pans. The usual mode of extracting the sulphur is by crushing the stones, placing them in stone pans with a little water, over a fierce fire, when the sulphur rises to the surface, and as it cools forms a cake, which is broken and removed.

On the north-west coast, near the village of Teukcham, petroleum has been found; but the Chinese keep the locality of the springs a secret.

Another natural production is the cactus-like plant (*Aralia papyrifera*) from which the misnamed rice-paper is made. It grows in large quantities at the northern end of the island, and, when cut, and the outer covering removed, a white pith is found, which is dried, and from which the well-known article called rice-paper is cut. The process of manufacturing it involves considerable manual dexterity, the pith being rolled over the edge of a large flat knife and cut, then flattened and packed for exportation. The larger pieces of pith are exported uncut to Amoy, but the smaller pieces are cut on the island.

The aborigines in the north are of the Malay type of feature—short, stoutly-built, with a clear olive complexion, and altogether a finer race than the Chinese. They are not of a hostile disposition, and those Europeans who have visited them have been permitted to return in safety. Indeed, about Kaleewan and Sawo, where the extensive plain is richly cultivated, many of these aborigines are domesticated, and live in perfect harmony with the Chinese, and intermarry with them, and both have the same dread of the savages of the mountains, who are known as the "Chinkwau." These Chinkwau are very different, and a finer race of men. One of the idiosyncrasies of these southern savages is a strong taste for collecting skulls of human beings, a taste that may be a very pleasant one for the collectors, but, as others have to supply the skulls, it cannot be so agreeable to them. Fortunately they carry their taste to such a degree of refinement as to show a preference for a peculiar skull, that of a Chinaman being preferable; and it is considered even necessary that a man should at least possess one such skull to be eligible for marriage; and, with a young woman in his eye and Chinamen in the vicinity, the result is readily imagined. The bride won, ambition fires the

noble savage, who then collects heads, not for love but for glory, importance in his tribe being measured by the number he possesses.

The dress of these interesting natives is very simple. A coat made of native flax well spun, ornamented with wool evidently culled from Chinese blankets, covers the shoulders, and at times a kind of jockey-cap, made of wicker-work, to protect the head from the sun, completes the costume. Their natural weapons are the bow and arrow and javelin, with which they are very expert, while civilisation furnishes them with the Chinese knife, and in the south with ginjals, which are supplied by outcast Chinamen, who exist in a kind of no man's land between the limits of the Chinese settlements and the savage tribes, with the latter of whom they are ready to join in a murderous onslaught on any boat that dares approach their shores. Of late years such attacks have become very frequent, from the increase of navigation along the shores. The massacre of the whole crew of the wrecked American vessel *Rover* caused the American admiral (Bell) to repair to the neighbourhood of the wreck to punish the murderers, and after an indecisive action, in which he lost a lieutenant, he withdrew his forces to await a more favourable opportunity for punishing them. But the American consul at Amoy took the matter up, and, by dint of great perseverance, induced the Chinese Government to despatch a military expedition, and, to make sure of its action, resolved—much to the chagrin of the Chinese—to accompany it himself. For this determination all Europeans, as well as Americans, are deeply indebted to General Le Gendre. By his instrumentality a road was cut for a distance of fifty-five miles across mountains hitherto deemed inaccessible. This road connected the coast and capital with Leang-kiow, the last town which in any way acknowledges the Chinese authority, and enabled the force, by a sudden march, to reach the very stronghold of the Coalut tribe, to which the murderers belonged. The exhibition of such

a force spread terror and consternation among the tribe, and they sent a deputation to express their repentance for the past, and promises of better behaviour in future. It is due to the wise forbearance of the American consul to relate that he listened to the overtures; but he demanded that the supreme chief, Toketok by name, and also the chiefs of the eighteen tribes, should present themselves in person, and an interview was arranged, to which the consul repaired without an escort.

At the appointed time Toketok put in an appearance, surrounded by chiefs, and some savages of both sexes. Nothing daunted, Toketok told the consul that if it was intended to fight with him, he would also fight and bind himself to nothing; but that if, on the other hand, leniency was shown with regard to the past, he promised that in future no stranger should be murdered, and also that if any came on the coast in want, they should be permitted to land and procure water and other necessities in a friendly manner, and, if any harm came to the visitors, they themselves would find out and punish the offender. A signal was arranged upon by which it could be known if a vessel required anything, or had any intention of landing. Thus, by the firmness and humanity of the American consul, the southern end of Formosa, which has never been thought of by mariners without a shudder, is rendered safe to those who may be driven by distress on its coast.

It is greatly to be regretted that no ardent traveller was at hand to take advantage of the rare opportunity thus offered to obtain a safe conduct through this *terra incognita*, and enlighten us on all its beauties and riches; but probably, had such an one been present, he might have felt a curious sensation in the neck at the thought of trusting himself amongst a race in which such a peculiar collecting mania raged; and, much as he felt himself inclined to enlighten the general public, he might prefer not doing so at the risk of his head becoming a marriage jointure for a lady savage, however beautiful and interesting she might be.

An Icelander's Notes on Iceland.—I.

BY JÓN A. HJATTALIN.

THE modern Icelanders are descendants of the Norwegians who, in the reign of Harald the Fairhaired, King of Norway, left their estates and native country for Iceland. This was in the time of Ethelred and Alfred the Great, Kings of England. Some of the settlers did not come direct from Norway, but from the Orkney and Shetland Isles, whither they had fled from Norway; but not being there out of the reach of the Norwegian sovereign, they went to Iceland. A few came from Ireland, as the names Njáll (O'Neill), Konáll (O'Connell), Kór-makur (Cormack), and Kjallakur (Callaghan) indicate. These emigrants were no mean or poor people, for Iceland is, perhaps, the only country, except New England, to which emigrants have removed without the motive of gain. Before the reign of Harald the Fairhaired, Norway was divided among several petty kings and chiefs, independent of each other. It was the aim of King Harald to obtain the sole monarchy of Norway,

and subdue all these petty kings and chiefs, or drive them away, and possess himself of their domains. In some places his sovereignty was acknowledged without resistance, but in others the kings and chiefs united themselves against Harald. But he vanquished every obstacle, and by the victory in Hafursfjörd he became the sole King of Norway. Still there were many malcontents, who had up to this time been their own masters, and who preferred to undergo any hardships rather than submit to the king.

Thus the first settlers in Iceland were high-born chiefs and barons, brothers and relations to the former Earls of Norway, who chose to live in remote Iceland, rather than be subject to the tyranny of another in their native country. They brought their servants, movables, and cattle with them to Iceland; had they been poor, they would not have had the expensive outfit they brought with them—for instance, all

the principal settlers had vessels of their own. At the same time they brought with them, to their new homes, the culture of their native country, for they themselves belonged to the most educated class of their community; and thus we can account for the fact that so short a time elapsed before they had settled government—viz., about fifty years from the discovery of Iceland. We have good reason to suppose that the climate was much better at that time than it is now; for it is narrated in the Sagas that the sheep could shift for themselves in winter. Thus it is expressed in one of the Sagas:—"Many a nobleman is now satisfied in going to Iceland; the country is good, every river is full of salmon, there are large forests, and one can live there undisturbed by kings and mischief makers."

was seated on an elevated throne, and treated with great reverence—every one went from his own seat to her, to learn his future fate. She prophesied to every one, as it afterwards came to pass, but all were not equally satisfied. The foster-brothers, Ingimundur and Grimur, did not stir from their seats, and made no inquiries. The witch said, 'Why do these young men not inquire about their destinies, for I regard them as the greatest persons of the whole assembly.' Ingimundur answered, 'It is not important to me to know my fate before it comes to pass, and I think my destiny does not lie underneath the roots of your tongue.' The witch replied, 'Then I shall tell you without your asking. You will settle in a country called Iceland, which is still uninhabited in many places; there you will enjoy honour and a long life.' Then Ingimundur



THE FJORD OF REYKJAVIK.

Once a single pair of cattle strayed to an uninhabited valley, and when they were found their number had increased to forty. At the present time such animals would perish, if they were left to themselves for a single winter. Moreover, it can be proved from the Sagas that corn ripened in those early times.

One of our noblest settlers was not compelled to go to Iceland by necessity, or by his hatred to the new Norwegian sovereign, but, according to the narrative of the Sagas, by fate. As this instance illustrates not only the belief of the early Scandinavians in an inexorable fate, but also their method of obtaining the knowledge of futurity, I will relate it. The story is this—

"A man of repute, named Ingjaldur, prepared a feast, and invited a number of his friends. According to the ancient custom, he entertained his guests with fortune-telling, in order that they might inquire about their own destinies, if they chose. To accomplish this, a witch was present from Finland. She

said, 'This is fine prophesying, for I have determined never to visit that place; and I should indeed be a foolish manager were I to sell my numerous fertile estates here, and remove to those deserts.' The witch answered him, however, that what she had foretold would come to pass; and, in order to prove it, she said, 'I tell you further, that the present which you got from King Harald, in Hafursfjörð, is gone from your purse.' In the morning, Ingimundur looked for the present, but could not find it. In the spring he asked his foster-brothers what they intended to do. Grimur said, 'I think it useless to strive against fate, so both my brother and I intend going to Iceland.' Ingimundur remarked, 'I shall never go thither.' 'It may be,' said Grimur; 'but I shall not be surprised if we meet in Iceland; for it is a difficult task to escape one's fate.' Some years afterwards, Ingimundur went to Iceland and settled there, for he thought it would be impossible for him to stay in Norway, on account of the prophecy of the Finland witch.

Most of the settlers in Iceland were heathens, yet a few, who did not come direct from Norway, but from the Shetland Isles, were Christians, and remained so to their death; their sons, however, forgot Christianity, and performed the rites of heathen worship, like their neighbours. At the end of the tenth century the King of Norway sent a priest to Iceland, who behaved more like a stout heathen warrior than a gentle preacher of the Gospel, and even put to death several persons. About the same time, Christianity was preached by a German bishop, and by a native, but with comparatively little success. Several noble Icelanders were then at the court of the Norwegian king, and promised him to further the progress of Christianity among their countrymen; so that after a good deal of contention, Christianity was at last sanctioned by the Parliament, or Althing, in the year 1000. Although Christianity became established by law, many remains of heathenism continued till about fifty years afterwards.

From the middle of the eleventh to the end of the twelfth century is reckoned the golden age of Iceland, for during this period the Icelanders enjoyed lasting peace and seasons of abundance. When any quarrels arose, they were amicably settled by the chiefs, and in this period the ancient literature of this remote land began to flourish. But as power became more vested in single chiefs than formerly, the rest of the population were their dependants. As time rolled on to the thirteenth century, these things were the source of many unfortunate family feuds, in which, sometimes, a great part of the people were engaged; and, through the intrigues of the Norwegian kings, these contentions ended in the loss of the independence of the country. About the year 1264, in the reign of Henry III., King of England, the Icelandic Republic was no more.

This civil war ended when the Icelanders submitted to the Norwegian kings; yet there arose many quarrels and contentions between the feudal chiefs and the Catholic bishops of the country—the latter assuming the right of deciding all cases, whereby they seized the opportunity of dispossessing many persons of their estates in favour of the Church—the old story of hierarchal domination. From this time, also, dates the decline of literature; Saga-writing was now succeeded by the production of superstitious legends, tending to strengthen the power of the clergy.

From the beginning of the fourteenth century, the history of Iceland presents a long series of distresses of every kind—such as earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, severe winters, inclement summers, invasions of polar ice, &c. At the beginning of the fifteenth century almost one half of the population was swept away by a disease called "black death," which had raged in the rest of Europe fifty years previously.

Thus matters went on, without any remarkable incidents, until the introduction of the Reformation, which took place in the year 1551, but not without the vigorous resistance of one of the Catholic bishops of the island—Jón Arason. Not being a learned man—for he did not understand Latin—he could not attempt to refute Protestantism by learned discourses; but what he was wanting in literature, he made up by an extraordinary energy and activity in advancing and supporting his ambitious purposes. He did not refrain from using the sword against his opponents, towards whom he exercised great violence, and even cruelty. At last he was vanquished by his enemies, and beheaded, with two of his

sons, without any trial, or, as the Icelandic expresses it, without judgment and without law; for his enemies dared not wait for the order of the King of Denmark, lest his adherents should release him. The Catholics in Iceland regarded him and his sons as martyrs; and the tradition says that the large bell in the Cathedral of Holum rung of itself till it broke in pieces, when the corpses of the three ecclesiastics were buried. After this, the king secularised—that is to say, took from the Church and appropriated to lay purposes—large estates belonging to the monasteries and convents; his agents stripped these institutions, and the episcopal sees, of everything worth having. Some time afterwards, the estates belonging to the two episcopal sees were sold by public auction, and the proceeds went to Denmark.

But the inhabitants of Iceland had a still greater cause of complaint—viz., the unjust trade monopoly, which lasted from the beginning of the 16th to the end of the 18th century. When Norway was united to Denmark, Iceland was also incorporated. Christian IV., King of Denmark and Norway, made the trade of Iceland a royal monopoly, and it was rented out to certain merchants. Districts were allotted to each trading-place, and no person living within the boundaries of the one was allowed to sell or buy anything, ever so small, at a trading-place other than that to which he belonged. If he transgressed he was fined heavily, or in default of payment sentenced to flogging. Up to the beginning of the 16th century the English, Dutch, and the natives of Hamburg carried on a valuable trade with Iceland, but the Danes did all in their power to drive them away, and sometimes there were serious disturbances between the contending parties, until at last all but Danish traders were totally excluded. During this period of oppression and tyranny, the Icelanders retrograded very much in every respect. They were quite unacquainted with what was going on in the world, and were never visited except by haughty Danish shopkeepers, who behaved like lords towards the inhabitants. The Danes put their own prices on the products of the island and on the goods which they imported; a short-sighted policy, for instead of encouraging the activity and industry of the people, they checked trade; they would not buy all the goods which were offered them for sale, and thus of course the people did not produce more than they could dispose of. At the end of the 18th century the trade was thrown open to all Danish subjects, and even from this measure we derived great advantage; but in the year 1854 trade with Iceland was made free to all nations, and the inhabitants already felt the blessing which every country must derive from unfettered and free commerce.

When the Icelanders acknowledged the sovereignty of the Kings of Norway, it was done by a sort of treaty; and by one of these articles it was understood that no law should be valid for Iceland without the consent of the Parliament, or Althing, held in Iceland. Although few of the stipulated conditions were observed by the Norwegian and afterwards the Danish kings, yet the Althing continued in existence, at least nominally, till the beginning of the present century, when it was suspended for forty-five years. It was restored again by Christian VIII. in 1845, for which the Icelanders will ever honour his memory. It is not denied that some of the Danish kings have earnestly wished to do well by Iceland; but as they are so far distant from us, and communication so unfrequent, it is difficult for them to know our real wants. The following is a curious

instance of the ignorance of the Danish Government in the last century: one of the Danish ministers, writing to the authorities in Iceland, asked the question whether the drift or Polar ice could not be used as fuel. We might reply, that the heat it would produce would be cold comfort. I am also sorry to say that we have had, and still have, very indifferent representatives in some of our countrymen, who are in charge of the highest offices in the land.

At the present time Icelanders are most interested in the question of the separation of the finances of Iceland, and also in demanding that our Althing should obtain legislative power and self-government in financial matters. This is our Reform Bill. But the Danish Government will have to furnish us with a little money to begin our own housekeeping, for they have taken all our public funds. In the year 1783 a most destructive volcanic eruption took place in Iceland, which caused great distress and even famine. On this occasion subscriptions were raised in Norway, Sweden, and Denmark in aid of the distressed people, and a considerable sum was handed over to the Danish Government, to be sent and distributed in Iceland, but the Icelanders received only one-fourth of it; the rest still remains in the Danish treasury. This sum we demand, and further we think it equitable to have some redress for the long trade monopoly, which caused such a great loss to Iceland, quite impossible to state in numbers. At a session of the Althing held in 1865, which assembles every other year, the Government brought forward a bill in this direction, but the propositions and offers therein were so mean that we could not accept it, and the bill was unanimously rejected, as all sham reform bills ought to be.

From the beginning of the 14th century dates the decline of our ancient literature, and in the 15th and 16th centuries very little attention was paid to our ancient Sagas. In the 17th century a few literary men began to collect manuscripts, of which there existed a great many; the most celebrated of these collectors was Bishop Brinjólfur Sveinsson, whose collection Arm Magnússon brought with him to Copenhagen. In the 17th and 18th centuries the Icelandic language became much corrupted, chiefly by the educated class; for they thought it a sign of learning to make use of foreign words, which common people could not understand. The officials, moreover, who had studied in Copenhagen, thought it more convenient and elegant to correspond in Danish, not only between themselves, but also with their subordinates, who did not understand Danish. In the present century, however, a change for the better has taken place. The taste for the ancient literature of the land has been revived by the publication of the Sagas; nevertheless we have still a number of valuable manuscripts that have not yet been published, and in this respect, as in many others, the want of money is the insurmountable barrier which meets us. At present the King of Denmark signs the laws in the Icelandic text, and it is an established rule that all public correspondence must be in Icelandic.

The chief means of support of the inhabitants are the rearing of live stock—sheep, cows, and horses—and the sea fisheries. The sheep of the whole island number about 500,000, the cows 27,000, the horses 45,000. In the summer time the greater part of the people are engaged in hay-making, and scarcely any fishing goes on during the months of July, August, and September; for the farmers in the country hire the fishing people during the haymaking season. The

cows must be kept in stalls, and fed on hay for eight months in the year, and the sheep and horses for three to four months. There is, however, great difference in this respect in the different parts of the island; for in some places even the horses are out all the winter. Nevertheless, the fortune of the farmer depends entirely upon the success of the haymaking during the summer months; for if there is not a sufficient quantity of hay, the farmers are perhaps forced to slaughter half of their stock, or what is still worse, if they risk keeping their stock alive, often more than half of them perish for want of food. It is accordingly not to be wondered at that they employ as many people as they can afford to engage during the haymaking season.

During the other months of the year the fisheries are carried on, not only by the fishermen on the coast, but the farmers in the country send their servants to the sea-shore to engage in fishing. This fishing in Iceland is carried on in small open boats, their aggregate being 4,000 for the entire island; it is a very dangerous and difficult pursuit, and sometimes for weeks together they are unable to go out at all. We have, indeed, a few decked vessels, which answer much better than the open boats, but these number only fifty in the whole island. There are, however, more than 300 French fishing-vessels round our coasts every summer, who carry away several million francs' worth of codfish.

It is very difficult to get even a small loan, for most of our funds are rented in Denmark, and when we ask for any assistance from the Government, a year or two sometimes passes before we have a reply. But it may be said, by joining together a small capital might be raised. This is certainly possible, but there are difficulties in the way which are quite unknown to more fortunate nations farther south. We have scarcely any communication with each other, for the mail does not go more than four times round the island in a year. Meetings are also very difficult, as it is scarcely possible to travel except during the summer months, when every one is obliged to give his sole attention to the haymaking. Of late there has been a proposition advanced for regular steam navigation round the coast, which is very desirable. This would be of great use for the communication between one part of the country and the other.

By some travellers we are charged with indolence, and as being the laziest fellows in the world, doing nothing but drinking brandy. So readily as I acknowledge that we do not do all we could do—but who does?—and much might be carried on with greater activity and energy than we put forth, so positively do I deny that we are the laziest fellows under the sun. There is no need of many arguments in order to refute this assertion, for nobody considers Iceland such a Goshen as to feed its inhabitants without any exertions of their own. I think it must be plain to every one, that it is impossible to live in a poor, barren country without working very hard. It is quite true that our land stands very much in need of improvements, and I am glad to say that in later years considerable progress has taken place, though, of course, it may seem very insignificant in the eyes of foreigners. Till lately we have, also, been totally excluded from any intercourse with foreign countries, so that we have remained quite unacquainted with the progress of other nations; and though we sometimes get a short and imperfect account of what they are doing, it is not to be expected that we should immediately put in practice what they find beneficial to themselves. But of this

I am convinced, that if any man having some capital, were to begin farming in Iceland, and applying all the modern improvements which the soil and country required, it would not only pay him well, but his neighbours would soon try to adopt the same improvements. If we had such a person in every district, who practically showed us what could be done, there is no doubt we should soon be better off:

It is true that Icelanders generally are of a sullen disposition, and slow in their movements, for they are accustomed to see everything about them going on slowly. For instance, in the department of Government, cases of any importance are never terminated until many years have elapsed. If the Government intends making any improvements, it requires a decennium, and this is the case with so many things. The

we are, in many respects, inferior to other nations, and it is our ardent desire to make all the progress we can; for, as a rule, the Icelanders are not at all tenacious of old customs, except their language and nationality, and would gladly accept such alterations as they find useful and beneficial.

I am sorry to say that the dwellings of the Icelanders are still, in some places, in the most miserable condition. The farmhouses are built of turf and stones. Looking at the front of an ordinary Icelandic farmhouse, we observe five or more gables, made of wood, painted red or black. The turf walls are from four to six feet thick, the summit of the gables is seldom above fourteen feet from the ground—generally only ten, and is adorned with wooden horns and weathercocks. Under the central gable is the door, passing through which, one



ICELANDIC COSTUMES.



ICELANDERS.

enthusiasm which caused the beginning of some important enterprise, quite subsides before the matter is brought to an end. The Icelanders are persevering and truly courageous in encountering all hardships and dangers; they often go out fishing in almost all weathers—not less cheerful than if they were going to a play; yet this fishing in open boats is scarcely less hazardous than a battle; and in the year 1864 as many persons, in proportion, perished by drowning in Iceland as were killed in the Danish war.

The Icelanders are proud of their ancestors, and of their ancient literature, which, at this time, is almost the sole remnant of their former glory; and some are even so entirely lost in the admiration of the past, that they have no hope left for the future—though this is not a common state of mind. There are again, very few Icelanders, if any at all, who consider Iceland the best country under the sun, as some travellers say they do. I am afraid you would find more who think the opposite way. Generally speaking, we are all well aware that

enters a long, dark passage, sometimes too low for a person to stand upright in, leading to a room called "badstofa," which serves both as sittingroom and bedroom for all the members of the family. There never is any fire in these "badstofas." The walls around are lined with beds, which during the day are used as sofas. Nearer to the entrance, on each side of the passage, there are two rooms facing each other—one is the kitchen, the other is the dairy. On each side of the central gable is a smithy, and a storehouse. The atmosphere in these turf buildings is often very bad, for the windows are seldom opened, and fresh air is as much as possible prevented from coming in, so as to keep out the cold, since the rooms have no fire to warm them. But I am glad to say that both the buildings of the Icelanders, and their habits of cleanliness are greatly improving.

An account of the games, amusements, and curious customs of the people, together with a description of the volcanic phenomena of the island, must be reserved for a second chapter.



BEDOUIN OF SINAI.

The Red Sea.—II.

BY JAMES WARD.

OF the articles imported into Djiddah, about one-fifth are sent by sea to Suez, Hodeida, Abyssinia, and the ports on both sides of the sea; the rest are sent inland from Djiddah, and dispersed over the peninsula. Barley, which is imported from Egypt, is cheaper in Djiddah than it is in Egypt. No private persons import it, but the Government sends it for the troops, who are allowed to sell it. The principal season for trade is during the four months beginning with Ramazan and ending Zulhijje—from March to July. Most of the pilgrims arrive in or before the month of Ramazan, partly for the sake of trade, and partly from a desire to pass the month of fasting in the "holy land;" and Ramazan with its night trade is perhaps the busiest month in the year. After Zulhijje, when the ships and the pilgrims have left, there is little but retail trade, the goods brought by the ships having all been disposed of to the merchants. There is no fixed tariff for goods. They are opened at the Custom-house, and are there valued at such sum as the official thinks fit to demand, and the merchant to pay. The amount is rarely settled without a dispute. Turkish subjects pay more duty on their merchandise than foreigners, because they have no means of redress.

The pilgrims for convenience bring gold, which is bought

by the merchants, and is exported by them to Egypt or Constantinople, receiving in return silver dollars, which are preferred to any coin by the Arabs and Abyssinians. The latter, indeed, will accept no coin but the Maria Theresa dollar, and even not that if one of the eight small points on the band of the head-dress has been obliterated. The value of coin at Djiddah is as follows:—

	Piastres.		Piastres.
The English sovereign	... 145	Rupree	... 13½ to 14
The Turkish gold medjidie	130	Half-crown	... 13½ to 14
The French Napoleon	... 115	Shilling	... 5½ to 6
Dollar (Maria Theresa)	... 30	Spanish dol. (not accepted)	30 to 32
Five franc pieces	... 28½ to 29	Dollar (Dutch)	... 29 to 30½

No copper coin is current but the piastre. The Austrian quarter-florin is the principal small silver coin, and is taken at three and a half piastres. The Government pay the troops in this coin. Towards the end of the pilgrimage fourteen and a half piastres can be obtained for a rupee, as the Indian pilgrims buying it at that rate can make a profit on it in India, whereas they would lose were they to take dollars with them. There are no banks. Those who save money usually conceal it in some secret place, and it occasionally happens that the owner dies without having disclosed the place.

The only weights in use are:—The cantar, of from 97 to 101½ lbs.; the rotoli, a little less than 1 lb. The weight of the cantar varies for different articles, thus: coffee is sold by the cantar of 113 rotolis, equal to 100 lbs.; gum by the cantar of 115 rotolis; wax, pepper, sugar, rice, and most articles by the cantar of 110 rotolis. The oke is not used at Djiddah. The measures are kiles and ardebs—100 ardebs = 63 English quarters; 54 kiles = 1 ardeb.

There is no agriculture nearer than Taif, thirty miles east of Mecca, where a little corn is grown. It has also extensive gardens, which supply Mecca and Djiddah with delicious grapes, bananas, pomegranates, peaches, apricots, melons, the vegetable called *badanjan* (egg plant), turnips, radishes, and cucumbers. Potatoes are never grown; they come from Bombay and Egypt, but are not held in high estimation by the Arabs. The Yemen produces sufficient corn for its own use, but none for exportation. It exports, however, in large quantities a grain called *doora*, a small species of Indian corn with which the poorer classes make bread. Almost all the corn, barley, and provisions generally, go from Egypt. A little corn, however, is sent from Bushire, the sheep are sent from Abyssinia; and beef, being rarely eaten, is cheaper than mutton.

There are but few inhabited districts which are so completely dependent on other countries for their existence as the population of the Nedgid. The whole district, with the exception of the mountain on which Taif is situated, produces nothing. In the Nedgid corn is said to grow; but there cannot be much, as the Arabs come down to the coast to purchase their supplies, which is re-sold to the Arabs in the interior. The coffee-growing country is in the Yemen, which is about 300 miles south of Djiddah, being the districts near Loheia, Hodeida, and Tanau. Of these districts the Turks have but limited command, as their authority only extends over the narrow slip called the Tehama, in which little coffee is cultivated. They had, however, till lately, the export dues of all the coffee grown in Western Arabia; but they have lost a large portion of these dues through the coffee being sent to Aden for exportation. Mocha, the ancient port and capital, has completely fallen into ruin and decay. Its place is taken by Hodeida, which is the seat of government of the Yemen, and a pashalic under Djiddah.

As regards the quantity of coffee exported from these districts, which principally finds its way to the Egyptian markets, we have no precise account. Captain Playfair, Assistant Political Resident at Aden, reported that in the years 1858-1860 coffee to the value of £14,268 was imported into Aden by sea; that £55,710 was imported by land; and that £45,344 was exported. M. Dasoy, late agent at Suez of the Méjidié Company, states that 29,496 cantars of coffee, valued at £80,000, were imported into Suez from the Red Sea during the first six months of the year 1859. This was exclusive of what might have been brought from Aden by the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamers. Besides the coffee exported, an enormous quantity is consumed in Arabia. There is very little genuine Yemen coffee, however, to be found in Europe, it being difficult even to buy it there. It is first mixed in the Yemen with inferior Abyssinian coffee; it undergoes a similar operation at Djiddah with damaged coffee; and, in all probability, is again mixed in Egypt; for Alexandria and Cairo have a reputation for bad coffee. English merchants, wishing to obtain the genuine Arabian coffee, which is unrivalled for

its peculiar aroma, should have an agent who is not a native, at Hodeida.

The slave-market of Djiddah is generally full, and as brisk a trade as ever is carried on in "human chattels." This trade was prohibited by the Turkish Government; but the prohibition has been of little or no avail. There is no official record kept of the number of slaves imported, as was the case formerly, so that we are left to conjecture, which is not a very safe guide in matters of this kind. The slaves, however, are sold publicly every morning, and the price is a little lower than it was prior to the prohibition of sales. This may be accounted for by the duty of 25 per cent. being taken off, which was levied when the traffic was permitted, and also by the fact that a large portion of the slaves cannot speak a word of Arabic, which proves that they have been recently imported. These slaves do not arrive openly in the market of Djiddah, but are landed at night along the shore, and enter Djiddah in the morning, passing through gates which are guarded by Turkish soldiers, who must know that they are slaves. The Turkish Government, we believe, has not the slightest desire that this abominable and degrading traffic should be put an end to; otherwise the importation into Djiddah, and the exportation from the other side of the Red Sea, could be easily prevented. A simple order to the sentinels at the gates to examine all who had the appearance of being slaves, of which there were unmistakable signs, would suffice to suppress it in Djiddah; and a few cruisers, or only a small steamer, would prevent a single boat from starting from the opposite side. During the ten years or so that have passed since the importation of slaves was forbidden, not one person has been punished, or even accused, at the instance of the Turkish Government; and it is permitted to sell those slaves who were in the country prior to the reading of the firman prohibiting the entrance of fresh slaves. This firman, however, is a dead letter; and, without considerable pressure from without and some assistance within, the Turks will never be able to suppress slavery in Arabia. The most revolting part, however, of the affair in Djiddah, and generally throughout Mussulman countries, is that most of the slaves on arrival are at least professing Christians.

The town of Djiddah—variously spelt Jiddah, Joddah, Juddah, and Jaddah—has many significations: viz., "bordering on the sea," "new," "mother," "happy." The first needs no explanation certainly; "new" hardly appears applicable, but it is so applied in ancient books; "mother" is given to it from the supposed tomb of Eve, which is close to the town; and "happy," from its proximity to Mecca. The town is built on the edge of the sea, in a sterile, desolate desert. There are no trees, verdure, or vegetation. For a few days after the December rains, when they do occur, a little grass springs up, but is almost immediately burnt by the sun. A few melons are also grown in the beds formed by the torrents, which, coming from the mountains, and depositing a certain amount of fertile soil, favour their growth. Occasionally, however, several years pass without any fall of rain; and the Djiddah people have a saying, that no rain fell during the three years preceding the massacre of the Christians, and that immediately after the assassins were executed rain fell abundantly. The Arabs killed the Turks at Mecca who read the Sultan's firman abolishing slavery; and, as no one was punished for that grievous outrage, they thought that the Christians could be killed with impunity. During 1858,

previous to the execution of the assassins, water was from two to three rupees a camel-load. This water is collected from a series of wells which belong to private individuals, and towards which courses are cut in all directions. A few hours of heavy rain suffice to furnish a whole year's provision.

The sea is gradually receding from the town and shore, owing to the coral reefs which are constantly forming; for, many years ago, large ships could approach close to the quay, which is not the case now. This receding of the water is visible in most of the bays; and at Suez the port has been changed on account of it. Yambo el Nakhal, formerly a port, is now several hours distant from the sea. The changes that have been wrought in the shores of the Red Sea are, doubtless, due to volcanic agencies, of which there are many signs—amongst others, the volcanic island of St. John; the rock oil of the island Jebel-geit, formerly very productive; the volcanic Harnish Islands; the ancient town of Hierapolis, of which no traces are now visible, and which, probably, has been absorbed in some convulsion of the earth; and, finally, the disastrous eruption in 1860 of Jebel Doubal, near Edd, south of Massowah, which has completely changed the face of the surrounding country. An English captain, who was, at the time of the eruption, at Hodeida, on the other side of the sea, told the writer of these lines that he thought a cannonade was going on somewhere, and that he had to sweep his ship every hour, which he could not account for, as the wind was not from the shore. The dust that fell upon the deck resembled powdered ashes.

Djiddah has a population of about 18,000, of whom 1,000 are British-Indian subjects. During the four months of the pilgrimage, this number is increased to 40,000, and at times to 60,000, of whom at least 12,000 are British subjects. At Mecca and Medina there are always about 2,000 British subjects. Most of these are miserably poor, being pilgrims who have spent all their money, and unable to return home. They live in the open air, or in huts which they build, and support life by begging. Their quarters are filthy in the extreme, and in summer the mortality amongst them is terrible. Djiddah is in the form of a trapezium. Its length from north to south, parallel with the sea, is about 1,400 yards; its breadth, from the Custom-house to the Mecca Gate, about 800 yards; and its length, from the north-east to the south-east angle, also about 800 yards. It is surrounded by walls pierced for musketry, with fortified towers at intervals. Besides these towers are batteries inside the town. The port, shore, and walls are all protected by guns, but of miserable calibre. The walls and fortifications were constructed by Mohammed Ali, on the ruins of the old ones, which were built at the beginning of the seventeenth century. There are nine gates: six facing the sea, the Mecca Gate to the east, the Medina Gate to the north, and the Yemen Gate to the south. These are all shut at sunset, with the exception of the Customs' Gate, shut one hour, and the Mecca Gate, shut two hours after. On Fridays they are shut for half an hour, during mid-day prayer. The origin of this custom is from a tradition that the Christians would take advantage of the men being in the mosques to seize the town. During the month of Ramazan, when all business is transacted at night, the Mecca and Customs' Gates are open till midnight; but for five days during the pilgrimage, all the gates, except these two, are kept closed day and night.

At Djiddah and Mecca there are about one hundred respectable and wealthy British-Indian merchants, besides

several hundred small shopkeepers. These Indians are the doctors, tailors, and cooks of the country. The latter occupation is, however, partly shared by the Egyptians. The rest of the Indians have no occupation but begging, or catching a few fish. The European population consists of the members of the British and French Consulates; one respectable house, which carries on business both with Manchester and Cairo, and has agents at the different ports of the Red Sea; and a few Ionians and Greeks, who are tavern-keepers.

Djiddah is trying to Europeans from its excessive heat; and intermittent fevers are the prevalent disease. They usually attack a European on his first arrival, and they are difficult to get rid of, occasionally terminating fatally. The average day temperature in the shade is, from December to March, 76° Fahrenheit, at night, 70°; from March to the end of May, 87°; during June, 93°; in July, August, and September, 100°, at night, 95°; during October and November, 85°. When the south wind blows during June, July, August, and September—which, fortunately, it rarely does for more than fifteen days together—the temperature is 107°. During the simoom, which blows from north-east and east-north-east, and which only lasts a few hours, it rises to 132°. In 1859, the highest temperature was 132° in a simoom in June, during which many camels died close to Djiddah. The lowest was 58° in December, early in the morning. In 1860, the greatest heat was 121°, the lowest, 59°. There was in August a continuation of south wind for a fortnight, when the temperature was, day and night, from 100° to 110°. This was the most oppressive period known at Djiddah.

The industry of the people consists of dyeing English cotton manufactures, fishing, diving for black coral, and fashioning it into beads and mouth-pieces for cigars. It is only found fifty miles to the north and south of Djiddah, and it takes a very fine polish. There is, likewise, a white species, which is not quite so hard. The black is sold at about 2s. 6d. a pound weight; the white a little cheaper, from its not taking quite so fine a polish.

There are no roads other than what are made by the constant track of camels. The road to Mecca—along which, on an average, three hundred camels pass daily—is, however, a good one, and a carriage can go the whole distance. The more advanced Mussulmans venture to talk of a railway from Djiddah to Mecca; and some of them have been heard to say that, were the Turkish Government powerful enough to protect the line, they would engage the greater part of their fortune in it. The great opposition would be from the Bedouin camel-men. It might be made a cheap line, as the road to Mecca is quite flat. At all events it would be to the advantage of this country, and of Europe at large, were the telegraph from Suez to Aden to touch at Djiddah, Yambo, and Hodeida. The local traffic which it would occasion would more than repay the cost of the communication, and the Turkish Government would benefit in many ways by its being constructed; while the material obstacles to be overcome present but little difficulties.

MASSOWAH.

From Djiddah to Massowah is an easy sail, and as trading to a considerable extent is carried on between the two places, there is no difficulty in reaching either place. Massowah is a small island, formed of a coral bank, thrown up at some time to the surface of the water by the effect of the general

upheaving which may be observed in many portions of the Arabian Gulf. It is about 1,200 yards long from east to west, and 500 broad from south to north. Its highest point is scarcely more than fifteen feet above the level of the sea. Massowah is a barren rock, without water, grass, or even a shrub upon it; everywhere is bare rock and stone. It is separated from the mainland of Abyssinia by a small portion of the sea, which forms the port of Massowah. There is not a single spring on the island, and the water which the populace drink is obtained from the brackish springs of the continent—from Arkiko and Moukoulle; but when the

vessels are frequently found in her harbour. The Arabs take in articles which are easily disposed of in the Abyssinian markets, and receive in exchange slaves and provisions. A small trade is carried on with Bombay, which sends to Massowah a cargo of wood, sugar, tobacco, and rice, receiving in return ivory, coffee, musk, and gum. The ports of Yemen also send dried fruits to Massowah, and Suakin supplies maize and salt. The vessels laden with ivory, ostrich feathers, and other costly articles, destined for Mocha, generally stop at Massowah.

At present Massowah is politically connected with Nubia rather than with Abyssinia, being in the possession of the



YOUNG ARAB OF DJIDDAH.

Massowahs are hardly pressed by the Abyssinians—which has frequently been the case—the former are under the necessity of sending boats for a supply of water to the island of Dhalac, a distance of thirty-six hours from Massowah. The heat on the island is excessive, the latter being only open to the sea on one side, while the other is enclosed by an amphitheatre of hills, sufficiently near to prevent the island receiving a breath of air, or a slight breeze from the sea. Massowah contains a mixed population of Arabs, Abyssinians, Negroes, Turks, Egyptians, and Indians, the whole numbering about 8,000; and the island is mostly used as a place of refuge by the Mohammedans when they are no longer able to keep their ground on the mainland against the Abyssinians.

Massowah is the principal port of Abyssinia, and carries on a considerable trade, especially with Djiddah, whose small

Viceroy of Egypt, and ruled by a governor appointed by him. The Abyssinian coast is very destitute of harbours, and Massowah is, therefore, of great importance as a seat of commerce. Caravans start thence at all seasons, for Cairo on the one hand, and for the interior of Abyssinia on the other, but most numerous in January, at the end of the rains, and in June, before the swelling of the waters. From Abyssinia and the coasts of the Red Sea, Massowah receives and exports ivory, rhinoceros' horns, wax, ostrich feathers, tortoise-shell, myrrh, senna, pearls, &c. It has all the worst characteristics of an Oriental town. Its streets are mere lanes, and are choked up with dirt and filth. It was originally chosen as the place of debarkation of the British expedition to Abyssinia in 1867, but it was soon found unsuitable, and Annesley Bay, some fifteen miles further to the south was chosen for that purpose instead.

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CAMEL DRIVER.

Russian Photographs.

A DAY AT THE TURKISTAN MUSEUM IN ST. PETERSBURG.

IN Russia at the present day, as in the England of a hundred and fifty years ago, the great place for picking up news of every kind is the coffeehouse; and in St. Petersburg, as in Moscow, Nijni-Novgorod, and, indeed, every great Russian city that I have visited, it is part of the business of life to drop into a "Trakteer" (as these houses of refreshment are called), in order to glance through the daily papers, and, it may be, to indulge in a chat with some friend who has come thither on the same errand. At all such places the programme is much the same. You push open a heavy swing-door (always strengthened in winter by a second or supplementary door about two feet behind the first, thickly edged with baize at the top and bottom), and find yourself in a large low-roofed room, heated by an immense stove, and furnished with a number of small tables, at one of which you seat yourself, and call out authoritatively, "Stakán tchaio!" (a glass of tea). In a twinkling there starts up at your elbow, as if he had risen through a trap-door, a dwarfish creature in a very shabby pinafore (who may be any age from twelve to twenty), with a broad, sallow face and small, cunning eyes, and hair cropped as close as if he had just come out of prison or bedlam. He answers your call with the Russian shibboleth "Sei-tchass!"* (directly), and, gliding away, returns speedily with a small tray bearing a saucer with four lumps of sugar, a fresh roll about the size of a crown-piece and a tumbler of magnificent amber-coloured tea, wherein floats a thin slice of lemon; for which refreshment you pay fifteen kopecks (5d. English).† While sipping your tea, you glance over the pile of newspapers on the central table, and select your favourite—the *Voice*, if you are a free-spoken politician; the *Russian Invalid*, if you are an adherent of the Government; the *Bourse Gazette*, if you happen to be a speculator, interested in the rate of exchange and the condition of the share-market; the *Moscow News*, if you have a taste for daring criticism and revolutionary ideas; the *Spark*, or the *Alarm-Bell*, if you are of a cynical turn, and wish to divert yourself by seeing how little fun a comic paper can contain. And it is probable enough, that, while you are thus busied, some ten or a dozen bearded natives in various parts of the room are similarly employed, dispatching tea and politics with the solid, business-like air of men discharging a great public duty.

Thus it is that, one morning in April, in the course of my usual reading, I lighted upon the following advertisement:—

"The Exhibition of curiosities from Turkistan (including the trophies captured by General Kaufmann, and all the objects of interest collected by our enterprising travellers, Messrs. Semenov, Severtzeff, and Vereschaguine) is now opened in the great hall between the corner of the Grand Morskoi and the Moika Canal. Entrance free."

Having recently finished the journal of a Russian tourist who had crossed the conquered region from Tashkend to Samarcand, I am just in the humour for a spectacle of this

* Literally, "this hour;" hence the rhyming proverb on Russian sluggishness, "Sei-tchass, sei-tchass, bivaet tchass!" (This hour, this hour, will last an hour!)

† A kopeck is nominally $\frac{1}{4}$ of a penny, but in the present state of the currency somewhat less; 100 kopecks = 1 rouble.

kind; and, moreover, this is just the day for show-rooms, picture-galleries, or indoor diversion of any sort. It is one of those dull, drizzling mornings when St. Petersburg is at its worst; when every part of the great city wears a forlorn, slatternly appearance, as if Dame Nature had had a general floor-washing, and then forgotten to "tidy-up" afterwards. Every roof is a shower-bath; every crossing a breakwater; foot passengers wade about like storks in a morass, while the droskies* in the Admiralty Plain look like a second-hand engraving of Pharaoh's chariots in the Red Sea. The great squares exhibit every gradation of neutral tint, from the dull white of the half-thawed snow, and the sickly brown of the newly-stirred mud, to the open, unredeemed beastliness of the vast pools of dirty water (sometimes nearly a foot deep) into which the passing carriages plunge with the rush of a diver. The broad shining cuirass of the frozen river begins to look spotted and faulty, while here and there the tell-tale water bubbles through, like blood oozing from a wound; but, nevertheless, the ice still holds its own, and the crowd of idlers, who daily line the iron balustrades of the Nikolaievski Bridge in the hope of seeing it begin to break up, as yet watch and wait in vain. Matters being thus unpromising out-of-doors, I decide for the Museum; and, emerging from my "Trakteer," plash along the entrance of the Voznesenski Prospect,† pass under the mighty shadow of the Isaac Church, whose vast golden dome and giant columns of polished granite look strangely dim and funereal beneath the cheerless sky, and enter a large stone building on the left side of the Isaievski Square, usually serving as a Government office, but for the present devoted to the interests of the Bokharian collection. I am admitted by a tall, soldierly-looking fellow in a dark-green uniform and brass buttons, who stops me as I am about to proceed up-stairs, and intimates, in a genial, "quite welcome" kind of tone, as if he were doing me a disinterested service, that all greatcoats, sticks, &c., must be left below, and their safe keeping insured at the rate of ten kopecks per article; a regulation which practically makes the exhibition as remunerative as if the "entrance free" had been omitted. I comply, and, thus denuded, mount the stairs with my black sheepskin cap under my arm, pass between two colossal men in moustaches, who seem to support the doorway like black marble Caryatides, and find myself in the Museum.

And a rare sight it is. On a raised platform beside the door (where he is kept in countenance by two smaller specimens of the same breed) figures an enormous mountain-sheep, of the argali or "big horn" species, with the short greyish hair of a chamois, and vast curled horns, more than two feet long and as thick as a man's leg. This distinguished foreigner, however, though ranking first in the collection, is not from Turkistan, but from Siberia; as it were a true-born Russian

* "Drosky" (or, more correctly, "d. dia") is a Russian cab, of the simplest construction; the best way to repel it is to put wheels to two low-backed chairs, and set them one behind the other.

† "Prospect" is the name given in Russia to any long, straight, wide street, such as Oxford Street, or Piccadilly; an ordinary street is called "Ulitsa;" a lane, "Pereulok."

subject placed as a sentinel over the foreign intruders. Farther on, appear two wide-winged vultures, lean and loathsome as the worst of their kind, fighting over the torn remnants of a hare—a group which might suggest to the historian a struggle yet to be between Russia and Afghanistan over the carcass of prostrate Bokhara. Around the walls are ranged skulls and bones of strange animals hitherto unknown to Russia; tawny skins of the tiger and ocelot hanging peacefully beside those of the mountain goat and deer; fish from the waters of the Tchirtchik, and birds from the slopes of the Thian-Shan. On the more distant tables appear bright-hued lizards and curious insects, minerals dug from the hills of Khodjend, and fossil shells entombed before the name of Russia was known; over which the majority of visitors skim very lightly, though one may perchance notice a grey-haired man in blue spectacles peering intently at some of the smaller specimens, as if labouring to identify a favourite species.

Just as I am taking my third or fourth peep at a trululent-looking beetle, something like a twelve-bladed knife with all its blades open at once, a burst of admiring exclamations from the second room attracts my attention, and I walk in. Here I find myself amid the trophies of native art; silks* of the finest quality, such as would command fabulous prices in Paris or Vienna; cloths of Kashgar, and parchments from Bokhara; gems cut by the artificers of Tashkend, and skins dressed in the workshops of Samarcand; while from above, out of the frames of numerous pictures, look down upon the relics of their departed glory the faces of the conquered natives. There stand the round-faced Tartar, and the mean-looking Sart, and the shaggy-haired, gipsy-like Douwana; there towers the tall, wiry Turkoman, whose latent vigour betrays itself in every line of his long, gaunt limbs. Beside him grins the gnome-like Bashkir, hirsute and untamable as the four-footed ancestor assigned him by tradition; and the thievish Kirghiz, with his coarse, matted hair and glittering, rat-like eyes; and the stately, black-bearded Bokharian, erect and defiant as in the days when European conquest was a thing unknown to him. There, too, a little apart from the rest, as not yet sharing their subjection, appears the lean, leathery visage of the Kashgarian, with his huge, bat-like ears projecting from under the little saucer-shaped cap which crowns his narrow forehead. And there, conspicuous above all, shines the swarthy, tiger-like beauty of the Afghan, with his fierce black eyes gleaming from beneath his green turban, and the shining hilt of his yataghan standing out against the spotless whiteness of his long hanging robe.

Even finer than these are the two companion pictures, Victory and Defeat, which tell at one glance the whole story of Eastern conquest. Victory represents a vast desolate plain, on the verge of which the ramparts of Samarcand loom dimly through the purple shadows of evening. Here and there, the sameness of the tawny sand is broken by a long greyish-white streak—the corpse of a Russian soldier, above which the darkening sky is already spotted with the black wings of birds of prey; while in the foreground stand two stalwart Bokharians, one brandishing a bloody yataghan, the other holding aloft, with a grin of triumph, a severed head, with features stern and defiant even in death. The scene of Defeat is a large open square within the walls of the town, where lie strewn, rank on

rank, the bodies of the slaughtered defenders, their gay dresses all dabbled with blood, and, here and there, in forehead or in breast, the small round hole that shows where ball or bayonet has gone home; while, amid the carnage, the grey-coated Russians are lighting their pipes with cool satisfaction, like men who have done a good day's work, and are now at liberty to enjoy themselves.

Apart from all these, as if surrounded by an atmosphere of its own, appears the shadowy interior of an ancient mosque, through the narrow window of which a single ray of light falls upon the kneeling form of an old mollah (priest) in his high white turban and long dark dress. Motionless as marble is the grand, solemn face, shaded by its long white hair and beard: motionless are the shadows on the wall, motionless the rich carpets upon the tessellated floor. Over the whole scene broods a dreamy stillness, a strange supernatural repose, as of some enchanted palace within whose walls Time has no power; and we might imagine that stately figure to have been kneeling there for centuries, unchanged and unchangeable since the day when Bajazet was thundering at the gates of Constantinople, and Tamerlane rearing his pyramid of ninety thousand skulls on the sunny banks of the Amu-Daria.*

The photographs, which fill the third compartment of the great collection, might have been selected by the adventurous traveller whose journal I have just finished reading, so exactly do they reproduce the principal features of his description; clumsy native carts, with heavy shafts and gigantic wheels; bold ridges of naked rock; colossal mounds reared centuries ago; snug little towns, hiding themselves, like shy children, in the arms of encircling forests; shadowy mosques, and little dumpling-shaped hovels with the single opening which serves both for door and window. All varieties of scenery are here to be met with; vast glaciers, and lance-like pinnacles of ice—green waving woods—shady dells murmuring with slender rivulets—dark gorges, which the White Demon of Persian poetry would have loved to haunt—boundless stretches of level prairie, only to be conceived by multiplying a billiard-board by five million, and subtracting the cushions—and lonely lakes, whose grey, unending desolation weighs upon the eye like a nightmare. Here, too, are cities whose names will long be remembered in Russian history: Tashkend, with its spacious market-place, its low, massive walls, and stately mosque, which (sad to relate) the irreverent Russians have turned into a powder magazine! Khodjend, the city of gardens, overshadowing with its leafy woods the swift, dark stream of the Syr-Daria; ancient Samarcand, that strange mixture of splendour and misery, looking down from its noble citadel upon whole acres of worse than Asiatic filth and desolation; and, midway between the two last-named places, the little town of Oura-Toubeh, still seamed with the scars of Russian artillery—at present the farthest point to which the postal communication with Europe has been completed.

Last in the series comes a range of precipitous heights overhanging a wide stretch of level ground—the ridge of Tchepan-Atin, in front of Samarcand, on which the Bokharians made their last stand for the defence of the city, and where General Kaufmann's soldiers signalled themselves by an exploit which

* Russian silk factories have been established both at Khodjend and Samarcand; and the traffic, when fully developed, bids fair to be as lucrative as any in the empire.

* The remains of this singular monument (though much defaced and overgrown with turf) are still to be seen on the high road between Khodjend and Samarcand; and the spot is still called by the Russian: "Tamerlanskyn Vorota," or the Gates of Tamerlane.

their countrymen will not quickly forget. At the time of the battle, a sudden overflow of the river Zariafshan had flooded the whole plain; and the defenders of the height, commanding every approach with their artillery, considered their position impregnable. General Kaufmann, however, ordered an immediate attack on the right flank, where the ridge was less precipitous; and the officer who led the assault addressed his men as follows:—"Children, our father the General has ordered us to storm that position, *and therefore it must be possible to do it.* Forward!" Like one man, the brave fellows threw themselves into the foaming current (already breast-high) under a heavy fire of artillery, dashed through it, and began to force their way up the heights beyond; when, just at the crisis of the battle, while a vigorous charge on the part of the enemy might still have ruined the whole attack, the Bokharians, seized with one of those strange panics to which Asiatic soldiery are always liable, abandoned their guns and fled in confusion, leaving the victory to a handful of men barely one-third of their own number.

These warlike reminiscences harmonise well with the trophies which adorn the walls of the fourth chamber—conical helmets, curiously carved, and damascened with gold;

richly inlaid axes and yataghans, whose notched edges show what good service they have wrought; tasteful little poniards, which would gladden the eyes of an Italian bravo; light lances of cane, such as Eastern marauders may have wielded in the days of Abraham; and shining cuirasses, with here and there a tiny bullet-hole, telling only too plainly the fate of the brave heart that once beat within. Not less curious are the articles of feminine manufacture on the central table, displaying to the full that skill in embroidery which seems inherent in all Oriental races; though it must be admitted that the works of the Turkistan ladies are more ornamental than themselves—to judge by the few feminine portraits in the collection, which represent what poor Artemus Ward would have styled "perfectly orful-lookin' females," upon whom no passer-by would be apt to bestow a second glance.

Altogether, this Eastern collection is a goodly and pleasant sight—a sight to gladden the fierce spirit of the Emperor Nicholas, erect on his bronze war-horse before the windows of the Museum, a silent spectator of the trophies of a Russian conquest, achieved long after the bitter end of his glorious career.



HOSPITALITY IN ICELAND.

An Icclander's Notes on Iceland.—II.

BY JÓN A. HJATTALIN.

THERE are but very few games or amusements handed down from ancient times. Many of the old ones passed away in the last century, except wrestling, in which the two combatants are closely grappled by each other; and the point is, who can throw the other down, by tripping or lifting up the feet in various ways. We have no original dance, and original music is very scarce. All that we have is from modern Danish. I think we are not a musical race. We have only one Icelandic musical instrument, called "langspil," in shape not unlike a guitar, and is with metal strings; now it is almost out of use. In the last century, when people assembled in the winter, at Christmas and at other great festivals, they amused

themselves by a kind of dance, and songs were often made on these occasions, to the tune of which the people danced. We have but imperfect knowledge of these amusements, which were called "Vikiakar;" but we know it was the custom in one of these dances, that all the gentlemen assembled in one room and the ladies in another. Then the representative of the gentlemen would step forward and address the representative of the ladies, thus, saying:—

"Here rides Hoffinn,
Here rides Alfinn,
Here ride all the men of Hoffinn."

Then the representative of the ladies replied:—

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COAST VIEW OF IRELAND.

"What wants Hoffinn?
What wants Alfinn?
What want all the men of Hoffinn?"

Then he answered:—

"A maid wants Hoffinn,
A maid wants Alfinn,
A maid want all the men of Hoffinn."

After which every one took his partner, gave her a kiss, and the dancing commenced. These assemblies were at last forbidden by the authorities.

I must mention another custom still existing. When you arrive at a farm in the evening after dark, or during the night, it is not customary to knock at the door. You must go up to one of the windows, and call out loudly, "*Hér sé Gud!*" (God be with you here!) to which the first person who awakens replies, "*Gud blessi thig!*" (God bless you!) Then the traveller is generally asked his name, where he comes from, and what he wants; after which the door of the house is opened, and the guest is treated with all the hospitality so common in Iceland.

When people address each other they say, "*Saell vertu!*" (blessed be thou!), but not "*good day!*" or "*good morning!*" When taking leave, "*Vertu saell!*" (be thou blessed!) This greeting in the country is always accompanied by kissing, so much spoken of by English travellers. Even a perfect stranger is obliged to kiss the father and mother of the family, along with their children, on arriving and departing.

In the country, clocks and watches are very scarce, therefore the farmers mark the time by the sun, and say when he is above this or that mountain, it is such and such an hour. When telling the time they do not, for instance, say that it is three o'clock, but that the sun is in the place of three o'clock. When they do not see the sun, they mark the time by the ebb and flow of the tide, and in the winter evenings the Pleiades are their timekeepers. Time is not divided into hours, but into spaces of three hours. Thus, *ötta*, three o'clock a.m.; *midmorgun* (middle morning), six o'clock; *dagmdl* (day's beginning), nine o'clock; *hádegj* (high day), twelve o'clock; *nón*, three o'clock p.m.; *midaptan* (middle evening), six o'clock; *náttmdl* (night's beginning), nine o'clock; *midnætti* (middle night), twelve o'clock.

Weddings and funerals are great feasts among the Icelanders, for they are nearly the only festive gatherings they have. Those feasts are conducted with great merriment, the funerals quite as much as the weddings, and often with great expense, considering the means of the entertainer. Preparations are made for weddings several months beforehand. According to the circumstances of the parties concerned, from twenty or thirty to a couple of hundred people are invited to weddings and funerals. Relatives and intimate friends, of course, must be invited, then those persons of the parish, or the next parishes, by the company of whom the parties consider themselves honoured, either on account of their wealth or distinction in other respects, although they are not intimately acquainted with them. It would scarcely be considered an honourable wedding dinner if the clergyman of the parish and his wife were not present, and if there be a couple of clergymen from other parishes it is all the better. The company of a sheriff or other person in the employment of the crown is even better, for it is not so usual to see them at weddings as clergymen, because there is only one to every nine or ten parishes. It is, however, not considered as any condescension on their part to be present on such occasions, as, perhaps, might be the case at Reykjavik.

On the morning of the wedding-day the wedding party assembles at the house of the bride or bridegroom, and then all go to the church together where the marriage ceremony is to be performed; sometimes also they first come together at the church. From the house next to the church the wedding party forms a procession in the following way:—The bride is supported on both sides by bride's-maids, and the bridegroom by bridegroom's-men, followed by the rest of their relations; the clergyman is generally in the middle. The procession moves on very slowly, and this walking is called *Brúðargangur* (bride's walk). Therefore, it is a saying in Iceland, when a person walks very slowly, that he is going the bride's walk. Until recently, this custom has been observed at every wedding in Iceland, but it is dying out now. The marriage ceremony is performed according to the rites of the Lutheran Church, for the Icelanders are Lutherans, without exception. When the ceremony is finished, the newly-married couple and all their guests return to the wedding dinner, which takes place at the house of the bride or the bridegroom; but if they have not rooms spacious enough for all their guests, the wedding dinner takes place at the most considerable farm in the parish, or at the clergyman's residence; sometimes also they pitch large tents in the open air for the purpose. At the wedding dinner the newly-married couple occupies the seat of honour at the head of the table, which reaches from one end of the room or tent, as the case may be, to the other. Next to the newly-married couple are placed the clergyman and other distinguished guests, and then the rest of the guests on both sides, and sometimes it may prove a difficult task to provide everyone with the seat he thinks himself entitled to, and Mrs. N. may wonder why her neighbour has been seated next to the clergyman's wife, and not herself. When the first dish is brought in, and before partaking of it, all the guests stand up and sing a hymn appointed on such occasions, after which the clergyman asks a blessing, and the "governour" of the feast, in the name of the bridegroom and the bride, bids all the guests welcome. The dinner usually consists of rice-gruel, with cream, sugar, and cinnamon, roast mutton and potatoes; and pancakes serve as dessert; it goes off very quietly, as the company have got a pretty good appetite after several hours' hard riding in the morning. After the dinner the guests stand up again and sing another hymn, and the clergyman returns thanks. When the dinner is finished the merry time begins—drinking and singing, but no dancing. The newly-married couple usually retire early, and leave the guests to amuse themselves with their punch and brandy, and they generally sit up the whole night, as they do not wish to go away without taking leave of their host; and when he appears again in the morning many are so delighted with his company that they do not like to say farewell until they are quite sure that the stores procured for the entertainment will not become any trouble to him; thus, the whole entertainment may last for a couple of days. Before leaving, the wedding-guests, at least those of them that are in better circumstances than the newly-married couple, are expected to give them wedding-gifts, either in money or in other valuable things—for instance, cattle, sheep, or horses.

Funerals are conducted in exactly the same manner as weddings, no less gaiety or merry-making being exhibited on these occasions than on the former. The deceased has scarcely breathed his last, when his relatives, inheritors, executors, or whatever they may be, prepare their dinner, and kill their oxen

and fatlings, and dispatch their servants to the next trading-place to buy everything that can be procured for the purpose of making their guests merry, lest they should be blamed for not paying due honour to the departed, by a proper entertainment at his funeral, and in case they should have different views from the public in this respect, they would certainly not escape from censure. There is even many a servant whose greatest pride it is to be able to leave so much behind that those present at his funeral may be liberally entertained. This custom has prevailed in Iceland ever since the heathen times, and has been looked upon as a religious duty to the memory of the departed. At Reykjavik, however, these funeral entertainments have passed out of use. In the conducting of funerals at this place there is nothing remarkable, except that the coffin is borne by six or eight men, followed by the clergyman and the relatives and friends of the deceased, from his house to the church, where a funeral sermon is preached, and when it is finished the coffin is carried in the same way from the church to the churchyard, which is about a couple of hundred yards distant from it. The deceased is generally carried to his last resting-place by his friends, or by those that belong to the same class; thus, a literary man is carried to the grave by literary men, a carpenter by carpenters, and a fisherman by fishermen, and so forth. In the country, where they have to go perhaps thirty or forty miles to the next church, and to cross rapid rivers and rough mountain paths, they place the coffin, with the corpse in it, across the back of a strong pony, and having made it fast with ropes, they proceed on their way to the nearest church.

In a country of 37,000 square miles, with a population of about 70,000, one cannot expect to find towns or even villages. There are, however, a few trading-places, the largest of these being Reykjavik, with about 2,000 inhabitants; although in very diminutive proportions, this place has all appearances of an embryo town. In describing the social condition of the population of Iceland, distinction must be drawn between the society of Reykjavik and the other trading-places on one hand, and that of the country on the other—between town and country, as one would say in England, although it may seem ridiculous that these extremely small places should have any of the peculiarities of a town. Reykjavik is considered the capital of Iceland, as it is the residence of the highest authorities; viz., the principal governor of the island, a bishop, a dean, a chief justice, a general physician, and professors attached to the college and the pastoral seminary; the rest of the population are merchants, tradesmen, and fishermen. The houses are built of wood, with the exception of two or three which are of stone, and some belonging to the fishermen, which are built of earth and stones. As the houses are built each for one family only, they are not large, and consist of but one floor; drawing-rooms, parlours, and dining-rooms communicating. The bedrooms are generally up-stairs. The interior arrangement of the houses is exactly the same as that of the houses in Copenhagen; they are heated with stoves, the fuel being coals and peat. When inside these snug and comfortable dwellings, a foreigner will hardly imagine himself to be beyond the reach of civilisation. His host may entertain him with wines and fruits of Southern Europe. He has piano and music, and besides the classics he has books in English, French, German, and the Scandinavian languages.

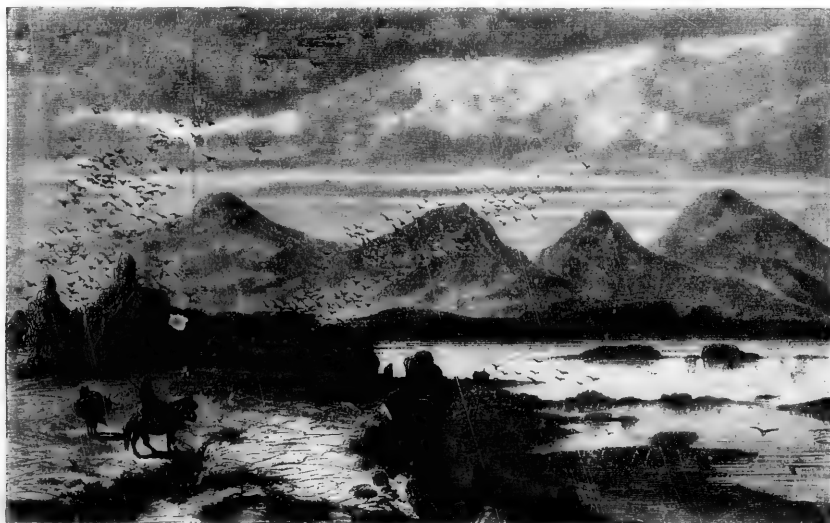
Public amusements there are none, except a few balls, to

which the members of the literary and mercantile class are admitted. They are not held regularly, but three or four persons form themselves into a committee and send round a list, on which those who wish to become participators write down their names, and the number of ladies they are going to take with them. Only three or four public balls take place during the winter season. In a place like Reykjavik, a theatre could not be supported, but students sometimes have amateur performances, to which the public are admitted. The plays performed are both original Icelandic plays, and translations from Danish dramatic authors. These performances are highly appreciated by all classes, and the people walk even long distances from the country to see them. In the summer, picnic parties are very frequent to the country round Reykjavik; these excursions are made on horseback, and in fine weather they are very agreeable and healthy amusements; but too often the party is overtaken by rain, and wet clothes and cold are the sad remembrances of the pleasure trip. A cab for a couple of sovereigns a mile is not to be obtained, such luxuries as carriages and roads not being known in this primitive country. In spite of these drawbacks all classes are very fond of these excursions, the ladies not the least.

Foreigners might think that the Icelanders were not so far advanced as to have any distinction of classes; but such is, however, not the case in Reykjavik, where the Government officials, the literary class, and the merchants alone mix together; all being personally acquainted, and the distances easy—as it is not much more than five minutes' walk between the most distant houses—the inhabitants of the town have frequent parties, to make the long winter nights pass more quickly. Supper parties, or evening parties, are more frequent than dinner parties. Six o'clock is the usual hour for supper parties or balls. Immediately on the guest's arrival he takes tea, and a substantial supper appears between nine and ten. The gentlemen amuse themselves with a game at cards, and a glass of toddy after supper. The ladies are for the most part allowed to shift for themselves, and they contrive to while away the time by performances on the piano, singing, and playing at forfeits. As everybody knows everybody and everybody's affairs, there is no end of topics for conversation, in which all present show a great interest, and perhaps more so than the persons might care to know who are made the object of the company's remarks. Occasional calls are very frequent; and there are a great many calls which must not be neglected, if one is at all acquainted with the parties concerned; such are birthday calls, wedding calls, and confirmation calls. Every one belonging to the two first classes considers it his duty to call on the authorities, his colleagues, and acquaintances, on such occasions as above mentioned, and congratulate them, lest his neglect in doing so might be considered as a want of respect for the person concerned. Thus, one may judge of a person's position in society from the number of visitors on his birthday, when he or she has been engaged or married, or when he has a son or a daughter lately confirmed. These calls are made from twelve to two o'clock, and from four to six o'clock. The days for family feasts and presents are Christmas Day and New Year's Day, and the first day of summer, which occurs on the first Thursday between the 19th and 25th of April, according to the calendar, but seldom according to the season. Easter and Whitsuntide have only a religious significance.

In the country there is only one class; viz., farmers who are either tenants or proprietors, which makes no difference in their mode of living or circumstances; they do their farmwork and attend to their cattle with their servants; and they employ only their servants in working the farms, except during the hay-making season, when in some places the farmers employ fishermen for several weeks. The clergymen in the country live very much on the same footing with the farmers, for their salary is very small; part of it consisting in the free use of a farm, which they manage themselves, and not unfrequently they are obliged to go into the fields with their servants like the farmers, for if they did not they might not be able to keep body and soul together, or prevent their families from starving.

with the same hospitality as the rich; and although his hospitality often exceeds his means, he is not willing to accept any remuneration. When you offer him payment, he says, "I expect the same hospitality of you if I happen to come to your place; that is the only reward I like to accept." The most frequent meetings are at the parish churches on Sundays, during the summer months, which is the most busy time of the year, and consequently, the time when the people most require recreation; it is also the only time when you can get from one place to another without walking. On these occasions, not only inhabitants of the same parish come together, but also from different parishes thirty to forty miles around. To the country people it is like going abroad, and seeing something of the



THE INNER PART OF A FIRTH.

In the country the people cannot easily call on their friends for their amusement only, as the farms are few and far between, compared to the area of land over which they are scattered; therefore only on special occasions that they come together in great numbers; and the time for such meetings is limited to three or four months during the summer; as travelling in winter is scarcely possible except on foot, at that season invitations are not practicable. But although not invited, a traveller is sure to meet with reception and hospitality everywhere, he can be rich or poor, a friend or a stranger, a native or a foreigner, that makes not much difference; no sooner are the wants of the traveller known than they are supplied as far as possible. The best may be a magistrate, a clergyman, or a peasant, there is no same desire to make every one that finds temporary shelter under his roof as comfortable as possible; it is his pride to be able to entertain his guests properly, and the best things are kept for that purpose. He is not prompted to do so by hope of remuneration, nor the poor meet

world to go to another parish, and to hear any other clergyman than their own preach. This may also be the only occasion during a whole year when the farmers can see their friends, if they have any out of their own parish. On the way home—which may be a distance of thirty miles—they call round at their friends', and it is not seldom that they are rather less ready for work than usual the Monday after, the cause of which may be a too liberal hospitality on the part of their friends.

One more gathering of the people I may mention, namely, the *Rättir* (sheep-pen gatherings). In the spring, about the middle of June, the farmers drive their lambs and all their sheep, except the ewes which are kept at home for milking, on the mountains, having previously made certain marks or slits in their ears and branded their horns so that they may be able to recognise them in the autumn. The sheep are allowed to roam about the mountains during the summer as they like, and there is no shepherd to look after them. In the middle of September all the farmers of one district send some two, some

one of their servants to gather their sheep from the mountains, and to drive them all to one place, where there is a large sheep-pen. Here the farmers meet those who have been to the mountains, and claim their sheep by the marks on their ears and horns. Those are perhaps the most numerous meetings in the country, as they are frequented by not only the

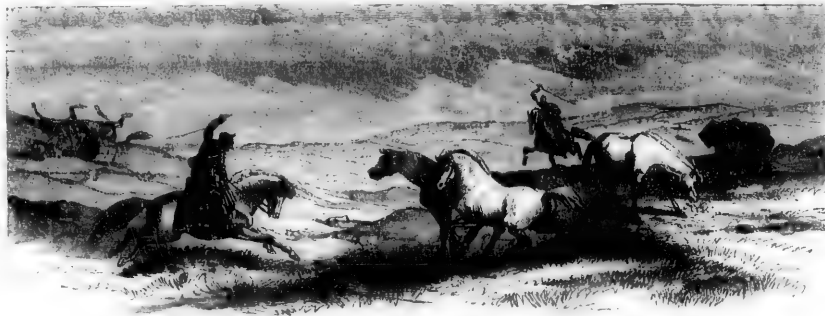
fitting jacket of cloth, the front and the sleeves embroidered with gold or silver thread. The skirt is of the same material, and at the bottom it is trimmed with velvet cut out in leaves, or embroidered with floss silk or Berlin wool. Around the waist they wear a belt embroidered in the same way as the front of the jacket, or else it is adorned with silver plates of



A TEAM OF PONIES.

inhabitants of one district, but also by many persons from the adjacent districts, who come to claim any sheep that might have strayed from their own district. The overseers of the parishes and those best acquainted with the marks of the several farmers stand in the entrance to the large sheep-pen, and look at the marks on the ears of every sheep that is taken out.

filigree-work. When out of doors, they wear over this a half-moon-shaped mantle, lined with fur. The colour of the jacket and the skirt is commonly black, sometimes also blue of various shades. For home dress, or everyday dress, they wear a black cap with a silk tassel, something like a gentleman's smoking-cap, instead of the white cap; and the jacket and



DRIVING PONIES.

The proceedings of those gatherings have become proverbial for their noise and confusion; and it is said of every riotous and noisy meeting, "It was just like a sheep-gathering."

The dress of the male population of Iceland is not much different from that to be met with in the towns of Europe, but the women have preserved the national dress, illustrated in a former number. It consists of a high white cap, stuffed with wadding, a silk band studded with golden stars round the head, and a thin veil covering the cap, and falling down on the back between the shoulder-blades. Further, it consists of a tight-

skirt are without ornaments of any kind. With this dress the women also wear a wide apron of silk or prints.

For the full-dress we claim a very high antiquity. By our antiquarians it is supposed to have been brought to the North by our Scandinavian forefathers, when they migrated from the East. The white cap is mentioned several times in our old mythological songs. And it is a remarkable coincidence, if our white cap is not derived from the East, that the women of Caucasus wear a white cap of a shape very similar to that of ours.

In every kind of material progress we Icelanders are indeed far behind the rest of Europe. But with our intellectual progress the case is quite different, especially as regards the education and knowledge of that class of our population which corresponds to peasants and labouring men of other countries. By going to Iceland, a traveller from Europe may indeed succeed in getting beyond the reach of those gigantic abettors of civilisation—telegraphs, railways, and daily posts—such things being unknown on the battlefield of fire and frost, except from hearsay or books. On landing at Reykjavik, many foreigners have been agreeably surprised by the intelligence of the educated class, many of whom, both gentlemen and ladies, are able to carry on a conversation in English, French, German, besides Danish, which is spoken by all educated Icelanders just as well as their native tongue. Even a good scholar in the classic literature of Greece and Rome may find in many Icelanders "foemen worthy of his steel," if he should like to engage in a friendly contest about those matters. The knowledge of the country population—farmers, peasants, and servants—has, however, been more surprising to foreigners visiting Iceland. I never met with a boy or a girl of twelve years who was not able to read well, and I doubt very much if such an one can be found. The greater part of the male population are able to write and cipher. Not a few farmers understand Danish, and some even English and German. With the literature of their own country they are better acquainted than the same class of people in any other country. I can affirm, without any exaggeration, that I have myself been acquainted with peasants and even their servants that were better acquainted with the general history and geography of the world and the present political state of Europe than many educated gentlemen I have met with both in England and on the Continent. Considering the means the Icelandic peasant has of educating himself, we may indeed wonder at the result. There are but two schools for children in the whole island, and when we remember that the population is scattered over a country of 37,000 square miles, and without any but the most primitive

means of communication, we may easily imagine how much those two schools can do for the education of the country at large. How is it then that the Icelanders manage to educate their children as they do? It is a common desire of parents in Iceland, almost without exception, that their children should obtain as much knowledge as possible; and, therefore, they not only only teach them all they know themselves, but in many cases they send them to a more erudite neighbour to acquire what knowledge he may be in possession of. This, with the eager thirst of the Icelanders for every knowledge for the sake of knowledge itself, enables them to attain a higher degree of education than is commonly found among the same class of people in other countries.

There are two newspapers, *Thjóðdólfur* and *Nordanfari*, published in Iceland once a week, or once a fortnight, containing the general news of the world brought by the last mail, the news from several parts of the island itself, and several articles on farming, fishing, and on the local government of the island. A pamphlet is also published every spring containing a summary account of what has been going on in the world during the past year, and also some statistics from different countries. Works on geography, history, and others of miscellaneous information are also published now and then. These, with the ancient songs and Sagas—religious works—of which we have a great many, and the transactions of our Diet (*Althing*), form the staple reading of the population.

In the long winter evenings, when the male population have finished their out-door work for the day, which is to drive sheep and horses to the pasture in the morning and bring them home and give them some additional food in the evening, and also to feed the cows, which are kept in the stable during the whole of the winter, they assemble with the rest of the family in one room, which is at once a bed-chamber and sitting-room, the beds serving for chairs and sofas. In the middle of the room an oil lamp is hanging, which spreads rather a faint light over the room. Now all set to work to busy themselves with spinning, carding, knitting, weaving, preparing hides for shoes and fishing dresses, or twisting ropes of horsehair.

Journey from the Senegal to the Niger.—VIII.

FROM THE FRENCH OF LIEUTENANT MAGE.

CHAPTER XI.

WE EMBARK ON THE NIGER—SHALLOWNESS OF THE RIVER—VILLAGES ON THE BANKS—SHOALS—WE APPROACH SÉGOU.

WHEN the 26th came, nothing was done, so Fahmahra and I went with Serinté to make our own arrangements. We chose two of the least patched and leaky canoes we could find, and one of those was made of no less than nine pieces of wood, nailed clumsily one over the other; but I felt that I would rather entrust myself to the most rickety craft, for the sake of seeing the river thoroughly well, than undertake another march such as the last had been, the fatigue and discomfort of which were still so fresh in my memory. Fahmahra went to the chief and got from him, more by force than by

entreaty, two particularly well-made awnings, different from any I had yet seen. I bought two earthen bowls in which the natives make their fires; and also some wood, with which we made a rough flooring in the canoes, and put over that a thick layer of straw. Whilst some of our men put our baggage on board, the others got our animals which were to follow by land across the river. We spent altogether 2,000 cowries and an endless amount of time in preparations to start; at last, at half-past two, everything was ready, and we began our voyage, dropping slowly down with the current. The river is in most parts so shallow that boats can be propelled with a pole, and it is only occasionally and for short distances that a greater depth is found, and we have to use paddles. These are made

of calcedra wood; the flat part is oval, about fourteen inches long, and eight or nine wide. We got along very slowly; where the bed is narrow and the current consequently swifter, one may easily make two knots an hour, but our boatmen equalled the blacks in laziness, working five minutes and resting fifteen. We started from Yanina with six hands for each canoe, and got a fresh relay at every station we came to, for there is a regular system of river navigation, said to have been organised by El Hadj for his special convenience, but really, as I afterwards heard, of much older date. The plan was good in theory only, for the service was in every way defective, and we fared very ill, getting either weak old men or young children without experience, who were of little use. Besides this, we lost so much time at every station changing hands, particularly at night, when we had to find out the dwellings of the boatmen attached to the service, and rouse them up, generally very much against their will, as they are badly paid by the state, and find fishing a much more profitable occupation. However, I tried to make the best of everything; and floating down the stream, however slowly, and with any number of delays and stoppages, was delightful. After toiling wearily on for so many days on land, I fixed my compass on one of our canteens, made myself as comfortable as I could, and began to take the bearings of the coast.

Dietebabougou, Mamanabougou, and Boko, villages on the right bank, were pointed out to me by our boatmen, but they were too far inland to be distinctly seen from the river. We passed Falena on the left bank, and then an island, and ran aground on a sand-bank opposite Fogni, a large village where we intended to stop for the night. I am sure we were not in the deepest channel of the river, for later on I often had occasion to ford it, and never found it less than about twelve to fourteen feet at the shallowest places, and certainly our canoe did not draw so much as that. Any way, we were dreadfully disappointed to find that this part of the river from the 26th of February would be unnavigable, even for the smallest steamer. However, I ascertained, by making the most particular inquiries, that the canoes go backwards and forwards between Mamanabougou and Timbuctu the whole year round; and as some of the larger ones draw quite as much as a barge of twenty tons, coasting in a barge would be the best possible mode of seeing the river at all times of the year.

I awoke at four in the morning, and felt annoyed that we had not got under weigh sooner, so as to make use of the moonlight, which would have supplied the place of my broken lantern, and would have enabled me to go on with my notes of the route. I awakened our men, and hurried our preparations for departure, which took some time, as we had landed all our baggage the night before to lighten the boats, for I was afraid of their filling with water whilst we slept. And most undoubtedly they would have sunk had I not taken this precaution, for, as it was, they were more than half full in the morning, and the baling out took some time. We got away at half-past five, and continued our course throughout the day. In places the river was choked with immense sand-banks; in others it was intersected by islands, and here the channel was narrower and deeper in consequence. Some of the islands were high enough to be always above water, even at the time of the floods, and those were green and well-wooded. The left bank was thickly dotted with villages, standing quite close to the water's edge, and apparently largely populated. The villages

on the right bank were much fewer in number, and stood far inland, as it is subject to periodical inundations.

We passed Tamani Mignon, and the ruins of Say—which were visited by Mungo Park—and spent the night at Sama, a village consisting of three hamlets, the names of which, Sama-Soninké, Sama-Bambara, and Sama-Somonos, indicate the different populations there. Sama-Soninké had been destroyed six months ago by Ahmadou, and the other two we were told were ripe for revolt. In spite of this, we slept quietly until midnight, whilst Bakary Guèye mounted guard, and then were afloat and off again before three. Even at that early hour the banks presented a scene of great animation. Shepherds—tall black fellows, who stood out in bold relief against the clear morning sky—were crossing the river with their flocks, leading them out to pasture; numbers of men and women with calabashes on their heads, and here and there some horsemen, were to be seen going to and fro on the banks, which everywhere were full of life. Yesterday we had travelled through barren and solitary country, seeing scarcely any human creatures, and the contrast was very striking. At twenty minutes after seven we passed Faracco, a large village on the left bank, peopled by Ahmadou's Sofas, and came shortly after to Ségou-Coro (the ancient Ségou), situated on the right bank with a background of beautiful trees. The chief feature which attracts the eye among the deserted and ruined habitations is a palace in pisa-work, the richly-ornamented façade of which is still in very good preservation, though the rest of the building is falling into decay. We landed there for a few minutes, and bought a provision of milk and butter, and wood for our fire, at a little market established under a tree near the shore. At a quarter past nine we came to Ségou-Bougou or "village of the gardens of Ségou," lying on the right bank, with Kalabougou nearly opposite it on the left bank. This was a canoe station, and we stopped to change boatmen. The shore became more crowded as we continued our course, for the news of our coming preceded us, and the people gathered to see us. We met a chief with a body of horsemen going to Niore by the Yamina road, to get reinforcements for Ahmadou's army.

CHAPTER XII.

SÉGOU-SIKORO—ASPECT OF THE TOWN—OUR ENTRY—AHMADOU'S DWELLING—AHMADOU—FIRST PALAVER—WE TRAVERSE THE TOWN—THE HOUSE OF SAMBA N'DIAYE—AFRICAN HOSPITALITY AND DIPLOMACY.

At ten o'clock we reached Ségou-Coura (the new Ségou) and at half-past we put Fahmakra ashore in the village of straw-built dwellings which is the suburb of Ségou-Sikoro. I was much surprised at seeing no trace of any town on the opposite bank, for in all the translations of Mungo Park's Travels four Ségous are mentioned, two on each side of the river. The probability is that when he was at Faracco or Kalabougou, he supposed that Ségou-Bougou and Ségou-Coro opposite had but one name, and formed but one place. That he made this mistake seems the more likely as he speaks of the high towers of the king's palace, the ruins of which I saw at Ségou-Sikoro, which according to him, was the only two-storied building in existence there at the time of the conquest, and belonged to Ali.

At Ségou-Coro there must have been two palaces, as the ruins of them are still to be seen; and some portions of the high wall which have remained standing show that they were

not ordinary dwelling-houses. I tried to reconcile Mungo Park's description of the towns as they were in his time with what I saw, but, as the result was scarcely satisfactory to myself, I will speak only of the present aspect of Ségou-Sikoro, and my own experiences there. The usual indispensable crowd collected rapidly about us, and was most troublesome. We were not to enter the town until Fahmahra, who had gone to Ahmadou, to announce us, and to receive his orders, came back, so we rowed over to the other side to get out of the way, and I took a bath to pass the time. We had a splendid view of the town opposite. Beneath its grey walls was the rocky beach, which literally swarmed with people. I had not seen such animation since we left St. Louis.

hear of this; I must go at once to the king, for he was expecting us, and his majesty must not be kept waiting. So we struggled up the steep bank, pushing our way through the jostling crowd, which kicked up a choking dust about us, and entered the town through one of the chief gateways, which I shall call Soukoutou, after an important personage living just inside it. Each entrance is guarded by strong double gates, made of cailedra wood, each door made out of one solid piece. They are high enough to admit horsemen, and between them is a strongly-fortified guard-house, with loopholes and machicolations. The door-frames and the locks and keys are all of cailedra wood, which is wonderfully hard and durable, almost like iron. There are seven gateways, and all but one are shut every evening at



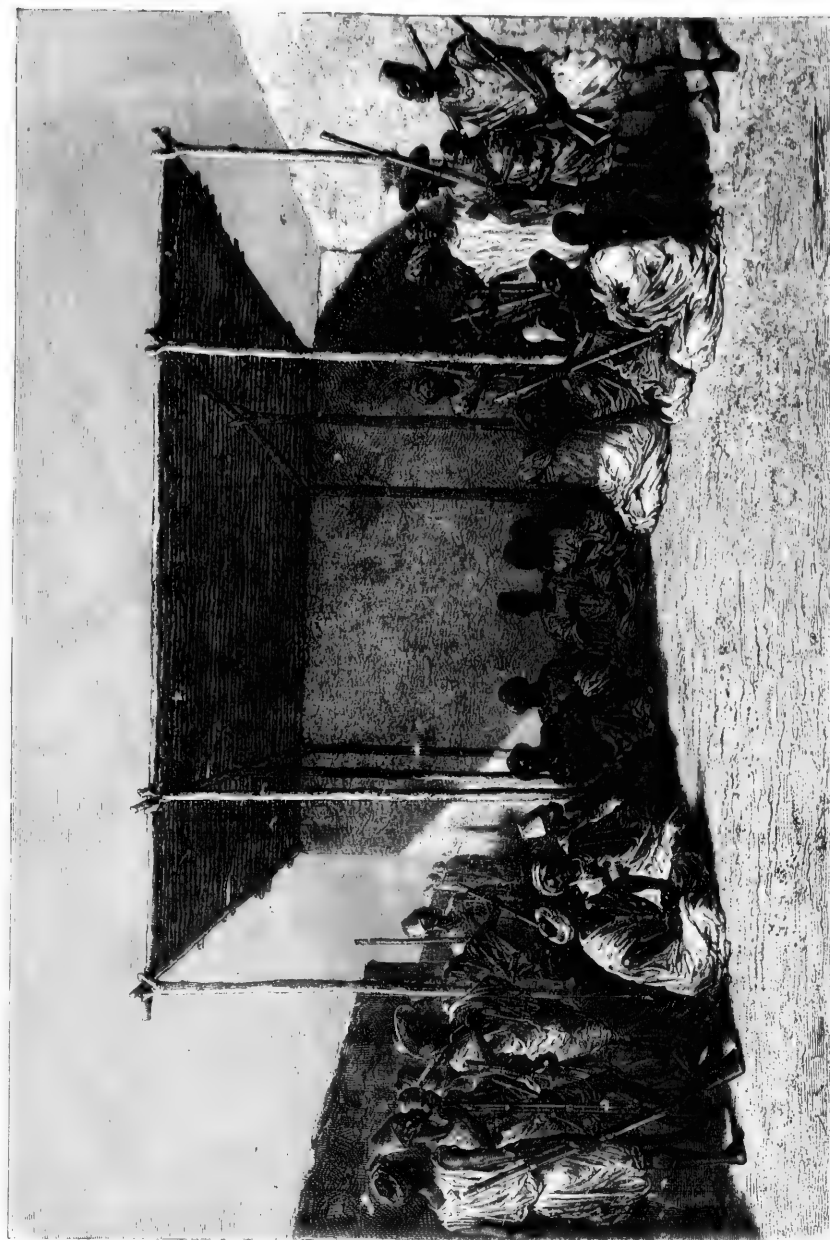
TRAVELLING DOWN THE NIGER.

The quay at North Point, when the women come down in crowds to wash, was quiet compared to the beach at Ségou-Sikoro, as I first saw it, thronged with people washing and bathing, and fetching and carrying water. Now and then a string of captives, under charge of a guard, passed in or out of the gates of the town, and all was noise and bustle. The buzz and hum of voices that reached me across the water astonished me more than anything. Fahmahra was away a long while. At last we descried him making signs to us from the opposite shore; we crossed directly, and landed on a rocky bank near the middle of the town. Fahmahra was accompanied by a black, who saluted us in very good French. He was an intelligent-looking fellow, and though he was dressed as a Mussulman, his name and appearance made me think he must be from St. Louis. He was called Samba N'diaye, and the N'diayes are Voloffis. He told us that we were to lodge in his house, and I begged him to take us there at once, promising to go afterwards and pay my respects to Ahmadou. But he and Fahmahra would not

hear of this; I must go at once to the king, for he was expecting us, and his majesty must not be kept waiting. So we struggled up the steep bank, pushing our way through the jostling crowd, which kicked up a choking dust about us, and entered the town through one of the chief gateways, which I shall call Soukoutou, after an important personage living just inside it. Each entrance is guarded by strong double gates, made of cailedra wood, each door made out of one solid piece. They are high enough to admit horsemen, and between them is a strongly-fortified guard-house, with loopholes and machicolations. The door-frames and the locks and keys are all of cailedra wood, which is wonderfully hard and durable, almost like iron. There are seven gateways, and all but one are shut every evening at sunset. This one is left open for the convenience of the country-people who come in late at night, with milk and other provisions for the market. We wound our way through the narrow crooked streets, and everywhere was the irrepressible tormenting crowd, who treated the stout leather whips and the formidable-looking arms of the guard who escorted us with supreme indifference. We emerged at last into an open square, and faced Ahmadou's palace, consisting of a large fort, nineteen feet high, with towers and fronts, and an ornamented house on the left of it. The crowd did not leave us any time for making observations, for it literally drove us up to the door, and there, I am happy say, their attentions ceased; for the sentinels within the royal precincts showed that they were not to be trifled with; they barred the way, and we passed in alone. It is strange the authority these fellows exercise, though many of them are mere boys. Even the proud Toucouleurs will submit to a Bambara slave, if he is in the service of the king, and treat him and make others treat him with the greatest deference. We went

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KING AHMADOU PRESIDING AT A "PALAVER."

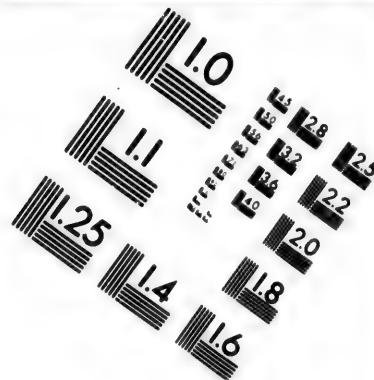
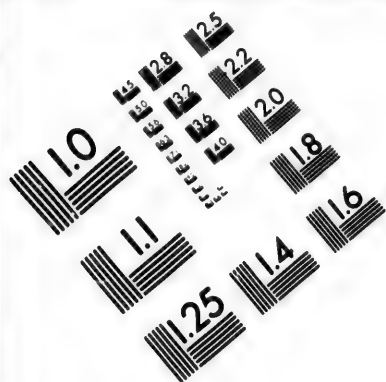
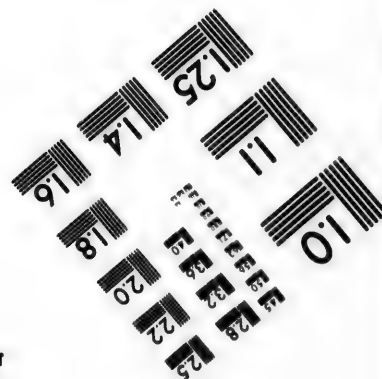
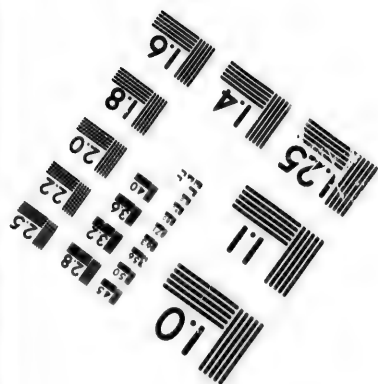
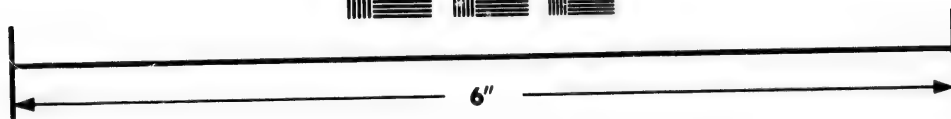
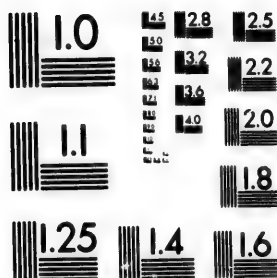


IMAGE EVALUATION TEST TARGET (MT-3)



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in through a second door, into a dimly-lighted ante-chamber, very large and lofty. The walls were at least ten feet thick at the base, and the roof was supported on pillars of earth-work or cailcedra-wood. The room was filled with sentinels, standing about or lying in the corners on bamboo couches, and was hung with arms of every description. Two steps led up from here into the court of the tata. Ahmadou's private dwelling-house is completely hidden from view; some straw roofs above a low grey wall are all that can be seen from the outside court, which was very dirty and untidy. The wall was pierced with loopholes, at an elevation of about fifteen feet, well and regularly made, just like those in our forts. Those which were exposed to the east wind and to the violent rain of the tornadoes were protected by straw mats. Two thousand defenders might be disposed round the four sides in time of siege. The roof of a gallery which runs all round the enclosure forms the bank, and is high enough to command an enemy within and without the walls. The access to this gallery is from the guard-room, and from the four corner-towers. The place is altogether so constructed that I think it would be very difficult for an enemy to effect an entrance without sappers and miners.

All these investigations were made afterwards, for we were conducted at once into Ahmadou's presence, and could only take a hasty glance at everything. He was sitting in the inner court of the tata, under a straw verandah, with a small number of the most influential people of the place around him. A guard of fifty armed slaves stood ranged on either side, in the shape of a fan. They were dressed in the most varied costumes, and held their guns in every imaginable position. I went forward, saluting him in French, and holding out my hand. Dr. Quintin and Samba-Yoro, my interpreter, did the same; then a "tara" or bamboo couch, covered with a white cotton cloth, called "dampé," was brought in for us to sit upon. Ahmadou sat on a goatskin spread on the sand. He inquired in Peuhl after my health, and bade me welcome to his capital. I replied in few words, and complained that I not been able to take the Bédougou route. I asked after El Hadj, and whether he were still at Hamdallahi. Having been informed that he was well, and that he was still there, I asked if I might go and see him. To this Ahmadou answered, "Perhaps, when we have talked together." I handed him the governor's letter, which was written in Arabic and French. As he opened it and glanced over it, I thought I detected a shade of embarrassment on his face, and guessing that he could not read it, I offered to have it translated to him. He seemed relieved, and eagerly accepted my offer. I read out the French, Samba-Yoro repeating phrase after phrase in Yolloff, and Samba N'diaye in Toucouleur. My suggestion after this that we should proceed at once to business brought our interview to an abrupt termination; Ahmadou expressed his conviction that we must be very much in need of rest, and desired our guide to conduct us to our lodging. Before I follow him I must give a slight sketch of the king's appearance. At the first glance he appeared to be about nineteen or twenty years old, but I was told that his real age was thirty. In figure he was tall and well-made, though he looked small sitting. He has large eyes, a straight well-shaped nose, with rather strongly developed nostrils, and a broad high forehead. His face is intelligent-looking, and might have been handsome were it not for the thick lips and receding chin peculiar to

the negro type, but he has a gentle, calm expression, and, though he stammers a little, he has a soft, low voice, very pleasant to listen to. His skin is of a reddish-bronze colour. He was dressed in a long floating boubou of blue "roum" (a kind of cotton stuff) over a "turkey" of the finest white cotton. In the front of his boubou he had a vast pocket or "guiba" as it is called there. He wore a cap of blue "roum," and held a rosary in his hand telling his beads in a low voice in the intervals of conversation. He had an Arabic book open before him, and his sandals and sword lay beside him on the goat-skin.

We were the only people at this palaver who did not take off their shoes.

We left the tata by the same way we had come, and went to our lodging with an armed escort of Ahmadou's Sofas, who carried whips with long leather thongs to keep the crowd off. They evidently enjoyed making vigorous use of them, and could not refrain from displaying their zeal so far as to strike the women, who merely came to their doors to see us pass, and were no inconvenience to any one. We passed the mosque, and the tata of El Hadj, the walls of which bristle in every direction with sharp spikes of hardened wood, as our walls bristle with broken bottles, to keep away intruders.

Samba N'diaye informed me with conscious pride, as we passed these aggressive looking walls, that he was the guardian of the place, and the only person besides Ahmadou who had free access to the women's court. A little way beyond was the market, held under the shade of one of the finest doubale trees I have ever seen. It would have been an inviting spot had there not been close by one of those immense holes out of which the earth for building had been taken, and which in the rainy season, and at the time of the inundations, become deep and most pestilential bogs, and in the dry season are receptacles for all that is offensive in the place. The road grew narrower as we reached the western extremity of the town, where in a small winding street stood Samba N'diaye's house.

It was made up of a number of single-storied huts about ten feet high, built of earth, with rough wooden frameworks. The doors, excepting those by which one enters from the street, were scarcely three feet high. They were of wood, and had iron fastenings, like those in the warehouses in St. Louis. We passed through a small shed or porch into a court destined for our use, from which a "bilour" or passage communicated with the women's apartment on the right. A covered gallery on the left, running the whole length of the court, led to our sleeping-place, which measured ten feet by thirteen. There we found beds of millet-straw prepared, and in one corner rather a primitive kind of fire-place. A low door led into another court beyond, with a store-house adjoining, which was also given up to our use for cooking and other household purposes, and for storing away our baggage. My men lost no time in establishing themselves in the outer court and under the verandah, and Samba N'diaye was even obliging enough to turn out his horse who generally had his quarters there. A terrace ran round the house, and on this Samba N'diaye had built a wooden erection with a roof of straw matting over it, which made a delightfully cool place to sleep in, free from exposure to dew or rain. He had a ladder to get in by, the rounds of which were of untanned leather. Everything about the place was very roughly constructed and imperfectly

executed, but an amount of intelligence and ingenuity were displayed in all the arrangements which evidently could only have been acquired by contact with more civilised races. I may as well relate our host's history at once, though it was only after a considerable lapse of time that I myself heard it. He was a Bakiri of Tuabo, a province of Guoy on the Senegal. At the time I met him first he might have been from forty to fifty years of age. He had been in St. Louis as hostage for twenty years, and had left it when M. de Grammont, whom he admired and respected very much, was the governor there. He became a merchant on his return to his own country, and remained at Tuabo until El Hadj invaded the country; then he went over to the Mohammedan religion, and two years later, when El Hadj came with victorious arms to Farabanna, Samba N'diaye gave up his business, and joined the ranks of the conqueror, taking one of his wives, who was willing to go, and his slaves with him. Then all his knowledge and experience acquired in St. Louis brought him to great honour. He was appointed engineer-in-chief to the army, with special charge of the guns, and El Hadj would probably never have pushed his conquests to the banks of the Niger, had Samba N'diaye not been always at hand with ingenious devices to repair the broken gun-carriages, and supply all deficiencies, for shot and shell played an all-important part in these battles. Finally, when El Hadj had made himself master of Ségou, and set out to subdue Macina, he left Samba N'diaye behind in command of the fortifications, and entrusted him with the sole guardianship of his domestic establishment.

When the news of our intended visit reached Ségou, Samba N'diaye had solicited from Ahmadou the honour of receiving and entertaining us during our stay, pleading his knowledge of the language and customs of the white men as a reason why he should be thus favoured, and saying that if his father had been there he would most certainly have granted his request. Though Ahmadou had not the same profound consideration and regard for Samba N'diaye that El Hadj had, he turned a deaf ear to all his own chiefs and favourites who, purely from interested motives, were disputing who should have the privilege of lodging the strangers under his roof, and gave the preference to him.

The reason why every one was so anxious to have us was because he hoped to get his share of the presents of all kinds which it was expected Ahmadou would be sure to lavish upon us during our stay in his capital.

I will not say that Samba N'diaye, in his character of a Bakiri, was less calculating than his rivals, but he had learnt a certain amount of self-respect and respect for the human race in St. Louis, and was not quite so much of a beggar as the majority of his brothers and cousins, who regard white men as so many sponges, always waiting and ready to be squeezed. The hateful practice which had been so long in use of giving presents before entering on any commercial treaty or making any business transaction is, I am convinced, the root of the evil, and has done much towards making the blacks on the shores of the Senegal the grasping, greedy fellows I always found them to be.

No sooner was I settled in my new quarters than visitors came to call; Seidou and Ibrahim, the two messengers dispatched by the governor to prepare Ahmadou for my arrival, and who had reached Ségou five months ago, were among the first. They had had an easy and quick journey, by way

of Médina, Koniakary, and Dianghité, as they had taken the direct route through Bélédougou before the revolt began. Ahmadou had given them a good reception, but contrived to keep them at Ségou on pretext that they must not return without El Hadj's answer to the governor, and that as long as the war continued he could not allow them to go to Macina to seek an interview with El Hadj.

They had had lodgings assigned them in the house of a Toucouleur griot—Samba Farba or San Farba by name, of whom they spoke in terms of the highest praise. I soon made his acquaintance, and I think, of all the Africans with whom I came in contact during my travels, he is the one whom I remember with the greatest pleasure. He had been at St. Louis, at Bakel, and at most of the river-stations, and knew a great many old traders. He was a fine honest fellow, and possessed an amount of delicacy and good feeling which I had never met with before in one of his class. The griots are renowned for their begging propensities, but he never asked me for anything, and if I gave him the smallest present he expressed his gratitude in the most energetic terms. Seidou and Ibrahim had had plenty of time and opportunities for getting up the politics of the country, and might have been of the greatest use to me; but, unfortunately, then I could scarcely speak any Yoloff, and not one word of Toucouleur, so that nothing was to be done without an interpreter, and they did not dare to confide to one of my lapots Ahmadou's true position. They were afraid of getting into disgrace with him; having learnt that his displeasure was not a thing to be lightly incurred. So I got very little information out of them, though chance words which Seidou now and then let fall, and which I happened to understand, gave me some insight into the real state of things.

The true condition of the country, Ahmadou's politics, and El Hadj's history during the last few years; all this I was to learn at my own cost, and after, alas! a too long sojourn there.

Ahmadou began by showing us hospitality on a grand scale. He sent a sheep to Samba N'diaye's house for us on the day of our arrival, really remarkable for size and fatness. I had never seen such an enormous creature, even among those fattened on the Upper Senegal for the great Moslem feast of Tabaski, when every head of a family who has the means kills a sheep.

This one, which must have been worth from fifty to sixty francs at least, was followed by two great "couffes" (measures) of rice and a slab of salt, then valued at 10,000 cowries, and which would have fetched not long after no less than 60,000—that is to say, about 180 francs of our money. The next present which arrived was an ox, in such a maimed condition, however, that I had it killed at once; for the men had cut its hocks on the way, finding it so fierce and unmanageable. Unfortunately a great deal of meat was wasted, for we had such an immense quantity on our hands all at once, and it would not keep.

Milk was brought us in abundance morning and evening, and Samba N'diaye received 5,000 cowries to spend on fowls, eggs, fish, &c., for our consumption, and he was never tired of impressing upon me that nothing could more seriously displease Ahmadou than the discovery that his guests were in want of anything, that he had vast resources, and a purse that could not easily be drained, and that therefore we were to stint ourselves in nothing.

He concluded this little speech by presenting us with a magnificent sheep, which he himself had been rearing for the feast of Tabaski. Dr. Quintin made solemn representations to me that, in accepting the king's presents and living at his expense, we were taking part in and countenancing all the tyrannical imposts, the pillaging and wicked transactions of an unprincipled conqueror, who committed every possible and conceivable crime, and all in the name of God. I could not, of course, deny the truth of what he said; but once having consented to come to Ahmadou as an ambassador from my country, there was but one course open to me—I must play my part to the end, and accept all his favours. As it was, he was not particularly well-disposed towards us, and it would have been madness in me to reject his presents, and the very last way to attain the object of my coming.

So I turned a deaf ear to all my doctor's remonstrances, and was glad to get a chance of restoring my wasted strength and weakened health by means of abundant and substantial food, which we had been long deprived of.

One of Samba N'diaye's female slaves, called Mairam, or Marianne, was appointed to superintend our cooking department, and our horses, mules, and asses were given over to the care of Samba Naé, a Bakiri and a friend of our host, who lived in the goupouilli. Finally, a band of Sofas, under the command of Karounga Djawara was appointed to guard our door, with strict orders to let no one enter without my permission. They performed their duty admirably, and kept away all intruders, using force if necessary, quite regardless of rank and position. This contributed immensely to our comfort.

My laptots went the next day to salute Ahmadou, and met with a very good reception. He gave them an ox and 40,000 cowries to be divided amongst them. I received a princely gift that day—a basket containing 500 gourous or Kolat nuts. Fahmahra, who had been with Ahmadou, had mentioned in the course of conversation that white men had a very great liking for these nuts. He hoped, I believe, that I should deliver over the whole 500 to him at once; but, knowing the value of such a present, I only distributed a few, and put the rest away in reserve.

I made use of every moment at my disposal to write up my journal and fill out the notes I had made by the way, but I was constantly interrupted by visitors, whom I could not send away; and to put down a detailed account of everything I had seen and done, I ought to have written ten hours a day.

On the first of March I sent to ask Ahmadou for an audience. It was then two o'clock in the afternoon, the hour of the Salma; he put me off until later. At four I sent Samba N'diaye again to him, who brought back word that I should be received at five.

I found him surrounded by a crowd of people, and as soon as the necessary forms of politeness had been observed, I said, in a very decided way, that I wished to speak with him on business; whereupon he dismissed all but his most intimate associates, among whom were Sody Abdallah, Mohammed Bobo, Oulibo, and Tierno Abdou, also Samba N'diaye and Samba Yoro, our host and interpreter. I addressed Ahmadou then as follows:—

"Since Guémou there has been peace between us, and though we knew there were Talibés in Koniakary and Koundian, and it would have been easy for us to go and take them prisoners, yet we left them unmolested, because the governor had been told that El Hadj had declared he would not again make war against the white men. Our governor wished to send ambassadors to thy father, to treat with him and establish an alliance between us, but El Hadj was at a great distance,

the roads were unsafe, and we were often without news of him, so that no communication was possible. However, on his return from France, the governor learned that thou wast King of Ségou, and that thy father was master of Macina, and immediately sent me to confer with thee. Now, I ask, canst thou let me go to thy father, or shall I tell thee what I have to say to him? and wilt thou give me a reply?"

Ahmadou answered with great readiness, and without compromising himself, in the following words.

"Since the world has existed, nations have first gone to war with each other, and then made peace. Chaikhou (El Hadj) works for the glory of God alone; if he desired riches and power, he would have but to sit down and enjoy all that he has



AHMADOU, KING OF SÉGOU.

acquired; but he has other aims, he wishes to drive out from his country all the Kaffirs and bad people, and establish order and prosperity—this can only be done by fighting. Wicked men came between you and us, making enmity and disturbance, but thy coming hither from France is a cause of great rejoicing to us, and if I myself could give thee an answer to-night, everything should be arranged according to thy wishes, but it does not rest with me; thou knowest thyself that old people must be treated with consideration. Chaikhou is still alive, and I cannot take affairs into my own hands; I have to consult him and to submit to him. Though he gave me full power, I dare not use it; and, moreover, not long ago he said to me, 'The white men will be coming

ways, the telegraph, and the army. Subjects of interest were not wanting, and I tried to impress upon him what an advantage it would be to his country if it were intersected by good wide roads on which carriages and carts could travel. Then he asked me to show him my drawings; he did not care at all about the landscapes, but was immensely struck by the figures and representations of the different types of faces I had met with on my way. A present of a sheep and an ox was the immediate result of this interview, but I did not see Ahmadou again until the 6th of March. Dr. Quintin had been laid up with fever, the unavoidable consequence of the great fatigues we had undergone, and a penalty which we found we always had to pay for over-exerting ourselves. I was most fortunate this



AHMADOU'S PALACE AT SÉGOU.

to treat with us, and I shall have occasion to speak with them myself."

Ahmadou's words did not impress me favourably, and his plausible arguments and reticence did not augur well for us. He added that he could not fix the time for my departure, that he would do what was possible to hasten it as soon as the roads were more secure. I thought well to tell him in plain terms that I must go to Hamdallahi before the 20th of May, or not at all, as I had to be back in St. Louis before the rains set in. Finally, I asked him to send off the two couriers at once to Ségou, to announce my coming. He promised me an answer on the morrow. The next morning he received me in the inner court where I had seen him the first time; he promised to send off the couriers, but not at once, and told me to prepare my despatches. Then he entered into conversation, asking endless questions about our manners and customs, about the different European nations, their size and strength, government, and religion, about the Crimean war, Stamboul, the rail-

time to escape. Ahmadou noticed his altered looks, and I was more urgent than ever in pressing our departure, but I only got the vaguest answers. "Directly—Ché Allaho—very soon." African diplomatists have from time immemorial known how to drive even the most patient of Europeans to exasperation by their slow and evasive replies and underhand dealings. I asked if we might hope to be off in a week. "Perhaps," was again the aggravating answer. I was simple and credulous then, I not knowing how little or rather how much that "perhaps" meant, and went away, believing that all hindrances would soon be removed. Alas! I still had to learn by long and painful experience what such words as "patience" and "immediately" mean in the language of African diplomacy. The heat grew more intense every day, and the suspense and annoyance told upon my health. For a time I was seriously ill; our sleeping apartment was unbearably close and hot, and I was compelled to seek the comparative coolness of the verandah in the outer court.

The Regions of the Cazembe, and Dr. Livingstone's Recent Explorations.—V.

BY CHARLES T. BEKE, F.R.D., F.S.A., ETC.

From the respect in which the Muata Cazembe is held, both at home and abroad, he had no need of a standing army. In his capital, Lunda, on state occasions, some four or five thousand armed men are collected together, but without any attempt at military discipline, who line the place of assembly in a tumultuous manner, and form a sort of guard during the ceremony, dispersing in like disorder as soon as it is over.

In case of war, all the males able to serve are called out, without any exception. They are divided into *mangas*, or companies, each under the command of its own feudal chief, who acts independently or in concert with some other chief or chiefs, according to circumstances. When several of these act conjointly, they are placed under the command of the *muane mpanda*, or commander-in-chief, or of some other noble of high rank; but this is only in the event of national wars, of which there have not been any since the death of the Muata Lekéza. The petty wars that took place during the reign of his successor were, in fact, nothing more than incursions into the country of some of the surrounding tribes, or against some refractory tributary.

The defensive arms of the Cazembes consist solely of a quadrangular shield, rather longer than it is broad, made of a white wood, very light, and as porous as cork, which is worked all over with strips of a cane called *mama*, that grows in the marshes of the country. When the bearer of this shield is about to go to battle, he soaks it in water, and the swelling of its materials renders it impervious to the weapons of the enemy. The offensive arms are bow and arrows, spear, battle-axe, and the formidable *poucué*, or two-edged sword, already described.* The Muata also supplies his soldiers with a few muskets; but as these are only charged with powder, they scarcely serve to intimidate the foe.

From the moment of taking the field, the troops receive no supplies of any kind, being left to obtain everything by pillage. Their mode of warfare is peculiar. They always endeavour to take the enemy by surprise. If they cannot manage to do this, they fall suddenly on their opponents, whom, if successful, they put to flight; but if they meet with any effectual resistance, they themselves retire in disorder. And this they repeat, until they either conquer or lose all hope of doing so.

In the preceding article it has been mentioned† that the officers of the second Portuguese Mission were present at a review of some troops on their return from one of their expeditions. They went at the special invitation of the Mambo, who, at the same time, desired that the soldiers should come prepared to fire salutes. The ceremony took place in the great square in front of the palace, and on their reaching the spot they found the Muata seated in great state, as on the occasion of the reception of the Mission on its arrival,‡ with the difference only that the mitre on his head, instead of being of red feathers, was composed of white ones. It is when the sovereign intends to shed human blood that he wears feathers of this colour; on all other state occasions scarlet feathers

are used. As on the former occasion, all the *kilólos*, or nobles, were present, only they were seated on the ground at a greater distance from the Muata, before whom there were a much larger number of images, with horns and other objects of enchantment, extending further from him, with censers or fumigators also in greater number. From Captain Gamitto's description of those objects, it was impossible to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion respecting their precise character and use; but I have lighted on a passage in Father Pinto's journal which completely explains the matter. Every new moon, he says, a man is sent to the doctor—by which expression must be understood the chief of the *gangas*, or sorcerers, described in the preceding article*—to be killed, and, with his blood, heart, and some of his entrails a medicine is compounded, of which oil always forms an ingredient. These medicines, when prepared, are put into the horns of animals, or sometimes into small elephants' tusks, which are closed with stoppers of wood or cloth, and are then placed in various parts of the palace and about the great square, hung at the doors, &c.; and the Mambo never communicates with any one without having one or more of these horns placed at his feet, for fear of being bewitched. It is only as long as his enchantments, or "medicines," are more potent than those of others, that it is believed he can preserve his throne and life in safety.

At the review I am describing, the troops were drawn up in front of the Muata, but at a considerable distance from him. When all was in order, he made a sign, and one of the leaders, carrying a skull in his hand, advanced as far as the first of the images, when he stopped, and smeared his face with red earth, and thus painted he approached the Mambo. At a distance of about twenty paces he again stopped, and, after holding the skull out as if offering it to the prince, he threw it on the ground and began speaking. When he had finished, he extended both his hands towards the Muata, as if supplicating him, to which the latter responded by stretching out one of his hands. On this the warrior knelt down on both knees, exclaiming repeatedly, "Averie! averie!" and smearing all his face, arms, and chest with earth; and then, still remaining in the same position, he drew his *poucué*, or sword, and all the *kilólos*, in like manner drawing theirs, came one after the other and crossed them with his; those who had no swords using sticks instead.

When this ceremony, which for the warrior was one of honour and distinction, was over, he rose from his knees, and, still holding his drawn sword in his right hand, began dancing to the sound of the music of the band, which till then had not played, from time to time raising both hands together, as if praying, first towards heaven and then in the direction of the Cazembe, but still continuing to dance. And when he had repeated this several times he returned to his place. His raising his joined hands in the manner described was understood to signify that the Pambi (god) and the Mambo (king) had no equals.

A second warrior then came forward, and did as the

* See page 116, *ante*. † See page 182, *ante*. ‡ See page 116, *ante*.

* See page 182, *ante*.

former one had done. And he was followed by as many as twenty others, all bringing skulls, which were placed in regular order by the side of the figures in front of the censers.

All the skulls thus presented to the Muata were black instead of white, which is thus accounted for:—As it would not be practicable to carry to any great distance the heads in their natural state, the brains are extracted, and as much as possible of the flesh is removed, and then the skulls are placed over a fire of burning straw, till they are quite dry and clean, but at the same time become discoloured by the smoke.

When this presentation of the enemies' skulls was terminated, an unfortunate prisoner, with his hands tied and his neck fixed to the end of a long pole, was brought forward and conducted as far as where the skull-bearers had stood, in front of the Cazembe, where he was brutally thrown down on the ground. The soldier who brought the prisoner then began to dance and perform as the other warriors had done. After this, the Muata made a sign to the *cata-mata*, the chief of the executioners, who, thirty in number, were standing at the right hand of the Mambo, in readiness to execute his commands; and this officer, approaching the prisoner, ordered him to rise. Scarcely had he regained his feet, when the executioner, with the left hand seizing him by the hair of the head, gave him a violent kick behind the knee, thereby causing him to fall down again; but, before he reached the ground, he struck off his head with a single blow. This was done so instantaneously, that after the head was separated from the body the mouth and eyes continued to move, and the body itself was convulsed for some little time.

One of the kilólos of lower rank then went up to the *cata-mata* and took from him the head, and holding it by the ears, with the bleeding neck turned towards the Muata, he knelt down at the prince's feet. The latter then wetted his forefinger with the blood, and marked himself with it on the tongue, the forehead, the shoulders, the chest, and the insteps, dipping his finger in the blood each separate time that he so marked himself; and when he had done this he ordered the head to be placed by the dead body.

Another warrior now came forward, in like manner as the former ones; only this one brought a blackened skull in a *nyanda*, or waist-cloth, and, instead of casting it on the ground as the others had done, he deposited it very carefully at the feet of the Cazembe, who thereupon ordered a cow's tail and some horns of "medicine" to be put on it, and the whole to be placed near the images. This was the skull of the fumo, or chief, who had been attacked and conquered—if the dastardly way in which he had been over-come may be styled a conquest.

This chief had dwelt on the northern frontier of the dominions of the Cazembe, and for a long time had omitted to pay tribute to his sovereign. It was to punish him for this neglect that the expedition had been sent against him, the same having, however, approached him amicably and had been received as friends. The officer in command having announced that the Muata Cazembe had sent him to exact the tribute in arrears, the fumo replied that he had not paid it because the other fumos had not done so, and because the Mambo had never demanded it; and he begged him to wait whilst he got it ready. Although aware of the inten-

tions of the fumo, the chief of the expedition waited till night, when all the inhabitants of the place were asleep and unprepared; and then, falling suddenly on them with his soldiers, he mercilessly put men, women, and children, all to death, reserving only a few prisoners, to be immolated in the presence of the Muata. Such was the triumph, in the celebration of which the officers of the Portuguese Mission were invited to take part.

After the poor fumo's skull had been disposed of as above mentioned, a second prisoner was brought forward, and was about to be executed in like manner as the former one, when Major Monteiro interceded for his life, which was nominally spared, though only that he might be sacrificed to the gangas, in the manner described in the preceding article.* Two victims were youths not more than seventeen or eighteen years of age.

The Cazembe Ampata, who was the commander of this glorious expedition, now presented himself with the bow that had belonged to the slaughtered fumo, which was placed with the skulls; and he, too, performed as the other "braves" had done. This was the termination of the ceremony; and, as a wind-up, the Mambo asked that a volley of musketry might be fired, which being done, he desired the detachment to march into the *chipango*, where he dismissed them, telling them, however, to wait till they received some provisions, an order they were not loth to obey.

All the occurrences that have been thus related took place at Lunda, which, at the time of the second Portuguese Mission, in 1831, was the residence of the Muata Cazembe. This place, however, had only become the capital in the time of the first Portuguese Mission; for Father Francisco Pinto, the successor to Dr. Lacerda, relates how he accompanied the Muata Lekéza, on his removal to his new capital in the beginning of July, 1798, in consequence of his former residence being considered unhealthy, and his doctors (the gangas or sorcerers) having recommended the change. The site of the former capital, called Pembué, which was visited by Captain Gamitto, is about a league and a half to the north-north-east of Lunda; and, like the latter, it lies on the eastern margin of the great lake or river Mofo, which was said to run to the north or north-west, it being there about four leagues in width, without any perceptible current, so that it seemed to be a large lake rather than a river.

The city of Lunda is described as being two miles long, with streets straight, wide, and very clean. Its inhabitants are called Lundas, Marundas, or Arundas; but this must not be imagined to be the designation of the inhabitants of the Cazembe's dominions generally, or to have any connection with the Ba-Lunda or Londa, as the Molúvas are called.†

The houses of Lunda, which stand within enclosures on each side of the streets, are constructed in the following manner. In the first place, a cylinder of plaited bamboo or basket-work is made, some seven feet or more in diameter and usually thrice as high, in which an opening is left as a door, but so small that no one can enter by it without stooping quite low. At a distance of six or seven feet round this are placed stakes four feet or more in length, eight or nine inches apart, the upper end of each being forked. A conical covering or roof of bamboo, very wide at the bottom, is then made separately; and this, when completed, is placed over the cylinder,

* See page 183, ante.

† See page 86, ante.

a long pole fixed in the ground, and rising above the latter, serving to support the apex of the cone, whilst its sides rest on the forked stakes surrounding the cylinder. The roof is then thatched with straw from the very ground upwards, a space, rarely exceeding two feet in height and as much in width, being left in the thatch for the doorway. The room between the stakes and the cylinder serves as the usual residence, for receiving visitors, &c.; the ante-chamber being used as the sleeping apartment, store-room, and place of privacy.

As the houses in the town stand close together, and their enclosures, which are made of straw, touch one another, a fire, were it to break out, would most probably destroy the whole place. In order to avert such a calamity, every day towards nightfall, and during several hours afterwards, the inhabitants are warned to put out their fires and lights by the repeated cry of *mulilo*, of which the meaning is "fire."

Gamito says that, of all the people of the interior of Africa known to him, those of the Cazembe are, without exception, the most industrious, both as regards the necessities of life, as also what may be considered its superfluities. Their principal occupation is the cultivation of the soil, in which they are very skilful. Their labours are, however, almost exclusively confined to the growth of manioc, which they produce in great abundance. As they know that the fresh root is poisonous,

they place it as soon as it is dug up in baskets, which they submerge in running water for a couple of days or more. The manioc is then taken out of the water and smoked, and when quite dry it is stored till wanted to be ground.

This manioc, as also the large and small millet, they reduce to flour in wooden mortars, and of the flour they make a paste called *buali*, which constitutes their principal food. From their mode of preparing the manioc, this *buali* acquires an acid flavour, which, though much liked by the Cazembes, was very disagreeable to the taste of the Portuguese, except when, as was only too often the case, they could get nothing else to eat, when it appeared to them delicious.

The Cazembes eat in private immediately after sunset, the meal consisting of *buali*, with the flesh of animals killed in hunting, and fish caught in their rivers and lakes, both smoked and dried and either boiled or roasted. Their ordinary drink is *pombé*, or beer made from fermented grain: of the manufacture and use of a better kind of *pombé* made from honey, called *casoulo*, the Muata reserves to himself the monopoly. This latter beverage has an agreeable flavour during the first twenty-four hours after it is made, and before fermentation has gone too far; but afterwards it acquires a disagreeable acid taste. Drunk in its first state, it is intoxicating. Drunkenness is, however, not so common among the Cazembes as among the other people of Southern Africa.

A Ramble in Peru.—I.

BY AUGUSTUS F. LINDLEY.

AFTER loading with guano at those wretched Chincha Islands (as already related in the ILLUSTRATED TRAVELS), our ship proceeded to Callao, in order to clear for England, obtain the necessary papers, and pass an official inspection by the Peruvian authorities.

Unfortunately (at least for our owners, as the whole ship's company were delighted at the change from those sterile islands and the prospect of frequent liberty ashore) our hitherto staunch and tight old bark had sprung a slight leak during the short passage from the Chinchas to Callao.

Despite the vigorous remonstrance of our commander, and his ominous threats of demurrage, the yellow-skinned officials compelled us to discharge a large portion of our cargo, and give the vessel a thorough overhaul, before allowing her to proceed to sea, although our pumps were powerful and in good order, and could easily have kept her clear of water.

Callao, which is the seaport of the capital, Lima, only a short distance inland, bore at this time an evil reputation. Its streets swarmed with native braves, foreign rowdies of the seafaring class, and whole shoals of particularly unscrupulous crimps, who lived by, and preyed upon, the latter. Every nationality had its representative, from the flaxen-haired Scandinavian to the woolly-headed and very ill-favoured importation from Congo; whilst pure Indian races were seen in great variety amongst the labourers and soldiers. The braves of Callao had a very unpleasant way of ripping open with a razor

the stomach of any one unfortunate enough to dîner from them. We had a melancholy illustration of this. The morning after our starboard watch had had its first day's liberty ashore, the body of one of our best men was found dead and cold in the street, literally disembowelled!

During a delay of over two months, whilst our ship was being slowly caulked and patched up in sundry places by the little-working and leisurely carpenters and shipwrights of the place, I enjoyed many opportunities of observing that part of Peru between the coast and the mountains, and noting the habits and appearance of its people.

We—known in London as the "young gentlemen," but on blue water more rudely addressed as the "boys" of that good ship—were pleasantly occupied as the crew of the captain's gig; and so, whilst avoiding the dirty work amongst the cargo, saw a good deal of the country, besides exercising our muscles.

The Bay of Callao is about the largest, finest, and calmest on the Pacific side of South America. One of its peculiarities is the high, sterile, and rocky island of San Lorenzo, which, at a distance of nearly two miles from the mainland, forms its south-west boundary. This strange bit of ground has evidently been thrown up by volcanic action, long subsequent to the formation of the coast. The best proof of this is the fact that, on a terrace of the island, eighty feet above the sea, there exist extensive deposits of shells of the very same species now living upon the neighbouring beaches. Amongst these deposits you

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PASSAGE OF THE CORDILLERAS.

can also find much sea-rubbish, drift-wood, rushes, and even remnants of fabrics worked by human hands, which, in ages gone by, must have been washed upon the once level beach. A range of rugged, jagged, and contorted, igneous hills runs the whole length of the island, which is about five miles long by two broad. Its south-west side descends to the sea in a cavernous, perpendicular cliff, which forms the favourite haunt of numerous seals and sea-otters. Of late years, however, these creatures must be getting scarce, having been incessantly hunted for their beautiful and valuable skins.

Another very interesting sight in Callao Bay—though few have seen it, and many deem the story fabulous—is the ancient city, submerged by the sea in 1746. Several times, however, we went with our gig to the spot, called by the natives *Mar Brava*, and once, during a beautifully clear day, deep down in the blue, translucent waters, we all plainly saw, at a depth of over fifteen fathoms, the grey and angular forms of masonry. I am quite positive about the matter; and the belief of the Peruvians is really correct.

Of all places in the world to convince a person of the instability and insecurity of the earth's crust on which we live, Peru, or rather its coast, is the place. From the splendid fortress, known as the Castillo de la Independencia, stretches a long tongue of land westward towards San Lorenzo, and here are to be seen the crumbled ruins of the city of Callao, destroyed by the great earthquake of 1630. The beach, at this part, is covered with pebbles of *scorie* and lava, and I have yet specimens gathered there. Every year at least fifty slight shocks of earthquake are experienced, and once every fifty years a terrible convulsion of Nature takes place, spreading death and devastation around. After the earthquake of 1746, a great rising of portions of land took place, and tradition says that boys could throw stones from the mainland to San Lorenzo. Since then the coast has been sinking—for two miles of water now intervene—and north of the bay there exists a large shallow, where, fifty years ago, stood an extensive sugar plantation. Again, south of Callao there are the two rocky islets of Santo Domingo and Pachacamac, now two miles at sea, but once forming the headlands of promontories. In fact, the coast seems ever in a state of change, from subterranean and volcanic agitation. The population live in continual dread of sudden death by the most terrible of Nature's convulsions, yet show but little real concern for the future. It is true, so far as outward form and ceremony go, they are always indulging in religious performances, and the Church of Rome nowhere has such obedient children; but then their lives are very far indeed from showing any good effect of precept, for they are really about the most immoral people, called civilised, in the world.

The city is small and disagreeable; damp and dirty in winter, dusty and suffocating with sand in summer. Most of the houses are slightly built, and only one story high; though, nearest to the harbour, many tall, gaudy, and pretentious-looking buildings are possessed by European settlers.

Tired of cruising about the bay, our captain went upon an excursion inland, taking the writer as his companion.

Often, at evening, from high masthead, had I gazed towards the capital, and seen, gilded with the last rays of the setting sun, the domes and towers of Lima, with a background, in the far distance, of the lofty, cloud-capped Andes. Wistfully had I gazed upon the attractive scene, and joyfully did I prepare to visit it.

Engaging a couple of mules, we set out, one Sunday morning, for the capital of Peru. The road was simply a track through a desert of heavy sand, barren fields, and low, stunted brushwood, most of the way. At the straggling village of Bella Vista, however, we found a sort of oasis in the desert; plantations were seen in grateful greenness here and there, whilst a welcome half-way house or inn—the *tamba* of the vernacular—appeared for the delectation of the weary traveller, who could pay for it, that is to say, for the people of Peru do not seem to look with so much favour upon the alien *Gringo* as upon his money-bags. At this interesting halting-place the only refreshment to be obtained consisted of the fiery Pisco *aguardiente*, lemonade, and fruit. Half choked by our dusty journey, we partook largely of all three, greatly to the delight of mine host—a short, stumpy, crop-haired, swarthy mulatto, whose little black eyes twinkled with joy at the amount of our libations.

The distance from Callao to Lima is about fourteen miles, Bella Vista is about half way, and soon after leaving the latter place, we came upon a fine road—the Alameda del Callao—with villas and charming gardens on either side, from whence the air came laden with perfume from the luxuriant profusion of aromatic tropical fruit trees and gorgeous flowers, whilst comfortable resting-places and seats were found at frequent intervals.

Passing through the dilapidated city wall—twenty feet high, by nine wide on the summit—by the Callao gate, we entered the "City of the Kings" just as the people, or rather the ladies—for few, indeed, of the sterner sex had been to prayers—were returning from church.

The first idea that occurred to us was the extreme contrast between this return from a place of worship, and that one can always witness on a Sabbath in England. The ladies were alone, no husband, father, or brother, accompanied them, only, with the higher class, a little black slave to carry their books and cushion.

Taking our seats on the front benches before the Hôtel de l'Europe, after having dismissed our mules and their proprietors, we first agreed with Monsieur Jacques Bonhomme, the polite and vivacious landlord, to take up our quarters at his house, accepting the bundle of fragrant little cigars he tendered (as a gift in the innocence of our hearts we fondly imagined at the time, though disabused of the foolish thought when the bill came to be presented at our departure), and then, amongst numerous men of the place—mostly heavy swells—sat watching the fair *donnas* and *siforitas* returning from their devotions.

The women were of every gradation of tint and colour, from the beautiful and delicately fair creole of pure European blood, to the jetty and genuine native of Congo. Besides the infinite variety of the mixed breeds between Caucasian and negro, there were those between Indian and each of the others. It was, of course, the mulatto, quadroon, *mestizo*—half-caste of Indian blood—and the creole, to whom our attentions were principally directed. As a rule, the latter were dressed in French style, or in black silk, and wore the *manito*, that tantalising, Spanish, and becoming veil. Nearly all the ladies wore this long and graceful head-dress, so that nothing but one eye, or a half of it, could be seen; at least, such was the case when they came in proximity to the groups in our neighbourhood ready to ogle them. We were not a little flattered to

perceive that the glance of the ladies—the quick, flashing, momentary, but eloquent look they would dart from beneath the *manto*—was mostly directed upon us. It is well known that the beautiful creoles have a decided preference for foreigners, and their countrymen do not like it. Some yellow-skinned fellow in our vicinity muttered something about *Gringos*, but very suddenly subsided into oblivion when the captain jumped up, twirling his big stick, and looked round to see who it was.

One fair Limeña, as she passed, coquettishly let fall an inch or two of her *manto*, and we were gratified by the momentary glimpse of one of the most beautiful faces I ever saw, experiencing at the same time the magnetic influence of her large, lustrous, and deep-black eyes.

The women of Lima are a proverb for beauty not only throughout South America, but also in their motherland in Europe. Perfect, indeed, are they, both in face and form. Of a pale, white, creamy complexion, with the blackest of black eyes—large, wonderfully lustrous, with long black lashes, now flashing with passion, anon melting with tenderness, orbs that thrill and speak with their unequalled power of expression; with glorious tresses of a blue, raven black, of a length and luxuriance I should be afraid to declare; with figure tall, slender, beautifully developed and graceful, and feet and ankles, *par excellence*, without doubt, in tiny, exquisite proportions the smallest and most shapely in the world; with these charms, and a captivating grace of manner and deportment, joined to an exceedingly feminine gentleness, amiability, and loveliness, we have, indeed, an enchanting specimen of female loveliness.

The fair Limeña! never shall I forget her. Though years have passed since my visit, the attractive and distinguishing character of her beauty seems fresh before me. Well do I remember how, a few winters ago, I was button-holed, taken to a quiet room down-stairs, and there persistently detained during a merry Christmas party—the first I had spent in England for seven years—for one whole hour by the clock, talking about the ladies of Lima, by a gentleman who had lived amongst them, and who had, unfortunately, ascertained that I had visited their country also. The incident was certainly characteristic—no one could ever forget those brilliant brunette beauties.

One thing that cannot fail to strike an Englishman, or, indeed, European, is the whiteness and perfection of the fair Limeña's teeth. Like the Kaffirs and other cleanly people, she regularly cleans her teeth several times a day—after every meal—using a root called *Rais de diables*. This preserves the teeth from decay, by removing remnants of food, which would otherwise be acted upon by the gastric juice to the ultimate injury of the enamel, and keeps them also of a snowy whiteness, whilst the fortunate possessor of the sound masticating machine enjoys a sweet breath.

You may praise their "glorious eyes of fire," their handsome features, their splendid tresses, as much as you please, but do not, if you value their esteem, forget to say something in favour of their feet. The beauty of the foot is regarded before everything by the fair young Limeña. She is quite as proud of her naturally formed and tiny pedal extremities, as is the poor deluded Chinese woman of her horribly deformed and cramped "golden lilies." With both, the "small foot" is considered the very acme of human perfection and beauty.

Certainly, it is indisputable that nowhere else out of Peru and Lima are such small and beautiful feet to be seen. It is very uncomplimentary to us, but, nevertheless, it is a hard fact, that these dusky belles term what we uninitiated would consider amongst ourselves a very small and pretty foot, "una pataza Inglesa"—an English paw!

Like their Chinese sisters, too, the ladies of Peru are nibbling and gnawing all day long. Sweetmeats and confectionery, *frijoles* and *tortillas*—sundry strange cakes of national singularity—with wonderful dishes of pork fat, peas, beans, maize, nuts, and other things, curiously mixed together and cunningly prepared, appear upon the table during the intervals between meals. No wonder these gormandising dames are frequently heard to complain of indigestion.

Although our stay in Peru did not extend to more than nine weeks (without counting our visit to the Chincha Islands), we did not go about with our eyes shut, and during that short period we saw a great deal.

It is the country of countries where the people pass their lives in enjoying the *dolce far niente*. Hard work is a thing they hate and carefully avoid like the plague. All able to afford it keep a host of lazy servants to do the work of a single good one. The lady of the house rises late in the day, takes breakfast, then lights a cigar, and lies in her hammock slung in the *patio*, or courtyard, if the day be hot; or in the *sala*, the first room or dining-hall, if cold. Here she dreams away of dress, jewels, her little feet, and her love intrigues; but never thinks of looking after the idle servants, or attending to such commonplace but very necessary things as household matters. When the cigar is finished, the confectionery, &c., comes in for its turn. Dinner appears late in the afternoon, the two main and inevitable features thereof being the wondrous *puchero*, a dish containing a little of almost every edible under the sun, and the *picante*, a combination in which Cayenne pepper is the only thing to be detected.

After this meal begins the important business of the day. Either dressed in French fashions and reclining in state within the *cuadro*, or drawing-room—often elegantly furnished, though straw-matting forms the main feature of other apartments—she receives her visitors; or else, clad in the *manto y saya*, goes forth to make visits, or to keep assignations; unless, indeed, there be a bull-fight or a theatre in the place, when every Limeña flocks thereaway, as though dear life itself depended upon being present.

There is one very important part of the day's employment which must not be forgotten; it consists in sitting at the blind-shaded, railed, and narrow windows in the upper story of the house, and watching the passers-by in the dusty street below. The flash of many a bright eye from behind the witching fan often comes to reward the weary and bold wayfarer who may happen to be good-looking enough to find favour in the sight of the ladies posted at their coigne of vantage, and be venturesome enough to *reguardar la raya* (to look at the railings). The loungers of Lima saunter through the streets singly or in groups, smoking the inseparable cigarette, to ogle their fair countrywomen. As a rule, these gentry are clad in garb of Parisian style, their distinctive insignia being their long black hair, hanging straight down their shoulders, and the large national cloak or *sarape*.

In nine cases out of ten, we found these swells of Lima were a swarthy, cadaverous, shrunken, and truculent-looking

set. Just in inverse ratio, as their women are about the handsomest in the world, so are they the plainest, least attractive in appearance, of civilised men. It is a puzzle and a wonder, the fact that such very strikingly opposite members of either sex are really of the same race, family, and country. To see them side by side, no one would believe it without further evidence, and that, too, of the strongest and most irrefutable.

After we had spent a couple of weeks very pleasantly at the capital, the famed "City of the Kings," my companion and commander only having had to break the head of one native who contemptuously called him "Gringo," we went on an excursion to the mountains—the lofty, cloud-capped Cordilleras, towering up at a distance of some sixty or seventy miles inland.



A PERUVIAN BELLE.

These men are great gamblers, and the receipts from many a fine *hacienda* are squandered in a night. The passion for jewellery is so great, as a vice on the other side amongst the women, that, until Birmingham and *la belle France* came to the rescue, many a wealthy man was ruined by his wife's toilette. Now, however, real gems are scarce, and vast quantities of tawdry imitation, of trivial value, are to be seen, disfiguring with most extravagant profusion many a lovely being of this favoured clime. Vanity and the love of dress seem carried to their climax with the women of Peru. To them they will sacrifice anything and everything.

Hiring two fresh and sturdy mules, with a guide and driver named Pasco—a wild, uncouth-looking, half-bred Indian, with long, lank, jetty hair, oblique eyes like a Chinese, dirt-brown complexion, huge flap *sombrero*, and heavy, ornamented *zapateros*, or leggings of goatskin—we set forth from Lima by the east gate, or Portada de Maravillas.

For five or six miles from the city the road was pretty good, but then we came to a little stone bridge, crossed it, and found ourselves in a wild and dreary valley, with frowning grey rocks encompassing it on every side, whilst but little verdure, and plenty of sand and gravel, existed underfoot.

In order to see as much of the country and its population as possible, we travelled very leisurely, to the huge satisfaction of Pasco, who became enthusiastic, and declared that we were the finest caballeros he had ever met—then he asked for a glass of aguardiente.

At the straggling village of Pariachi, twelve or fourteen miles from the capital, and where, by the valley or quebrada of Matucanas, the road branches off to the north-east, and forms the shortest route to the mountains, we halted for the night, finding quarters at a wretched little roadside inn or tamba, and never shall I forget the night we passed, or rather tried to pass, at this miserable place.

At last it grew so unbearable that we rushed out of the filthy den, and, despite vague visions of the deadly fever and ague which we knew prevailed in that climate, threw ourselves down upon the damp grass, with nothing but our rugs, to try and cool our heated blood and irritated skins, after brushing off, and dispersing to the best of our ability, the myriads of minute and closely-attached friends who clung to us with painful pertinacity.

Nothing but dread of the fever had induced us to accept that literal accommodation for man and beast; fortunately, though afterwards driven out to the heavy dew and long, dank grass, we never experienced any ill effect from it; perhaps,



BRIDGE OF SURCO.

There was nothing to be had for supper but a horrible compound called *chupe*, made of potatoes and rancid pork fat, so we were forced to attack the small supply of provisions in our knapsacks.

After producing and eating our supper, we went to bed—that is to say, lay down upon a thick rush mat spread on the floor. There was one hut, one room, one bed, and one rug, or covering, for the hostess, her daughter, grandchildren, our two selves, our guide, two dogs, and three small pigs! What with the vast legions of savage vermin, the suffocating smoke from the green wood fire in the middle of the hut—and which the saturnine and wrinkled old crone would not permit us to extinguish—combined with sundry and unsavoury mephitic exhalations, forming an abominable atmosphere over the strange bedfellows, sleep became a thing to be ardently desired, but utterly unattainable.

however, my commander's obese brandy-flask, to which frequent applications were made as a medical comfort, had something to do with the impunity enjoyed.

At daylight in the morning we started forward on our journey, and a few miles beyond the village halted at the fine plantation of Santa Iñes, and were entertained to cups of chocolate as thick as batter-pudding—a national beverage, served at all hours of the day, and which the unfortunate visitor is bound to eat, drink, or swallow, somehow, *bongré malgré*; the proprietor, whose name I forget—only remembering that it contained about fifteen y's—graciously informing us that he was a Spaniard of Spain. This seemed a thing that afforded him great gratification, though we did not experience any extreme delight or wonder at the startling announcement.

At the village of San Pedro we came to the junction of the

two mountain-streams, uniting there to form the babbling, eddying river Rimac, upon either bank of which is built the city of Lima. All this time the road had been regularly ascending, and we were now at a height of 4,000 feet above the level of the sea. From this place our way was through a valley, which the precipitous sides of the mountains hemmed in and darkly imprisoned with gigantic, almost wholly perpendicular, walls of solid rock. The scenery was upon a grand and massive scale, and every feature of it betokened some mighty terrestrial convulsion. We were surprised at the singular fact that innumerable flocks of parroquets—chattering and vociferating with a noise the most deafening—inhabited the holes and cracks upon the steep mountain sides. It was a strange place for birds to build their nests. We were among the first spurs of the Cordilleras, and the geological formation seemed to consist of porphyry in vast masses, granite (both of the darkest substance), slate, and limestone—an indication of the metamorphic and volcanic action by which the region had been disturbed in remote ages. A very remarkable proof of more modern upheaval came under our observation at several places where, in the midst of dry watercourses, right across the old river-beds, ridges of igneous rock existed, which in several cases made the channel a *descent* towards the source of the once-flowing stream, and in all must have stopped and turned aside the waters. Some of these rocky barriers had been thrown up to a height of over fifty feet above the river-beds.

As we advanced, the mountains became steeper and more lofty, the road in many places being a mere natural shelf or ledge of rock, with a wall of granite on one side—a rushing torrent, a steep precipice, or a deep and sombre *baranca* on the other. One false step would have hurled us to destruction, but both our guide and mules were sure-footed, and we went on in safety.

At the village of San Geronimo de Surco, 7,000 feet above the sea, we crossed one of the national swinging bridges—made of maguay poles, lashed together with hide ropes and overlaid with twisted branches—across the Rio de San Mateo, one of the Rimac's two main forks. It was a wild, picturesque spot; a narrow little valley, deep down between stupendous masses of mountain, through which the road passed by a transverse opening. These primitive suspension bridges are neither the safest nor most comfortable in the world, and, at some of the deeper and wider chasms which they span, the ropes become chafed, and there are frequently terrible accidents. This does not disturb the equanimity of the inhabitants, who carelessly patch up the rotten structure, and placidly wait for the next calamity. In crossing the longest of these man-traps a most sickly sensation is produced by the peculiar vibrating motion.

From the village of Surco we found about five miles of comparatively good and easy road, along the very verge of the Rio de San Mateo, and rejoiced accordingly; but our satisfaction soon came to an end, when the valley narrowed to a mere gorge between the towering hills, and we had to wind along a very narrow, shelving ledge, more like crawling, adventurous lizards than human beings travelling for pleasure. After creeping cautiously along the brink of this frightful ravine for more than an hour—and once meeting suddenly from round an abrupt angle of rock a descending convoy of laden mules, out of the way of which, at the imminent risk of our lives

during the turning-round operation, we had to retreat for more than a hundred yards before there was room for it to pass—we came to the deep transverse valley, or Quebrada de Viso, and halted at a solitary tamba, at an elevation of 9,000 feet.

The rule of the road, Pasco diligently instructed us, at such dangerous passes as that we had lately left, was for the ascending party to give way to the descending. We were further edified in the evening with sundry horrible narrations of terrible accidents that had occurred by the sudden meeting of opposite parties in such awkward situations as that from which we had successfully escaped. What with the narrow ledges for road, the abrupt turnings, and the projections of rock hiding anything before you, even at the distance of a few feet, we were perfectly able to realise them, and our dreams that night were not, it may safely be believed, of the most reassuring nature.

The tamba at which we slept was the best yet met with, and the hungry little nocturnal wild animals were not quite so numerous as usual. To compensate, however, for any deficiency in this respect, we enjoyed the spectacle of many gigantic spiders, almost three inches long in the body, and of a particularly venomous and disagreeable—not to say objectionable—appearance.

We started early next morning, after a by no means pleasant night, and, five miles or so farther on, halted for breakfast at the village of San Mateo—the largest we had yet seen, with a population of about a thousand souls, mostly Indians and half-breeds, with one or two white Peruvians. At this place we saw potatoes in the scanty fields for the first time, as they cannot be grown in the lower and tropical country nearer the sea.

After leaving San Mateo, our way led through the roughest and most broken ground that we had yet encountered. Passing through a long gloomy ravine, we came to a steep ascent over jagged rocks and erratic boulders, with mountain springs and torrents dashing over the road in many places, and deluging the traveller with snowy spray.

Hot and tired with the journey, we halted at a cold, plashing, and inviting-looking little spring, and dismounted for the purpose of enjoying a cooling draught. Pasco was walking a little in advance, and looked round for us, just as the captain had raised the cup of his flask filled with water.

"Madre de Dios!" he yelled, in startled accents. "Stop! Hold on den, capitano mio! Der *veruga* agua—wartare!"

At the same instant, hurling his heavy staff, he struck the cup from my commander's hand, almost breaking his arm.

The assault was forgiven, when he explained that we were about to drink of one of the poisonous, or *veruga* springs of that part of the country, the water of which, it is well known, produces the most horrible ulcerous diseases, often ending in death. Pasco now kept a sharp watch upon us, and would not allow us to drink any water by the roadside without his knowledge and consent; not that we should have felt much inclination, after the above incident.

It is one of the peculiarities of Peru that nearly every valley has some local disease, produced, the best authorities declare, by mineral waters in conjunction with unascertained climatic causes.

After a tiring day's journey from San Mateo, we came to the main chain of the Cordilleras. Painfully and with extreme difficulty crossing a huge mass of mountain called *Piedra*

Parada, we fell in with some other travellers, and ascended the pass of that name in company. The summit of the pass was marked by two huge mounds formed by the natives, and consisting entirely of the bones of sheep, dogs, horses, oxen, and other animals, which had perished in attaining these heights, either of hunger, or during the almost ceaseless snowstorms of the winter season, which render the Cordilleras impassable. Two large iron crosses, which the travellers we had met informed us once decorated the chapel lying in ruins at the commencement of the pass, and which had been destroyed by lightning, were planted upon the tops of the ghastly white mounds, and served a double purpose—not only to point out the way, but to inspire the wanderer in those gloomy wilds with holy thoughts.

The scenery was of a wild and rugged grandeur, to which pen of mine cannot do justice. Chaotic, tossed, and inde-

scribably gloomy, the bare and frowning mountains stood as they were left when the Great Creator, by some stupendous convulsion of Nature, saw fit to hurl and dash them forth in a mighty confusion. Clouds hovered around their lofty, jagged summits, gleaming in a clothing of perpetual snow. Whirlwinds rushed and hurtled, whilst vivid lightning flashed and darted amongst those wild, fantastic, and contorted peaks. No signs of animal or vegetable life, save a faint trace of lichen, were visible about that sterile, awful wilderness, so depressing with its utter desolation, and so awe-inspiring with its stupendous massiveness and gloomy grandeur.

Unpleasantly affected with feelings of sickness, vertigo, and difficulty of breathing at a height of over 16,000 feet, it was with feelings of pleasure that we descended the opposite side of the pass, and at a much less elevation put up at the large village of Yauli.

New Guinea.

A FEW months ago a letter appeared in a German periodical, from a correspondent in Australia, calling attention to the great island of New Guinea, as an open and desirable field for German settlement and enterprise. A proposition of this kind would be sure to excite our Australian colonists, who look upon the magnificent and mysterious land lying to the north of their own domain as a natural appendage to their own possessions, and as a mine to be in future worked by them alone. It has been said, with justice, by one of the most distinguished Australians, Sir Charles Nicholson, that, physically, New Guinea forms part of the Australian continent, being connected by a line of islands and coral banks which stretches from Cape York to the southern coast of the great island, and by the similarity of the mountain chains of the two lands, of which the islands in the straits are the submerged peaks. The result of the renewed attention called to this almost unknown land will doubtless be projects for its exploration—and no expedition of discovery in modern times would excite greater curiosity than a well-organised attempt to penetrate New Guinea, from the grandeur of the physical features of the country, its extraordinary animal productions, and the active, warlike character of its inhabitants.

The island extends in a direction from north-west to south-east, nearly in the centre of the intertropical zone, to a length of 1,030 miles, having for a great part of that distance a mean breadth of about 300 miles. It is, therefore, about three times the size of Great Britain. As the mariner sails along its coasts, his view inland is bounded by chains of mountains wooded to the summit with the gorgeous arboreal vegetation of the tropics. The loftiest mountain chain yet seen extends parallel to the south-eastern coast, and culminates in peaks more than 13,000 feet high. Further west, near the isthmus which separates a western peninsula from the main body of the island, early navigators reported they saw still loftier peaks rising into the zone of perpetual snow, which in this latitude and climate would imply an elevation of at least 16,000 feet,

but modern Dutch travellers believe this was an illusion due to the capping of mists and light fleecy clouds which the mountain summits present in certain seasons. On a nearer approach, the view is said to be enchanting. From the narrow strip of low coast wooded with plummy palm-trees, the country slopes upwards to the mountain-tops, like a vast amphitheatre, richly timbered throughout, with the smoke of scattered native settlements rising here and there among the scenery. The hilly coast country, however, does not extend round the whole island; it is interrupted by wide stretches of alluvial plain, and in two places, as far as at present known, are the deltas of great rivers, where by many branches a flood of fresh water is poured forth, tinging the blue waters of the ocean for many miles out, and affording ground for the belief that navigable streams may exist far into the heart of the land.

With regard to its natural productions, it may be assumed, in the first place, that if the mountain system of the southern coast be really a continuation, geologically speaking, of the eastern coast chain of Australia, it will probably be rich in gold and other minerals. The flora and fauna are known to be of the highest interest. As far as animals are concerned, the land is entirely severed from the other great islands of the Indo-Australian Archipelago. The rhinoceros, elephant, and other pachyderms of Sumatra, Java, and Borneo, which these islands possess in common with the Asiatic mainland, are wholly unknown, together with the orang-outang and all the rest of the quadrumanous or monkey tribe, and whole families of other mammals, as well as birds. In their place there are tree-climbing kangaroos, and other marsupial animals, showing a close connection of the island with the Australian continent; and in birds the gorgeous family of the Paradisee, or birds of paradise, which are found only in New Guinea and its satellite islands, distinguish the region from all other lands of the earth. These productions, however, have been obtained only by the chance visits of European naturalists attached to French and other expeditions of discovery, and by the well-known

English naturalist Wallace, who spent a few weeks at Dorey, on the northern coast of the western peninsula; what treasures of strange and unknown forms of animal and vegetable life the great unexplored interior of the land may contain, hidden in its dense forests and Alpine valleys, it is left to the imagination of the naturalist to conceive.

The natives of New Guinea are known as Papuans, or Papuan negroes. They differ entirely, in race, from the Malays of the western islands of the Archipelago, and from the Australians. The difference affects the mental as well as the physical character of the population. They are a robust, stalwart race, of a dark colour, with a profusion of bushy, frizzly hair, and their disposition is energetic, lively, demonstrative, eager, and warlike; while the Malays have perfectly straight hair, and are phlegmatic, quiet, and ceremonious in their character and manners. The Australians are always spoken of by voyagers who have had dealings with both peoples, to be quite a distinct race, inferior in *physique* and feebler in character. Concerning the social or political organisation of the Papuans, almost nothing is known. Some tribes in the north-west have an evil reputation for their savagery and aggressive, sanguinary habits; but in the south and west, although apparently untamably hostile to all comers, they seem to live in tolerably populous communities, or large villages, consisting of well-built houses, each capable of containing many families, and, as we have presently to relate, are not so hopelessly ferocious and hostile as the tribes of the north-western coast.

All previous accounts of attempts made to land on the coast of the larger eastern part of New Guinea, or enter into communication with the inhabitants, have presented a similar story. The boats of a vessel of discovery approach the reef-bound shore or ascend the mouth of some promising river, and find the habitations deserted, and an appearance of treacherous quiet along the deserted banks; they pursue their explorations, and in the end find the forest-clothed banks swarming with armed savages and war-canoes well-manned, pushed out into mid-stream in the rear to intercept the retreat of the invaders. It is only by an inevitable battle and slaughter of the courageous defenders of their soil, that the explorers are able to make good their retreat. With such uniformity of experience, all attempts to become better acquainted with this strange land have been considered a hopeless enterprise. It appears, however, that here, as in other parts of the world, there are two ways of approaching the savage inhabitants of a country, and that a sudden invasion by an armed party from a ship, without previous parley, is not the one most likely to succeed. An account of a peaceful reception of the crew of an English vessel by the natives of New Guinea was sent by Mr. Chester, police magistrate of the new settlement of Somerset, at Cape York, to one of the Queensland newspapers, which is full of promise with regard to the prospect of further examination of the island.

Mr. Chester relates (writing from Somerset on the 30th of November, 1869) that a boat's crew belonging to the *Active*, a schooner engaged in the *bêche de mer* fishery, having gone adrift from Warrior Island, in Torres Straits, about the middle of August, Captain Delargy, the commander of the *Active*, started in search of them with three large whale-boats, manned with thirty South Sea Islanders well-armed with double-barrelled guns. Having searched among the islands to leeward without success, he made the south-east coast of New

Guinea about the 18th of August, at a place called by the natives Sybec. Here he fell in with the missing boat, with the crew in a state of exhaustion from want of food; for they had not ventured to land, for fear of the natives.

Captain Delargy resolved to attempt to enter into friendly negotiation with the natives, with the view apparently of obtaining fresh food. On nearing the shore he observed a large village, and about 100 men collected on the bank, armed with bows and having thick bundles of arrows slung round their waists, some of whom came out to the boats to trade. On the *Active's* men landing, however, a sudden distrust seemed to animate the Papuans; they sent, in great haste, their women and children inland, drew off in good order, and forming a sort of square on a rising ground a short distance off, challenged the intruders to fight. At this critical moment, when an accident might have brought on a fierce encounter, Captain Delargy advanced towards the warriors, who stood with arrows fitted to their bows, and ordering his own men to ground their arms, succeeded in making peace. The Papuans then laid aside their bows, and vied with each other in showing hospitality to the strangers.

They prepared a sumptuous feast of pigs, yams, taro, and a kind of jungle fowl, and sent a portion on board the boats for those who remained in them. After dinner, one of the chiefs conducted Captain Delargy through his village, which consisted of about twelve or fourteen two-storied houses, neatly built of rough timber, and roofed with bamboo and palm-leaves. Each house had a double verandah about twelve feet wide all around it. The chief's house contained two rooms in each storey, access being had to the upper rooms by means of a neat ladder. The apartments on the ground floor were furnished with seats and tables, and the upper ones had sleeping berths, raised about eighteen inches above the floor, all around them. Each room was covered with grass and cane matting, and all were scrupulously neat and clean. A large rod of bamboo, ten or twelve feet long and eighteen inches in circumference, for holding water, appeared to be the only domestic utensil in use among them. The captain describes the natives as exceedingly intelligent, fine men, about five feet ten inches in height, of an olive complexion, with woolly hair, stained of a brickdust colour. They did not appear to have any apparatus for smoking, indeed they placed little value on tobacco; but were very eager for the smallest strip of red calico, in exchange for which they loaded the boats with taro and yams. The men go entirely naked, but appeared to take great care of themselves—keeping in the verandahs out of the sun as much as possible, and avoiding getting wet. The ornaments worn by them were few and simple, and gave no indication of their neighbourhood being a gold-producing country.

The coast-land about Sybec, Captain Delargy adds, is low, and the country magnificent; rich, well-grassed plains, watered by numerous small streams, extend for some distance inland, while in the vicinity of the village are large fields of taro and yams in a high state of cultivation. The coast is lined with dense groves of cocoa-nut palms.

Before the boats left, the Papuans painted and decorated themselves with leaves, and executed a sort of war-dance in honour of their guests, keeping excellent time upon a large drum; they then marched in procession down to the water-side, singing and beating the drum, and finally took leave by shaking hands all round.

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VIEW IN THE SUBURES OF BATAVIA

From Sydney to Singapore.

BY DR. A. RATTRAY, R.N.

THE chief practical result of modern research into the physical geography of the air and ocean has been to facilitate commerce and travel, and raise the art of voyaging almost to a science, so that ships no longer proceed to distant places by devious, uncertain, and separate routes, but along shortened, well-defined, and almost identical tracks.

The voyage between England and Australia, one of the longest and most frequently undertaken, has been materially influenced thereby. Still, the present routes, both by sail and steam, are monotonous—often boisterous. Wide oceans are crossed, and land seldom seen. Hence, a new one by Torres Strait and Batavia, in Java, which lessens these drawbacks, promises to be a favourite, as it is far preferable to the voyage from Point Galle round the south-western coast of Australia. The telegraph connecting our southern colonies with Asia and Europe is likely to follow partly the same route, the wire having already reached Cleveland Bay, to be soon recommenced by the united colonies, which are well able to bear the burden conjointly. The main features of that part of this route lying between Singapore and Sydney and within the great barrier reef of Australia may not prove uninteresting.

During one of those gorgeous sunsets for which Australia is famous we bade farewell to Sydney and the lovely "coves" of Port Jackson, one of the finest harbours in the world; and passing the "heads"—a huge gap in lofty sandstone cliffs—we are suddenly transported from smooth water into the long heaving swell of the Pacific, seldom absent, even in fine weather. After a two days' run, past the busy coal-exporting Newcastle and the fertile country watered by the Manning, Clarence, and Richmond rivers, we entered Moreton Bay, and running fifteen miles up a narrow river, land at Brisbane, the capital of Queensland, from whence the steamer for Batavia starts. Half an hour later we retrace our way through the intricate entrance of Moreton Bay, passing on the left the so-called "glass-houses"—huge, isolated, conical, and dome-shaped masses of rock, rising from the centre of a wide plain. Skirting the long, surf-defined, rocky point, stretching out from Sandy Cape, we are next off, though out of sight of, Cape Capricorn, suggestive of the latitude; and towards night, near the Capricorn group, a cluster of coral islets, and soon enter the smooth water of the inner barrier-reef route, warmer weather and a fair wind indicating that we are fairly in the tropics and in the region of the trades.

The steep submarine coral wall, forming the great barrier-reef—certainly the most wonderful sight of the voyage—appears to the eye as a long series of round or oval patches on the surface of the Pacific, stretching for 1,200 miles in length, and lying ten to fifty miles distance from the north-east coast of Australia; forming a natural breakwater, inside of which is the navigable passage we have now entered. Many, however, braving the danger of passing through the "inlets" or openings near Torres Strait, still prefer the open sea outside the line of reefs. Dry at ebb, the position of the reef is indicated at high tide by light-green water and a white surf line. But, the course being in mid-channel, we see little of it, or of the mainland yet. Still, there is much to interest; low, tree-clad, coral islets, necessitating careful navigation; on the left, High Peak and Pine Peak, lofty, tree-capped, rocky islands, and good landmarks; further on,

the Percy group; then the lovely scenery of the Cumberland and Northumberland Islands; till, rounding the picturesque Gloucester Island, we enter Port Denison, in which is situated the seaport town of Bowen. This recent township of 1,000 inhabitants is the outlet for an extensive squatting district, and the nearest port to the well-known Peakdown gold, silver, copper, and lead mines. Townsville, on Cleveland Bay, and Cardwell, on Rockingham Bay, are at present too insignificant to merit a call. With Bowen, however, and Gladstone and Rockhampton further south, they may yet, as busy seaports and stations for exporting the wool, cotton, coffee, sugar, indigo, rice, and other tropical productions now under trial in northern Queensland, enjoy the success which industry and enterprise merit.

Thence to Cape York, a distance of 600 miles, there is no settlement; but, as we near land, in the rapidly-narrowing passage, the scenery becomes bolder. Opposite the curious peak of Peter Botte, huge tree-clad hills, of more than 3,000 feet elevation, and well-timbered gorges, cast deep shadows in the calm, lake-like water; while in mid-channel lie the picturesque Frankland Islands, and on the near horizon the endless white line of reef surf—the whole forming a scene of most picturesque beauty. Beyond is Mount Cook, named after the celebrated navigator, the "Columbus" of Australia; and near it the Endeavour river, where his ship, so-called, was careened, and where a sailor, on seeing a flying fox—a large species of bat—fancied he had seen the devil. Then come Weary Bay, Cape Tribulation, and other spots, with names reminiscent of the great voyager's perils and perplexities.

Further on, the scenery is characteristic; the barrier-reef is closer to the land and better seen; the passage is shallower, of a lighter green, and more thickly studded with single and grouped mangrove-clad coral islets; the mainland less lofty and fertile. There are few signs of life, except at long intervals some small craft, bound for the Gulf of Carpentaria, busily engaged in trepang-fishing, or wrecking; or an occasional canoeful of natives too timid to venture near; and, except during the seasons, when the Torres Strait pigeon and the greenback or edible turtle abound, only a solitary tern or gannet is seen. But there is much to charm—beautiful and ever-changing scenery on mainland, reef, and islet, doubly enjoyable in such perpetual summer weather as is here experienced, with the gentle cooling breeze and smooth sea. When opportunity offers, a trip in the boat to the outer edge of the reef well repays the trouble. Mollusca, crustaceans, and especially fishes, teem, whose splendid colouring, intensified by the tropical sun and beautifully transparent water, rivals that of the ledges and grottoes of many-hued coral amid which they sport, forming a fairy-like scene, surpassing all that the imagination can conceive. The active may enjoy a turtle-hunt on the gently-sloping sides of a coral islet; the sportsman may bag a few savoury cockatoos, parroquets, brush-turkey, or wallaby; nor could the artist find a finer field for his brush, or the lover of the *dolce far niente* enjoy life under more favourable circumstances.

With a strengthening, and now monsoon wind, we approach Cape York, and enter the narrow but picturesque Albany. Pass—carefully on account of its tide—and anchor off the new port of Somerset. But landing displaces much of the apparent

beauty. So bad is the soil, that not more than two or three small, profitless gardens have been formed. No provision-store exists. The water is indifferent and scarce. The entire settlement comprises only a dozen or eighteen individuals, and eight or nine wooden houses erected by Government for the local officials, marines, and police, who protect it. Still, it has well fulfilled the object for which it was principally established in 1864, having already proved a port of refuge for forty men from three ships wrecked on the adjacent reef, who would probably have been starved, or massacred by the treacherous and sometimes cannibal natives. As a coal dépôt it may be useful; and it will, perhaps, rise to commercial importance at some, apparently distant, day—when New Guinea is opened up to the enterprise of Europeans. But at present we gladly return to our comfortable steamer. The “black fellows,” few in number, nude, indolent, of low type, and at first inclined to give trouble, are now inured to the presence of the “white fellow,” peaceably disposed, and ready to barter fish or tortoiseshell for “bissicar and tabac” (biscuits and tobacco).

Quitting Somerset, a few hours' steaming carries us through Torres Strait, past Booby Island, whose cave, prior to the establishment of Somerset, formed a convenient post-office for ships from the southern ports, and a provision dépôt for shipwrecked crews. Being a favourite haunt for tern and other birds, it is covered with a thin layer of guano. We are now in the tranquil Arafura sea, and bidding adieu to Australia, soon lose sight of land. New Guinea, still unexplored and a land of mystery, is just too far off on the right to gratify us with a sight of its lofty mountains; and the Papuans, and even hybrid natives of the small intermediate islands, are seldom seen by mere passers-by. Again freshening, the monsoon carries us westward into Dutch ground and the Flores Sea, past Timor-laut, barely seen in the distance, then Timor and the Sandalwood Islands. Further on, we just see the cloud-capped peak of the well-known volcano, Sumbawa, and enter the narrow strait of Baly—between fertile, terrace-cultivated islands, studded with farms and small villages, with the cone-shaped

Peak of Baly, towering 12,000 feet into the air at the northern outlet of the strait.

Passing along the calm shallow Java Sea, encircled by huge islands, with a sultrier moisture, more weakening climate, and close enough to the north coast of Java to observe its fertility and value, anchor is soon cast in the busy roadstead of Batavia. The cool sea-breeze of the early forenoon not having yet set in, the sun is scorching, the air oppressive, and of a sickly odour, from the mangrove-fringed bay and adjacent country. In landing to find some cool, sheltered spot, the boat passes up the centre of a double pier, projecting well into the mud-margined harbour, to prevent the silting-up of the shallow stream, lined for some distance on either side by Dutch galeots, Chinese and Siamese junks and sanpans, Malay prahus, and a medley of mongrel small craft. A tiny curricule, with diminutive Javanese ponies, driven by a Chinaman, rapidly whirls us through the native town to the Belgravia of Batavia, two miles inland, where are the hotels, public buildings, and residences of the wealthier European and foreign merchants. A visit to the barracks, well-kept botanic and zoological gardens, a rapid drive in the cool of the evening through the fine avenues of the suburbs, and a ball given by the cavalry officers, furnish a glimpse of social life in the capital of the Dutch East Indies. The foreign language, sallow hue, and attenuated frames of many, and the heat, mosquitoes, and the open buildings, were strange to us; but the dresses, dances, music, and manners, were all familiar.

Next morning, glad to quit the agreeable atmosphere, here, we leave, a few days' pleasant passage carrying us to Singapore, where we meet the steamer for Galle—or, it may be, China and Japan—almost sorry that the trip from Sydney has come to an end. The southward voyage, against the monsoon, is necessarily longer, though not less pleasant; while during the fitful north-west or rainy monsoon, which, however, seldom lasts more than three months, the route either way is less agreeable. Still, at all times, it is decidedly preferable to the rough weather often met with in the route at present followed, by Cape Leuwin at the south-western extremity of Australia.

Journey from the Senegal to the Niger.—IX.

FROM THE FRENCH OF LIEUTENANT MAGE.

CHAPTER XIII.

PREPARATIONS FOR WAR—WE JOIN THE ARMY OF AHMADOU—MARCH
—BATTLE OF TOGHO—DEFEAT OF THE BAMBARAS—AGAIN ON
THE MARCH—STORMING OF DINA.

As soon as I could move, I got Samba N'diaye to lend me his horse to ride, and went out every day, enjoying more than anything the pleasure of being quite alone. All my efforts to obtain another interview with the king proved unavailing. He appointed a day, and when the day came would send me a present and put me off. I tried to provide for our departure, and made inquiries on all sides for horses, but without success; whether there were really none to be had, or whether Ahmadou had secretly ordered that none should be sold to me I could not make out. I tried to gain some information about

the state of the country and the roads, and the position of the rebel army, and questioned everybody I met; but though I paid for my answers beforehand, I never could place any reliance on what I heard, as the people are, most of them, confirmed liars. Thus much I gathered, that it would be madness to attempt to pursue our journey to El Hadj without an official guide and without horses, for rumours of the disturbances going on everywhere, and of the armed rebels to be met with on the roads, reached Ségou from every quarter. Our position became more and more serious, for though the king showed us great hospitality, our housekeeping was costing us more than a thousand cowries a day; and I watched with dismay the dwindling down of our store of merchandise, our only means of livelihood. Ahmadou spent the first days of April holding

palavers under the trees in front of his father's house, at which though he had more than a thousand in his magazines, and he made numerous appeals to the devotion of his faithful insisted on their buying them for themselves. He added,



WOMEN POUNDING MILLET.



VIEW IN SÉGOU.

Sofas and of the Talibés trained in his father's service; but there seemed to be no enthusiasm for the war, and Samba N'diaye told me that a feeling of discontent prevailed among them because the king refused to supply them with guns, "With one of the tons of treasure stored up in El Hadj's magazines, Ahmadou could maintain his whole army for ten years; but he gives them a small present every six months, and lets them starve all the rest of the time. What can he

nes, and
added,

Hadj's
for ten
months,
can he



AHMADOU'S ARMY CROSSING THE NIGER.

expect of them? With El Hadj it was different, I assure you."

About the middle of July we heard that the army, raised with the greatest trouble by the king, was to set out on its march. On the 24th it crossed the river at Ségou Koro, and I rode thither to witness the transport. It was just after the rainy season, and the country was dazzlingly green—one fancied that one could see the millet growing. I never saw military movements so utterly devoid of organisation and order. The troops were transported in canoes, and the river and its banks were a scene of wild confusion. The boats were so overlaid that numbers were wrecked and swamped, and a great many horses and men drowned.

After the departure of the army, Ahmadou shut himself up with his wives to await the result of the expedition, and refused to see any one. It marched towards Yamina, and attacked a village called Tocaroba, in which the rebel Bambaras had entrenched themselves, and from whence they made sallies, pillaging all the villages of Fadougou. The army was repulsed, and in the beginning of August numbers of wounded and dying were brought to Ségou. Dr. Quintin's services were in great requisition, but hundreds died, and the town resounded with the cries of the widows and children. Fahmahra, who had joined the army, was killed; the news of his death, and his horse and accoutrements, were brought to us by his friend Niansa.

Affairs grew worse and worse; the revolt was spreading from the mountains of Djalonkadou in the south-east, to Lake Débou in the north-east, and encircling Ahmadou and El Hadj.

It was impossible to continue our journey eastward; and even our return to Senegal was becoming more difficult every day. The next news we heard was that El Hadj, the prophet, had been beaten by the Kountahs of Timbuctu, had been deserted by his adherents in Macina, had been obliged to fly from Hamd-Allahi, and take refuge in the wild regions to the south of the capital; that Mari, the representative of the ancient royal line of Ségou, had crossed the Bakhoi, or White River, with an army of Bambaras from the south. On the 25th Ahmadou's army was defeated in open country. This roused him from his inaction, and he prepared to take the field in person, and strike one last desperate blow. He sent out in all directions for reinforcements, and Oulibo and Turno Abdoul, his most trusted lieutenants, preceded him to the army. I decided immediately on asking leave to accompany him. There was no other course left open for us. Should he be defeated, he would certainly not return to Ségou, and we must then fall into the hands of the rebel Bambaras, from whom we could expect no mercy. Ahmadou appeared much flattered by my request, which he immediately acceded to. We lost no time in preparing for all eventualities, repaired our arms and harness, and made our baggage as portable as we could. Ahmadou told Samba N'diaye to lend me his horse, and another was procured for Dr. Quintin. On the 26th and 27th of January, the Sofas from Yamina, and the Peuhls from the suburbs of Ségou, whom the king had summoned to accompany him, arrived, and on the 28th the march began.

The army covered an immense expanse, and looked most picturesque in the rays of the setting sun. The ammunition was carried on the heads of more than three hundred negroes, who bent under the weight. A dozen enormous calabashes

contained the baggage and provisions of the king, and were placed on the backs of asses. We had with us a supply of couscous and bourakié, a bag of salt, and several bottles made of goat-skin to carry water. We passed the villages of Soninkoura, Koghoul, Mbébalá, Banancoro, Nérecoro, Dialocoro, Bafou, and Bougou. Then we left the bank of the river and struck into the interior, and reached the camp of Turno Alassanne's army at Marcadougouba, where we remained until the 31st. The doctor and I bivouacked under a tree by the roadside; the nights were cold, and fires were lit everywhere; our laptots found a heap of millet-canes in the village, and took possession of them, without further ceremony, for fuel.

The following day was spent by Ahmadou in preparations for coming battle, in holding palavers, and haranguing his men. First, he addressed the Talibés, reproaching them for their inactivity and want of spirit, and reminding them how much they owed to El Hadj and to him; that whereas the Sofas and Toubourous were always ready to fight, they thought only of their ease and how they could best enrich themselves. Then he demanded the restitution of the "Kouloulous" (spoil secreted by the soldiers in time of war, and not brought to the common store for equal distribution), saying that one must be prepared to appear before God with empty hands. A curious scene followed, which I watched with interest. One by one came forward, and gave up whatever he had taken, a comb, a goat-skin, a knife, and so on; one confessed to having sold a gun for five hundred cowries, saying that if he were killed he had a slave worth more than that sum. After that Ahmadou counted the men, and assigned to each company its position in the next day's attack. To the Sofas he spoke only a few words, saying that he could count on their fidelity and courage; he charged them not to stop to plunder, but to fight until the victory was complete, to advance until within ten steps of the enemy, to put a quantity of powder and ten balls into their guns and—never to retreat!

A fierce hatred existed between the Sofas and the Talibés, and Ahmadou spent several hours in listening to the recriminations and complaints made to him by their respective chiefs, and trying to smooth down their jealousies.

For us much depended on the event of the coming engagement. If the Bambaras under Mari, awaiting us at Toghou, were to be victorious, or have even a partial success, the whole country would join them; even Ahmadou's faithful Sofas would most likely desert him. The Niore road, which was already intercepted, would be effectually closed against us, and we should be driven back into Ségou, whose walls could not long hold out against a combined attack.

Under these circumstances, we were determined to make common cause with Ahmadou, forgetting former grievances, and, with our seven attendants, fight for our lives to the last.

Six hours' march the next morning brought us in sight of Toghou, lying in the middle of a large plain, with the enemy drawn up outside the walls. Ahmadou formed his men into five columns, and advanced to the attack, the Talibés singing in measured cadence, "Lahilahi Allah, Mohammed raçould y Allah!"* The engagement was very fierce; the Bambaras made a valiant defence; knowing that they could expect no quarter, they fought with the energy of despair, but they were completely defeated. The slaughter was terrible. Ninety-seven men who were taken prisoners were all beheaded the

* A Mussulman ejaculation, "God is great, Mahomet is his prophet!"

next day before Ahmadou, who kindly sent to invite me to enjoy the spectacle with him; but I had seen enough butchery, and chose rather to go with Dr. Quintin, and do what I could for the relief of the wounded, who lay about in and outside the town. We extracted many balls, and performed a number of successful amputations, though, for want of a proper supply of surgical instruments and bandages, we could do little in the worst cases.

I here again had occasion to notice how little developed the nervous system of the blacks is, and how much less sensitive they are to pain. The climate also is peculiarly favourable to quick recovery and to the healing of wounds.

At least 2,500 Bambaras had been killed, whilst Ahmadou's loss scarcely amounted to 300. Had he led his army, animated by victory and filled with enthusiasm as it then was, to Sansandig, the centre of the insurrection, he might almost without another struggle have made himself master of the country; but he weakly yielded to the entreaties of his favourites and chiefs, who were longing to divide the spoil, and returned to Ségou. Once there, Ahmadou again became invisible, and pertinaciously refused to grant me an audience, excusing himself on the plea that he was engaged in the distribution of the booty, which certainly could have been no easy matter, as he had to resort to the most stringent measures to get his men to give up what they had taken. Meanwhile, the doctor fell ill of a low fever, and I also suffered greatly in consequence of the fatigues and scenes we had gone through, and the daily increasing heat of the weather. Milk, our chief and best article of food, became more and more difficult to get, and we felt the want of it very much. During the last weeks of February, rain fell in large quantities, and refreshed the air, making it so cool that we had to take to warmer clothing. It was not a soft fine rain, such as we had had on our journey at the same time last year, but great heavy showers, which had the disagreeable effect of putting to flight all the dealers in the market-place, so that we did not know where to go to buy provisions, and must have nearly starved if Ahmadou had not sent us a sheep from time to time. The moist atmosphere seemed to exercise a kind of paralysing effect on the people, for the butchers killed nothing, and the somonos did not go out fishing. The rain lasted until the 28th of February, which is the religious feast of the Cowry. It was celebrated by a grand review of the troops, and reciting of prayers and the Koran by Ahmadou. He wound up by again demanding a restitution of the booty, as he was going to collect his army and lead them out to battle. After which he passed to very different subjects, enjoined them not to tattoo the faces of the new-born children as the Kaffirs did; and told them that it was a most unbecoming thing for the women to stuff and pad out their hair by means of rags; that married women should not be allowed to go out into the streets or to market; and, finally, that the Talibés should not forsake the mosque, as they were in the habit of doing, but should perform their devotions there instead of at home.

A whole year had passed since we came first to Ségou, and Ahmadou seemed less disposed than ever to let us go. He had no ultimate designs on our liberty, neither did he look upon us as valuable auxiliaries in the field, but he did wish that we should be kept in ignorance of the miserable condition of the country which he governed, and the disastrous termina-

tion of his father's adventurous career; and this was why he would neither assist us in continuing our journey to the east, nor in returning to the Senegal. For the same reason he did all he could to intercept the return of the messengers I had sent at different times in the course of the year to St. Louis, and to prevent me from sending others. The Toghoul campaign, destructive as it had been to the Bambaras, had, nevertheless, not reduced them to submission, and almost immediately after the feast of the Cowry a new expedition was rumoured, to be directed against the south-west provinces. I sent word to Ahmadou that I wished again to accompany the army, for I foresaw that this would be my only chance of visiting that part of the country. He raised objections at first, saying that in the last campaign I had lost one of my men, that I must not make any more such sacrifices; but a very little insistence made him yield, showing that he had objected merely for form's sake. He told me to prepare a large supply of couscous; and as I anticipated very long marches, I decided to take with me a mule to carry our baggage.

On the 25th of March the tabala was beaten at the door of the mosque, and the different army corps assembled and encamped for the night at Segou-Koro. Every evening the griots ran about the camp, shouting, "Hé conou outambo dali diango khoy!" which means literally, "Ho, the army; let no man go out! above all to-morrow!" and then on the following day Ahmadou would hold a palaver like the one he had held at Toghoul, at which he began by reading the history of the wars of Mahomet, and ended by demanding the restitution of all the booty made in the last campaign. I saw two very considerable restitutions made on this occasion, one by a Talibé, who came forward and gave up a sum of 30,000 cowries taken at Toghoul; and the other by a Peuhl, who brought the king 200 balls of amber.

A quarrel between Ahmadou and some of the most influential of his Talibés, which lasted several days, retarded the departure of the army. He wanted to exact from them a promise that they would dismount from their horses and advance on foot to the assault of those villages which in the ensuing expedition the army might receive orders to attack. This dispute was finally settled through the mediation of Terno Abdoul Kadi, one of the leading men in the kingdom, who had been appointed chief justice; and on the 3rd of April the army began its march, and ascended the valley of the Niger, leaving the river on the right. We passed through a fertile and cultivated tract of country colonised from time immemorial by Peuhls, who have kept distinct from the neighbouring tribes, and have preserved the characteristic type of their race. They are shepherds and agriculturists, and find a ready market in the capital for the milk of their flocks and the produce of their fields.

We made our first halt near Fogni, a Bambara village, deserted and in ruins. It had been the centre of a recent insurrection, and all around the ground was strewn with skeletons, which lay bleaching in the sun, and crackled under our horses' feet. Fogni stands in a large plain, bounded on the south by a chain of hills, which seemed to rise in elevation as we advanced towards the west. It is a fine country, with a rich soil, full of promise for the cultivator and the shepherd when war shall have ceased to devastate it. Some spots here and there were planted with shea trees, many of which measured as much as a foot and a half in diameter below

the branches. In the immediate neighbourhood of the village, I noticed, as usual, a good many khads, the pods of which are used for fattening cattle. In the low brushwood we discovered fruits and berries of different kinds, not particularly palatable, but with a pleasant acidity, which were eagerly devoured by us all. We found also a great abundance of game, and as the army in marching covered a very wide extent of country, the partridges and pintadoes, or Guinea-fowl, were driven before us, surrounded, and taken alive in the under-wood. The hares, owing to some Mussulman prejudice, were respected, or, rather, I should say, despised. The sight of numerous antelopes roused the sportsman within me, and led me completely away. First I thought, prudently, I would spare my horse, and tried to look calmly on whilst these swift agile creatures were started and hunted down; but before long reason was conquered, and I dashed off in pursuit of a gazelle, which had jumped up within a few steps of me. Some Sofas followed, and I gave myself up unrestrainedly to the pleasures of the chase—bringing down in the course of the day two fine antelopes. I had never hunted before; the sensation and excitement were delightful; and I confess that the recollection of that day is one of the most agreeable of my journey. The active exercise in the open air

gave me new energy and life, and I felt better than I had done for a long while past. That languid indifference towards everything which I experienced at Ségou had vanished, the smallest objects attracted my attention, and, notwithstanding the fatigues of the road, I found time to note down facts and impressions.

On the 7th of April we came in sight of Dina, our destination. It is a village on the right bank of the Niger, built on the top of the steep, which is washed by the water at the time of the inundations. It was surrounded by an earth wall, pierced with innumerable loopholes. The rampart and the terraces of the houses were bristling with Bambaras, who, from their

menacing attitude, and the arms with which they seemed well supplied, were evidently prepared to make a desperate stand, and defend the place to the last. The columns of assault were immediately organised. On the left were ranged the Talibés with their black flag; in the centre the victorious army of Ségou (the Toros), with a red and white flag; on the right, the Sofas and the Toubourous grouped around their red flag. Ahmadou

took up his position at the rear, in the centre, with his guard, and the captives, who held the horses of those who were to scale the walls—but I will not inflict on my readers a detailed account of the attack and defence. I saw the same scenes I had witnessed at Toghoul—the same bravery and want of skill and organisation on the part of the assailed; the same undisciplined impetuosity and ardour on the part of the assailants; and, after the defeat, desperate resignation among the conquered and un pitying ferocity among the conquerors. As before, the victory was followed by pillage and cold-blooded massacre, and the women and children became the prey of the soldiers. War was here, indeed, ten times more horrible than in more civilised countries, and I sickened at the sights all around me.

After the taking and sacking of Dina, Ahmadou led his army two days' march up the left bank of the Niger, ravaging and burning all the villages in the valley, which was enclosed be-

tween two ranges of mountains, and narrowed as we advanced.

At Manabougou we found a practicable ford, and crossed to the other side, taking the direct road to Yamina. Along this very same road, sixty-seven years ago, Mungo Park had toiled, returning from Ségou worn out with fatigue and hardship, without resources of any kind, begging his way from village to village. I was more fortunate, for though my companions were a horde of cruel barbarians, yet I was safe under their protection; and, as the guest and ally of their sovereign, met with respect and good treatment at their hands. With them I travelled more than sixty leagues on the shores of the great



TALIBÉ EQUIPPED FOR FIGHTING.

river of Soudan, and by taking with great exactness the bearings of its course, I was able to trace the first correct map of that section of its basin.

The road to Yamina led through wide and lovely plains, bounded only by the horizon. Notwithstanding the long drought and burning heat, they were covered with fresh green grass; but these fine pasture-lands, where thousands of cattle might have grazed and grown fat, were completely deserted. All the villages we came to were destroyed and abandoned, and nowhere was there a living creature to be seen. On the second day we passed a number of ponds or small lakes, which in the rainy season are all connected, and form a second river, parallel to the Niger. The largest of these is called the lake of Mira.

The end of May was at hand, and with it the rainy season; and as soon as I was able to get about again, I made another attempt to despatch a messenger to St. Louis, but without success, Ahmadou contrived to frustrate it.

Continual raids were made by small detachments of troops into the eastern territory and into the environs of Sansandig, the men coming back laden with spoil; everywhere the country was completely demoralised, and it would have been easy for Ahmadou to regain all the land he had lost, had he been prepared to strike a desperate blow; but, as usual, there was dissension between king, chiefs, and people. He called together the army, but the army did not seem inclined to obey. They were cultivating their millet-fields; the last crops had failed, millet had risen to an exorbitant price, and



SOLDIER LED TO EXECUTION.

Ahmadou's first act on reaching Yamina was to exact a heavy war-tax from the inhabitants. I found my way to my old quarters, the house of Serinté, but the kind old chief was no longer there. He had been accused of plotting, and had several months ago been summoned to Ségou, with strict orders not to leave it again. His son, grown almost into a man, and his wives, who had remained at Yamina, gave me a most hearty and hospitable reception, and thanked me for coming to see them. We marched on to Ségou, making scarcely any halt by the way; Ahmadou was impatient to reach it, and urged on his army, regardless of the excessive heat and fatigue we had to endure.

Many men fell down from exhaustion, and were left behind to die. I felt, several times, as if I must follow their example, and reached Ségou more dead than alive. As I had done on former similar occasions, I subsisted for many days exclusively on milk, to which means I fully believe I owed my recovery.

consequently there was a great deal of distress amongst the people.

On the 6th of June Ahmadou called a palaver, and the chiefs came to lay their grievances before him and seek redress. First, they demanded that he should never again exclude the Talibés from his presence, and that the Sofas should be prohibited from arresting them on any pretext whatsoever; secondly, that he should take care of and maintain those soldiers who were wounded and disabled in his service, instead of leaving them to beg or die of starvation as he had done hitherto; thirdly, that he should provide for the widows and children of those Talibés who were killed in war.

Ahmadou seemed to feel the justice of these two latter demands, for he replied immediately, as if he must excuse himself, that whenever a wounded Talibé had applied to him for assistance, it had been granted; but that he could not be expected to give help unasked, as he did not know all those

who were wounded. This answer was incorrect and evasive, but was received without any further remark. Nothing that he said was ever questioned.

This palaver was followed by three weeks of delay and hesitation, until, on the 21st, the tabala was beaten, and the griots ran about the streets, calling the men to arm and prepare for an expedition against Sansandig. Ahmadou went to Bafou-Bougou, a village some miles up the river, where the army was to cross. I joined him there, and pitching my tent in a sheltered place on the banks, watched with great interest the transport of the men and horses. It was a long and difficult undertaking (the river at that part was no less than 2,000 yards wide), taking three whole days, and a good many lives were lost both of men and horses. On the 7th of July, Ahmadou and I crossed over amongst the last, and that evening at ten o'clock we were overtaken by a violent tornado. I had noticed clouds gathering in the east which bore a threatening aspect, and had taken the precaution of encamping on the highest part of the river-bank, so that the water might run

down from, and not into, our tents. When the storm burst and the rain came down in torrents, we were besieged by numbers of streaming, half-drowned creatures begging for shelter: we were already pretty tightly packed; in one of the tents—we had but two—were our fifteen laptots, in the other the doctor and myself with eight men, besides two canteens, six guns, and I do not know how many flasks of gunpowder, several bags of millet, and three saddles of native manufacture besides my own; but how could one turn away a poor wretch who came, as my friend San Farba and several others did, with his only set of garments tightly rolled up under his arm to keep them dry, his saddle on his head, entreating shelter for his naked body? I could only request them to put on their boubous, and bid them welcome as long as there was an inch of room left. It was a source of intense astonishment to them that such a thin texture as that of which my tents were made should so effectually keep out the rain, and in the morning everybody crowded around them to feel and examine.

The Regions of the Cazembe, and Dr. Livingstone's Recent Explorations.—VI.

BY CHARLES T. DEKE, PH.D., F.S.A., ETC.

THE clothing of the people consists generally of the skins of animals. The women wear the *nyanda*, or waist-cloth, or sometimes only a much more scanty covering. The sovereign is dressed in woollen or printed cotton cloths; and the kilólos, or nobles, follow his example, only in a lower degree. Both sexes wear their hair a palm (eight inches) or more in length, arranged in one, two, or three tresses, or tied in a single knot. They do not tattoo their skin, nor make incisions on the face or other parts of the body; neither do they pierce the lips, or nose, or even the ears, for the insertion of ornaments—in all these respects acting in nowise contrary to Nature.

Their mechanical industry is not of delicate perfection, but it completely fulfils the purposes for which it is intended, as is, indeed, shown in the construction of their houses. It is, however, in the use they make of wood that they are especially distinguished. Not to speak of their boats and other articles usually made of this material, their dishes and vessels for containing liquids, with various other implements, are all made of wood, the several articles being finished with the greatest neatness.

As an instance of this may be mentioned the instrument called *mombo*, which consists of a thin hollow cylinder, formed of a single piece of hard wood, having only one orifice lengthways of about an inch in width, the two extremities of such opening being square about two inches each way. This instrument is hung from a man's neck by a leather thong, being kept from touching his body by a bent cane, and it is beaten along the sides of the opening with two little rods of caoutchouc. The *mombo* may be heard at a considerable distance; and by means of it, through a combination of sounds, the Muata Cazembe transmits all his orders, in a manner perfectly intelligible, but only to those who know the Kampokólo language: indeed, it is used for no other purpose.

The making of their kitchen and domestic vessels of wood may be thus accounted for. The Hungarian traveller, Ladislaus Magyar, to whom allusion was made in a former article,* informs us that the country of Lu-embu, on the eastern side of the Kuanza, lying between that river and the primeval forests of Olo-Vihenda and Kibokoe, in which I place the head of the Nile,† is by the inhabitants of the countries situate further in the interior designated Kim-bandi, or Djim-bandi, for which name he gives the following singular reason. As in those countries the soil is altogether sandy, more or less mixed with humus, which soil is quite unfit for the manufacture of earthenware, their inhabitants have to obtain from the regions on the Kuanza their earthenware vessels, or, at all events, the large ones used for the preparation of their native beverage, called *ovhluu*. Hence, he tells us, they call these regions Kim-bandi, which name he says, is composed of two A-bunda words, signifying "man" and "pot," and may be understood to mean "the pot country," like our English "Potteries." Under such circumstances, it is perfectly intelligible that the people of the Cazembe's country, with their industrious habits, should prefer manufacturing their domestic vessels of wood at home to importing earthenware from the distant pot country.

Gamitto says, however, in another place, rather inconsistently, that the Cazembe's people know how to make use of clay for the manufacture of kitchen utensils, vessels for water, pombé, &c.; from which it must be inferred that his previous statement respecting their manufacturing those articles of wood is not to be understood so absolutely as it is expressed. Nevertheless, it is quite certain that they make extensive use of wood for the construction of articles that in other countries are made of very different materials.

* See page 87, ante.

† See pages 54, 56, ante.

These people also largely turn to account various other productions of the vegetable kingdom. From the fibres of numerous plants in which Eastern Africa abounds they manufacture flax; and from this, as well as from cotton—of which, however, they have but little—they weave coarse cloths, make ropes, nets, fishing-lines, sewing thread, &c. Elastic gum is plentiful, but they make no use of it except for their musical instruments. Oil is extracted by them from various fruits, grains, and seeds. For culinary purposes they employ palm-oil, which they call *coma*; and for giving light they make use of the kernels of the *Jatropha curcas* and other seeds. Gamitto remarks that they are the only nation of that part of Africa who thus make use of artificial lights. They do not know how to prepare any vegetable dyes; but they have many vegetable medicines, the principal one being a sort of *quina*, with which they perform wonderful cures.

The *Gangas* seem, indeed, to be not unskilled in the art of healing. After Captain Gamitto had been some time in the country, he had an attack of scurvy so severe that his gums became quite black, his teeth loose, and he suffered such excruciating pain that he could obtain no rest. When he had been several days in this state, the Muata sent to him one of his gangas, who, after making himself well acquainted with the complaint, told the patient in a magisterial and emphatic tone that he would return at sunset with the remedy, and that he should have a good night's rest. When he came he brought with him some pieces of fungus and of the fine bark of a tree, very much like that of the plum-tree, on which the fungus appeared to have grown. The fungus he burnt to a coal, and then, adding one-third part of salt, he ground it to a very fine powder. With this he rubbed the gums, and though they were so tender that they would not bear touching with the tongue, they supported the friction perfectly well. After this he made the patient rinse his mouth, and then gargle with a decoction of the bark. Though Gamitto had placed no faith in his doctor's prediction, he passed the night in a profound and tranquil sleep, and woke very much relieved on the following morning, when, on repeating the medicine, he was completely cured.

Tobacco is cultivated without any trouble, beyond sowing the seed and gathering the leaves when ripe. These are put away without any preparation, and the tobacco is, of course, weak and without flavour. When smoked in a pipe, as is the practice, it decrepitates as if it had been salted. What little is used as snuff is prepared by heating a potsherd in the fire, and then placing the tobacco-leaves on it; and, when they are sufficiently toasted, they are reduced to powder by rubbing them on the same piece of earthenware with a small smooth stone.

They extract salt from the ashes of certain plants by infusion and evaporation. Besides this vegetable salt, they obtain another kind from an earth, on which the salt shows itself like saltpetre, by putting it into pans filled with water, which they then filter and place in the sun to evaporate, when the salt remains.

Iron is made use of by them for the manufacture of their weapons of war and implements of husbandry. Antimony is extracted from the ore by rubbing it with oil, whereby they obtain a red pigment, with which the Cazembian belles anoint themselves. Of copper they possess very rich mines, in which is found a profusion of malachite, in pieces of all sizes; only the

same are but little worked, owing to the greediness of the Muata Cazembe. In fact, the sovereign monopolises not only these mines, but the whole of the commerce of the country, both with the traders who come to his dominions, and also by sending the produce of his country for sale, on his own account, to places where he knows it will find purchasers. The only people, however, from the eastern parts of Africa who visit the Cazembe are the Muizas and the Impóanes—that is to say, the Mohammedans of the Zanzibar coast, who have to deal with him on his own terms.

The object of both the Portuguese Missions of 1798 and 1831 was twofold—first, to establish direct commercial relations between their possessions on the east coast of Africa and the dominions of the Muata Cazembe; and, secondly, to obtain a free passage through those dominions to their possessions on the west coast. Had Dr. Lacerda lived, it is most probable he would have been able to come to some understanding on the former point with so intelligent and well-intentioned a prince as Lekéza. As regards, however, the passage across his dominions, it was hardly to be expected that he would grant it; inasmuch as by so doing he must have brought the Portuguese of the east coast into communication with his powerful neighbour and suzerain the Muatiana (Matiambo), which would have been in direct contravention of the policy of the Cazembian dynasty; namely, to extend their conquests and relations towards the east, as the means of strengthening themselves against aggression from the west. Still, Lekéza was careful not to offend the Portuguese by positively refusing to comply with their desire in this respect; and, therefore, after a variety of excuses, he allowed Father Pinto, when he returned to Tete, to leave behind him two native soldiers, who were to be sent forward to the west coast whenever a suitable opportunity should present itself, which, as a matter of course, was never found.

From Lekéza's unworthy successor, Kanyembo V., to whom the second Portuguese Mission was sent, no good of any kind was to be expected. So far from desiring to treat his visitors on friendly terms, his sole object was to obtain everything they possessed; and this he pretty well succeeded in doing, either by fair means or by foul. The result, to repeat the words of Captain Gamitto,* was that, "Taking into consideration all that had occurred with the Muata, and the treatment the expedition had experienced from him, as also the great distance and the desert country that had to be traversed, and the various other circumstances recorded in his journal, they all agreed, with one accord, that, as a great service to their sovereign, to their nation, and to humanity, they should not insist on entering into any treaty of commerce with that barbarian, both because he was incapable of observing it, and also in order not to excite in any future governor of the Rios de Sena, who might be blinded by ambition, the desire to send another mission to this country."

It was, however, no easy matter for the Portuguese to obtain permission to leave the Cazembe's dominions. It has been seen how the superstitious fears of the Muata were by some means excited by the spirit of his father Lekéza.† The calamitous visitations of small-pox and famine during the stay of the strangers in the country were even more effective. But, strange to say, the most powerful mediator with the Muata—far more so than his father's ghost—was the donkey on which

* "O Muata Cazembe," p. 337.

† See page 181, ante.

Captain Gamitto had made his solemn entry into Lunda, as has been related.

This animal had been permitted to pasture with the herds of the Mambo, and had always lived in good fellowship and perfect harmony with them, enjoying all the honours, prerogatives, and privileges possessed by them, the chief of which was the helping themselves to food wherever they happened to meet with it without any one daring to gainsay them, so that the donkey was the only member of the mission that obtained full and regular rations. In the end, however, it happened—whether as the result of his good living, the effect of the climate, or his having nothing better to do, cannot be said—this favoured animal became the tyrant of the herd, incessantly biting and tormenting his companions. In fact, his ill-behaviour attained such a pitch, that the Muata made a formal complaint respecting it to the chief of the mission. Availing himself of the superstitious feelings of the people, Major Monteiro replied that the chimancáta—for so they had named the donkey—had frequently expressed a desire to return to Tete, and having learned that the Muata would not let the mission depart, he had thought fit to avenge himself on the monarch's cows. This answer satisfied the Mambo, who appeared to believe it. But about a fortnight before the mission really did leave, the jackass, when running, as usual, after the herd, which fled before him, jumped upon a bull and tore a piece out of his neck with his teeth. This gave occasion to a fresh complaint, and the same excuse for his ill-conduct having been made, the Cazembe laughingly replied that they might tell the chimancáta to leave off persecuting the herd, for he was going to depart very shortly.

This is not the only adventure of the marvellous donkey of the Portuguese mission. Shortly after they had quitted the territories of the Cazembe, on their way back to Tete, they came to a village of the Muembas, the fumo or chief of which desired to see "the mozungu that carried people." The jackass was accordingly brought from the camp, and the people making a great noise with laughing and clapping of hands, the animal began to bray. This the interpreter told the fumo was his way of asking for something to eat, whereupon he was ordered to be given some millet, which he speedily devoured. When he had done eating, the fumo expressed a wish to hear the chimancáta speak again; and as they did not exactly know how to make the animal comply with his request, they let him loose, in the expectation that he would run off to the camp, and in so doing would charm the natives with the music of his voice. But the sagacious beast did far better than that. In front of the fumo there happened to be a heap of ashes, on which the donkey rolled himself over and over, and then, rising and shaking himself, he started off at full gallop for the camp. On seeing this the fumo and his people began clapping their hands in a state of the greatest excitement. And not without reason; for among them, when an inferior salutes a mambo or a fumo, he throws himself on his back and rolls from side to side, and while he does this the person saluted and his suite clap their hands in acknowledgement; and the interpreter having given the fumo and his people to understand that the animal, in thus rolling himself in the dust, was returning thanks for the food he had received, they, wondering at his sagacity, returned the compliment enthusiastically.

The second Portuguese mission left Lunda on May 20th, 1832, arriving at Tete on October 15th following, after a very disastrous journey. Since that period the court and country

of the Muata Cazembe had remained unvisited by any European, till our adventurous countryman, Dr. Livingstone, found his way thither in 1867. From the total absence of information from him on the subject, we have no means whatever of knowing or even surmising what occurred to him while there. All we can say is, that as he reached so he quitted that country in safety, and that at the end of May, 1869, he was at Ujiji, on the eastern shore of Lake Tanganyika, on his way northwards, along the eastern side of that lake, to "Baker's turning-point" on the Albert Nyanza; unless, indeed, as he seems to hint when speaking of the "unvisited lake" on the western side of Tanganyika, into which the "western and central lines of drainage converge," he should "go there first," and so "down Tanganyika," along its western instead of its eastern side.

Although as yet unacquainted with the particulars of Dr. Livingstone's adventures in the regions of the Cazembe, we know that his stay there must have been long enough to have enabled him to collect much valuable information respecting that potentate and his people, which the little knowledge on this interesting subject that I have been the means of imparting will only make the public more eager to learn. It is, however, not improbable that a more thorough acquaintance with this most imperfectly known portion of the interior of the African continent may be derived from another and totally distinct source.

Sir Samuel Baker, as is well known, is on his way to the Albert Nyanza, which he is about to navigate and explore, by means of steam-vessels taken out from Egypt, in the name and under the authority of the viceroy of that country. From that traveller's former explorations in 1864, this great expanse of water is known to extend to the west of Karagwé, as far as about 1° 30' S. latitude, where "*it turns suddenly to the west*," in which direction its extent is unknown; and as this point may seemingly be placed as far west as about the twenty-eighth meridian east of Greenwich, the south-western extremity of the Albert Nyanza is thus carried beyond the north end of Lake Tanganyika, though without preventing this latter lake from communicating with it, as Livingstone says it does, by means of the river Loanda. If there be really a direct communication between the Albert Nyanza and the system of the Chambeze, then, as the elevation of the latter (about 3,000 feet) is little above that of the former (2,720 feet), there is reason for believing in the possibility of Baker's penetrating by water into the very heart of the Cazembe's country. And not merely so; for, if I am right in my opinion* that the great river Kassávi, or Kasáí, is the continuation of the Albert Nyanza and Chowambe—that is to say, the upper course of the Nile, as is shown in my "Sketch Map of the Upper Nile Basin," given on page 89 of the present volume—then it follows, further, that the Egyptian Expedition will, at the same time, gain access to the unknown territories of the Muatania (Muata-Yanvo or Matiamvo). Altogether, we may now confidently look forward to our speedily becoming acquainted with what is unquestionably the most interesting, as it is probably the most important, portion of Southern Central Africa; and witnessing, at the same time, the final revelation of the mystery of the Source of the Nile.

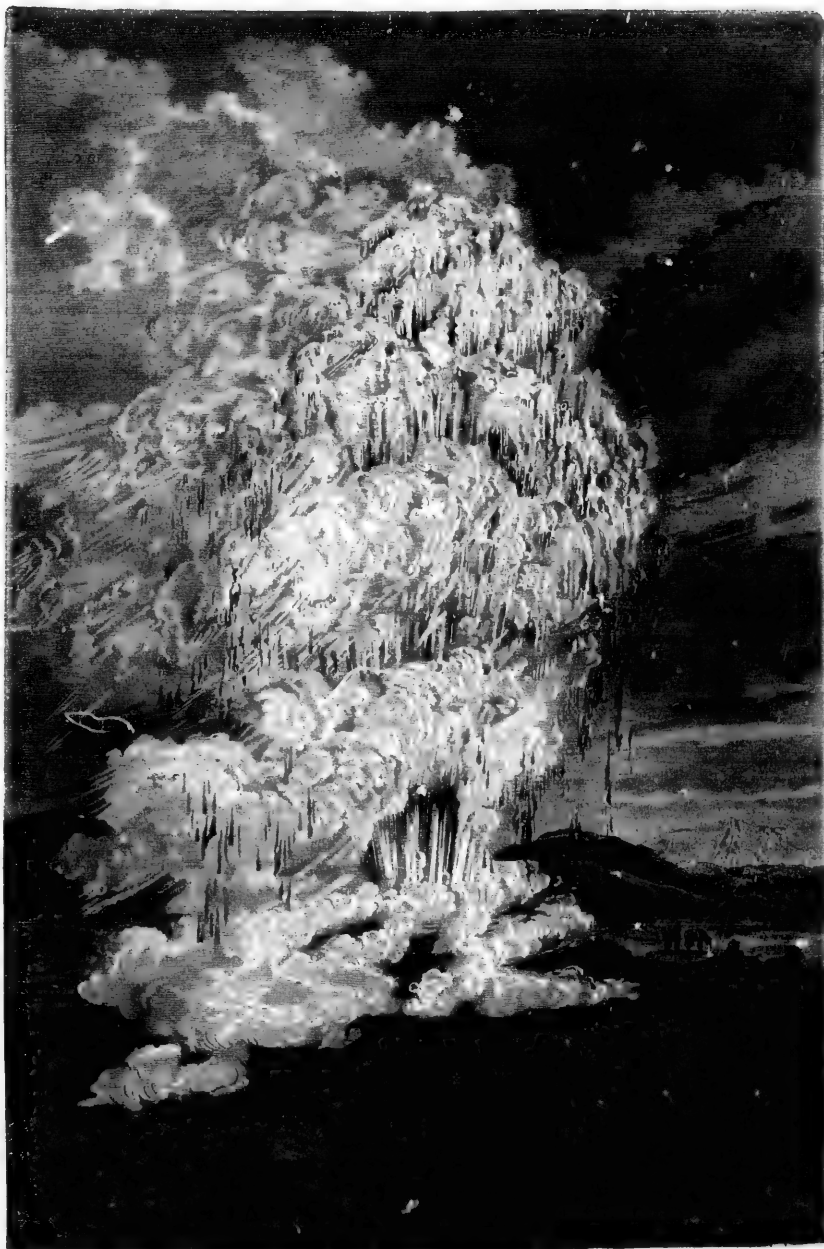
* See page 56, *ante*. The reference made there, in the foot note, to the *Athenæum* should be to the number of February 5th, 1870, instead of January, 1869.

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THE GREAT GEYSER.

An Iclander's Notes on Iceland.—III.

BY JÓN A. HJALTALÍN.

ONE member of an Icelandic household is engaged in quite a different way from those mentioned in the preceding chapter, and has a more arduous task, perhaps, than all the others. He has to read aloud to all the rest one of the old Sagas, the publications of the day, or any other book, printed or in manuscript, which they may have caught hold of; and a hard task it is sometimes, as I can tell from my own experience, to overcome the deafening sounds of the spinning-wheels, and of the weaving and carding, so that those farthest away may be able to hear; or by the lurid glare of the lamp to decipher the well-thumbed manuscripts, most of which are written with abbreviations, giving only one or two letters for a whole word. The reader has also to reply to many interpellations and questions during the recital, as to the nature and truth of the information he is conveying to them; and the exclamation, "I don't believe this even though it be printed," is frequently heard from the auditors. The advantage of this reciting is, however, obvious. In this manner every member of the household has the opportunity of becoming acquainted with every book that comes to the house, and further, by asking questions, he may obtain all that information which any other member of the household may be able to give, and he who knows more than the rest is very glad to be thus called upon to show forth his abilities; besides, this reading aloud excites the desire for information in the audience. When a peasant has exhausted his stock of books in this way, he exchanges books and manuscripts with his neighbour, if he has any work not possessed by himself, and thus there is not a book or manuscript of any kind within fifty miles' distance that has not been read over and over again by every household.

This will, I think, account for the education of the country population of Iceland. But if this should fail, of which, however, I know no instance except in some of the fishing-places on the coast, there is a law which enables the clergyman and overseer of the parish to remove the children of those parents who do not teach them from their home, and board them with others who are willing to teach them their catechism and to read, and the parents of those children have to bear the expense for their board and instruction, unless they are paupers; but in that case it is defrayed by the parish. There is also an old law still in force, I believe, although it is never heard of at the present day, which enacted that no couple should be allowed to marry unless the bride at least was able to read.

For higher education we have a college at Reykjavík, with six professors. The branches of study are Latin, Greek, Icelandic, Danish, and German; history, geography, natural history, mathematics, and the rudiments of theology. English and French are optional. For those who propose to enter the church, there is a higher institution, with three professors. The general physician of Iceland, assisted by another medical man, keeps a school for those who are going to adopt the medical profession; but intending lawyers and philologists have to go to the university of Copenhagen to finish their education.

On approaching Iceland one is struck by the grandeur of the scenery that everywhere is presented to the eye of the stranger. At one place there is nothing to be seen but gigantic peaks of

ice of dazzling whiteness, but they look so cold, that the mere aspect almost makes one's eyes freeze; at the same time, however, there is such a majesty about them that you cannot turn your eyes away. At another, immense piles of black rocks rise immediately out of the sea, and look like towers and castles built by some Titanic giants. Their spirit seems to hover about the spires and battlements of those lofty structures, and to impart a sort of gloominess to the surrounding air which strikes the beholder with awe and even fear; but if he is struck by awe and fear at beholding those monuments of Nature in their majestic calmness, what would be his amazement if he saw those powers at work that have made and are making those monuments? What a sight to see the flames raging perhaps a mile high above the top of the mountain, a rapid stream of boiling water sweeping down tremendous ice-blocks side by side with a red-hot current of molten lava miles and miles in length and breadth! Now and then this awful scene is hidden from view by clouds of smoke and ashes, so thick that the brightest noon-day is turned into the darkest night scores of miles around the erupting volcano. On a fine summer's day our ice mountains (*jökull*) afford the most grand and brilliant view, and on account of the clearness of the atmosphere, they can be seen at a distance of even 100 miles. Their tops, even in fine weather, are very often covered by light fleecy clouds. Seaward, the view is limited, as it were, by a wall of white clouds; to the eye they present an appearance as if they were heaps of cotton or white wool piled upon each other, and so solid do they look that we may fancy we might sit upon them if we were able to get there. In a calm and clear sky the brilliancy of the scene is even painful to the eye; but the clouds may soon grow dark, the clear sky become overcast, and the hoary rime giants may assume frowning looks. All at once the scene is changed. The majestic serenity of the former scene has disappeared, and the sea, the sky, and the ice mountains seem to have formed a triple alliance for the purpose of destroying our frail barque.

To judge from the population of Iceland, which does not exceed 70,000, one might think it a small island, covering a few square miles, therefore I have no doubt many will be surprised to hear that it is larger than Ireland; it is about 37,000 square miles. It is situated between 63° 24' and 66° 30' of north latitude, and its north coast touches the Polar circle. Its geographical features are very singular, and such as are not to be found in many other places on our globe. One of the modern poets of Iceland has described it in the following stanza:—

"In wondrous union here combined
Extremes of heat and cold we find,
Frozen lakes, and boiling fountains,
Icy valleys, burning mountains—
An awful though mysterious blending
Of frost and snow with fire contending."

This is, I think, a true and graphic description of my native land. This constitution or nature of the country is the reason why so small a space is inhabited. The very name—Iceland—is very well founded, as almost one-sixth of its area is covered with everlasting snow in the shape of ice mountains,

which are scattered over the whole island. But the most remarkable of the ice mountains are situated in the middle of Iceland, from east to west, near the south coast, and some of them come down close to the shore. The largest of the Icelandic ice mountains is called "Vatnajökull," which is, however, more a collection of ice mountains than a single one; it covers an area of 3,000 square miles, or about the half-part of Yorkshire. The highest of its peaks, called "Öraefajökull," attains a height of 6,300 feet.

Iceland is often visited by the polar ice, sometimes every year for many years running; thus we have had it every year these last twelve or thirteen years. At other times we do not see anything of it for a number of years. On the whole, I think I may safely state that it visits Iceland, on an average, every second year, or at least every third year. It seems to come from north-west, and surrounds the north-western, the northern, and a part of the eastern coasts of the island from three to five months—from February to June, and sometimes even into July. This Polar ice consists of vast masses of floating icebergs, one-third of which project out of the sea, and enormous pieces of field-ice, one-tenth of which only rises above the surface. I feel convinced that the masses sometimes surrounding Iceland would cover the whole German Ocean, from the coast of Jutland to that of England. These vast masses of ice are moved by the currents of the sea only, and the winds have little or no effect upon them. When the Polar ice reaches to Iceland in January or February, it generally goes away again in March or April; and in that case it does no harm. On the contrary, it may bring us some advantage, for whales are sometimes obliged to go into the firths to get away from the ice, and as the ice presses upon them, they are impelled farther into the bays, until at last they are driven on shore or killed between the icebergs. White bears also occasionally make a trip to Iceland on the Polar ice. As soon as they come on shore, the farmers assemble to attack them. Only last winter several polar bears were killed in Iceland. Those, however, that are not killed, go back with the ice when it leaves us. When the ice has left suddenly, and the bears are still on shore, they ascend a high mountain to look for it; and if they can see it, they run down to the sea, plunge into it, and swim out to the ice—the distance sometimes being no less than thirty to forty miles. If, however, the ice comes in April or May, which is often the case, it remains generally till the end of July. In this case it is the bane of Iceland; for while it surrounds the coasts the sharp and piercing cold checks all vegetation. So long as it is drifting about near the coasts, the weather is very unsettled, sharp winds blowing from all directions, with sleet and snow; but as soon as it has become stationary, and has frozen together with the land ice, the weather becomes calm and settled, and dry frosty weather sets in. To judge from the movements of the ice, a current seems to be running, at least at certain seasons of the year, from north-west along the northern coast; then it sweeps round the eastern coast, and runs westward along the southern side of the island, and then again north, past the western coast, thus preventing the ice from passing southward along the western side. When the polar ice leaves Iceland, the largest mass of it seems to drift away to the north by the same way as it came.

I may mention one more circumstance in connection with the Polar ice. In a bay of the north of Iceland, a large iceberg grounded at a depth of twenty fathoms, about ten fathoms

rising out of the sea; it remained standing there the greatest part of the summer, and the fishermen always found great abundance of codfish around the iceberg; but there was this peculiarity about the fish that all of them were blind in one eye, which the fisherman said was the eye turned towards the iceberg.

One would think, from the vast masses of ice in Iceland and around its coasts, that the climate must be very severe. Such is, however, not the case, considering the high latitude of the country. Thus, upon inquiring into facts, we find that the average winter cold of Reykjavik is less than that of Aberdeen, in Scotland. At Reykjavik the average temperature during the summer is 53° Fahrenheit; the whole year 40°, and during the winter 29°—at Aberdeen 26°. In the north of Iceland it is considerably colder, namely, 45° during the summer, the whole year, 32°, and during the winter, 20°.

This comparative mildness of the climate is owing to a branch of the Gulf Stream which sweeps round the south and south-western coasts of our island. Great quantities of rain fall in the south part of the island, both during the winter and the summer, and sharp winds are frequent. It is a curious phenomenon in Iceland that thunder scarcely ever occurs except in the winter. The climate of the north of Iceland is much more dry and regular than that of the south.

If it is true that our island may justly be called an island of ice, as I have mentioned above, it is no less true that it might also be called an island of fire. Even if we had not in our annals an account of scores of volcanic eruptions; even if we did not know of our twenty-five volcanoes, several of which are still occasionally in a state of activity, the aspect of every mountain, every lava tract, forcibly reminds us of the volcanic origin of our island. In many ways does the subterranean heat indicate its presence; not the least interesting of these are the hot springs, which are to be found in great numbers in several parts of the island. These hot springs are not only interesting, but they might also be of great advantage to the inhabitants, if they had the skill to use them; this may be seen from the following fact:—Near a certain farm in the district of Eyjafjörður, in the north of Iceland, there are several hot springs, and the farmer's potato field is near one of them. One autumn he had left some potatoes unawares in the field, and, to his astonishment, he saw them sprouting forth at Christmas time, and since this discovery he has actually had two crops of potatoes every year. Here is a hothouse bed of Nature's own making, no fuel, nor artificial heating apparatus is required; it is ready-made, and all we have to do is to erect the glass-house, and we might in Iceland—strange to say—grow grapes and the fruits of the tropics.

The waters of all these hot springs have a petrifying quality, that is to say, the particles they throw up strike against the rocks and stones above the water, attach to them, and form a kind of white and hard crust, very similar to gypsum. This crust is composed of small worm-like particles, generated by the drops of water that separate from each other after the rocks in question have been moistened, and thus they deposit the sediment they contain.

The king of all these boiling fountains is the far-famed Geyser—which means the "raging, the violent," from the Icelandic verb *geysa*, to rage—and from this principal fountain travellers have incorrectly termed all hot springs Geysers, which sound to Icelanders just as it would sound to Englishmen if a

foreigner said, "There are many Thameses in England." The Geyser is about fifty miles north-east of Reykjavik. When the stranger approaches it within two miles, he sees a considerable column of smoke arise both from the Geyser itself and from the other hot springs around. It is situated at the side of a hill called Laugarfell. The soil about the springs is not very

is announced by a rumbling sound, similar to the firing of a cannon at a distance, or underground. Yet visitors are very often disappointed by this sound being heard without any outburst following it; but when an eruption takes place, the whole mass of the water contained in the basin rises into one column—at the bottom its circumference is nearly equal to that



TRAVELLING IN ICELAND.

remarkable; it consists of reddish and greyish sand, and one scarcely dares to tread on it in some parts lest the boiling abysses beneath should swallow one up. Indeed, a horse was once actually lost through the soil where it appeared to be solid ground. There are about ten or twelve hot springs round the Geyser. Round the deep aperture or tube, there is a

of the basin, but at the top it is much smaller, and thus the water column has a conical appearance. There is no continual playing of the water like fountains, but it rises in jets in rapid succession, and sinks down into the basin alternately, without almost any interval; the height of the water column has, in later years, been estimated at about 100 feet, and



DIFFICULTIES OF THE ROAD.

basin formed by the incrustations of the water; its shape is just like that of a bowl with a hole in the bottom, a large shallow funnel with a deep pipe. The diameter of this basin is about fifty-six feet, and the depth four feet. The diameter of the opening of the pipe is about thirteen feet, but a little way down it is only seven feet and a half. The basin is filled with hot water between the eruptions, and at one side a small brook flows from it. Between the eruptions the water of the Geyser is not boiling, although scalding hot; a coming eruption

when I saw it some years ago, I should say that this was the height it attained. Formerly it is said to have been much higher; and a scientific man who witnessed one of the eruptions of Geyser about 100 years ago, reckons the height of the column at 360 feet. During the eruption, which lasts about four to six minutes, the water flows with violence over the brim of the basin, and after the eruption, not only the basin is emptied but the tube also, almost as far down as can be seen; thus one can walk over and lie down in the basin as close to

the mouth of the tube as one pleases. But soon the water begins to rise, and after an hour and a half, is again filled to the brim. The eruptions of the Geyser are not at all regular; sometimes two may be witnessed in a day; at other times one may have to wait three or four days, or even a week, before an eruption takes place.

Not more than about fifty paces from the Geyser, there is another hot spring called Strokkur (the churn), which is not much inferior to the Geyser, and is more polite to visitors, for it can be made to perform when one likes by throwing twenty or thirty sods into it, when after ten to fifteen minutes it will rise to about the same height as the Geyser. Strokkur has no basin, but only a tube of about ten yards circumference, and

certain hot still pools, seldom noticed in books, but which afford the traveller very remarkable sensations. Four of such may be visited within a ten minutes' stroll. Of these the nearest to the place where visitors generally pitch their tent, and within two minutes' walk of the basin of the Geyser, is Blesi. I remember this spring very well, and the impression it made upon me. My friend, Dr. Garth Wilkinson, who was there some years ago, once described it to me, and as I know that my description of it would not in any way equal his, I have no hesitation in substituting it for my own. He describes it thus:—

"I saw before me a hot, slightly steaming pool, slightly raised above the sandy, chalky-looking terrain around, and with a little rivulet running and steaming out of the western



RECEPTION OF A GUEST IN AN ICELANDIC FAMILY.

the water is constantly boiling and roaring about four yards down the tube. When a sufficient quantity of sods has been thrown into it, after a while the water-column rises straight up and falls straight down again, so that one can stand without any danger within two yards of the column itself. The difference from the Geyser is that the water is muddy on account of the dirt thrown into it, and the mass of the water-column is not so large, and therefore it has not so majestic an appearance as that of the Geyser. From the fact that a scientific man visiting the Geyser about the middle of the last century makes no mention of Strokkur, we may conclude that it did not exist at that time, or at least that its state of activity had not commenced. Singular as this may seem, it is a well-known fact in Iceland, that hot springs "move," as it is called, or disappear in one place and reappear at another; some hot springs are also known to increase in strength and activity, while others decrease.

On the same plateau with the Geyser and Strokkur there are

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end of it. On approaching the pool, it was found to be divided into two by a white stripe of ground, a white ridge; the guide telling me that this white ridge was probably the origin of the name, Blesi, which means a horse with a white stripe down the face, in Yorkshire also called a "blaze." I looked horizontally at the pool as I walked up to it, and saw nothing remarkable; but when I looked vertically, or down into it, a startling sight presented itself. The pond is quiet, viewed superficially; but viewed more closely it is the top of an abyssal crater, and the ground on which you stand, at the sides, is the hollow dome of a boiling sea. The water looks clear as the sky, the lightest green colour, like the water in the funnel of the Geyser, and you seem to look into immeasurable depths. The divided pool becomes one under the frail bridge which marks them as two on the surface. The sides of Blesi, scooped away under you, are covered as far as the eye can follow them with stalactitic forms white as snow, tinged with the fine green hue I have mentioned. At once

beautiful and terrible is this quiet pool. I regard Blesi with its contents as itself worth a visit to Iceland."

At Mývatn, in the north of Iceland, in the neighbourhood of some hot springs, there is a natural grotto, that has been rendered more convenient by being fitted up with the lava found in its vicinity. Two apertures in the floor of the grotto exhale a very hot and moist vapour, which, however, is neither unhealthy nor of a disagreeable colour. The inhabitants make use of this vapour bath by sitting on the ground. A similar bath is to be found near the Geyser, the only difference being that the grotto is replaced by a mud hut.

At Reykir, in Ölfes, there is a hot spring, also called Geyser, remarkable for the regularity of its eruptions, which take place every third hour, though in respect to grandeur they are not at all comparable to those of its namesake. In the neighbourhood of this Geyser there is also another very remarkable spring called Seydir. Its funnel does not contain any water, but a thick steam issues from it, the heat of which is so great, that the inhabitants can easily cook in it their milk, fish, and meat. They say that their victuals are dressed by it as quickly as in the water of the boiling springs, and that they receive no peculiar taste or smell from the steam, which itself has no sulphurous odour, though some sulphur vapour issues with it.

The use which my countrymen make of these hot springs is limited to cooking their food and washing their clothes. In some places, also, where these springs are only lukewarm, or where they can conveniently be mixed with cold water, they are used for bathing. I have no doubt that they might be turned to some more profitable use. I know, for instance, that some hot springs near the sea in the west of Iceland were used for making sea-salt, which I believe answered very well; and I think it was owing merely to the

want of energy on the part of those who had to manage the salt making that it was discontinued after some time.

Two-thirds of Iceland—namely, the interior of the island—is not inhabited, except by foxes and reindeer, for it is either covered with everlasting snow and so-called ice mountains, or with immense lava tracts and volcanoes, some parts of which never, perhaps, have been penetrated by any human being. The largest of these deserts is Odáðahraun (the lava of evil-doers). As yet this extensive lava tract has been very little explored, and therefore it has been a common belief, even to this day, that it is inhabited by the progeny of criminals who had made their escape into the deserts, and held no intercourse with the rest of the inhabitants of the island—hence the name, "the lava of evil-doers."

One-third part of Iceland is reckoned to be inhabited—viz., all around the coast. This part consists of plains covered with fine and luxuriant grass, which supplies excellent food for sheep, cows, and horses, either as pasture or hay; also of some tracts of heather, and moors. All around the coast, except on the south side, there are a great number of bays and firths running into the interior, many of which afford a good shelter and safe harbour for vessels. Most of these firths, especially in the north-western and eastern parts of the island, are surrounded by high and rocky mountains, which at a distance look like gigantic towers; the peaks of some are so sharp that there is scarcely room to stand upon them, and the ridges of the mountains dividing the firths are in several places so narrow that one can actually stride across them. From the end of the firths and bays there are generally inhabited valleys going up the country, watered by rivers rich in salmon and trout. Some of these rivers are 100 miles long. There are also several fresh-water lakes in Iceland rich in salmon and trout. The best known of these lakes are Thingvallavatn and Mývatn.

The Red Sea.—III.

BY JAMES WARD.

FROM BOMBAY TO KOSSEIR.

WE left Bombay in an Arab vessel which hoisted a single broad sail, and, after a little time, we got fairly out to sea. The trading vessels of the Arabs on the Indian Ocean and the Red Sea are, for the most part, rude in construction and antique in appearance. The Arab dislikes change, and rigidly adheres to the rules of navigation which his ancestor observed two thousand years ago. We can imagine that the vessels which carried the rich freights of India for the Ptolemies, the Roman prefects, and the Arabian caliphs of Egypt, were the same in structure as those which are to be met with at the present day at any considerable port of the Red Sea. Most of these craft have a lofty, broad stern, which is unmanageable in wearing; an enormous sail, on a heavy yard of immense length, which is tardily hoisted by the efforts of some fifty men on a stout mast, placed a little before midships, and raking forwards; a head bow, without any bowsprit; and, on the poop, a mizen uselessly small, with hardly canvas enough for a fishing-boat.

A vessel of this kind may frequently be seen sailing up the Red Sea, sometimes laden with cotton, the bales of which are piled on her decks to a height at once awkward and unsafe. Providence, however, in whom all Mahomedans have implicit confidence, as being the especial protector of the merchant—the friend of mankind—is exclusively relied upon; and thus, from year to year and from age to age, with favourable and gentle gales, over a sometimes serene and pleasant sea, these Arab traders sail, as their forefathers have done before them, with a peaceful feeling of security, which, however, frequently proves a delusion and a snare.

The interior arrangements, and the scene on board, when these vessels are actively employed, are deserving of a passing sketch, as they throw a peculiar and indirect light upon the Arab character. Under the poop deck is one cabin aft, with stern windows, and one forwards, with two ports of a side; this last is open to the front. The after-cabin, in the vessel to which our description applies, was the harem; the starboard side of

the larger was occupied by a son of the owner, a young Arab of Mocha, a Persian gentleman, and his son—a boy; the larboard side, with no other separation than some trunks abaft, and the wheel forward (the steering being below), was our pleasant berth. The poop presented a livelier scene; on the after-part were four Hindoo traders bound to Aden; on the starboard side forward sat our grave captain, and behind him a Turkish merchant from Mosul. On the other side were four Persians—two from the north of Persia, one from Cabul, and the other from Cashmir. The crew lay scattered over the bales in front, all boasting themselves Arabs, but differing greatly in features and complexion—the coarse gathering of such mariners of Africa and Arabia as settle at the ports, and man the vessels of either shore of the Red Sea. Four Siddi men and two boys, black as polished ebony, were the cooks and musicians. Two servants and two slave boys of the Persian gentleman, and an Indian pilgrim from beyond the Ganges, made up in all about seventy souls. These were mostly pilgrims bound for Mecca.

On the twelfth day we came in sight of the high land of Arabia, which was nearly shrouded from our view. The rising sun, however, soon showed the desolate coast—

“Barren and bare; unsightly, unadorned;”

no grass upon the rocks, no flowers on the heath, no shrub, no bird, no look of life. Cape Morebat was the point we first made, and we coasted it then to the Bay of Aden, making, in succession, the land of Fartakh, Siout, Bogashoua, and Makallah. Near the last spot we did see a boat or so stealing along the shore; but the main features of the coast were uniformly dark, waste, and wild. The rocks are not very lofty, but black, and scorched at their summits; here, *craggy* and broken with the waves dashing at their base; there, smoother, with brown and arid sides, and with beds and belts of yellow sand below. Such is the aspect, from the sea, of Arabia; and for 1,800 miles, from the point we first sighted to the shores of Midian in the Gulf of Akaba, there is very little variety. Arabia, however, although externally unattractive, can justly pride itself upon Yemen and its sparkling springs; of her frankincense and precious gums, her spices and coffee berries, her luscious dates and her honey of the rock; but the streams which descend from those fertile regions never reach the sea—they are drunk up by the sands; and the long line of coast, with a few exceptional spots, where some pastoral tribes have dug a well, is but a burning solitude. We landed our Hindoo passengers at Aden, which presents a very different aspect now compared to what it did a quarter of a century ago; the scenery is of a wild, savage, and desolate character, the rocks being ragged in their outline, and sterile on their surface.

Before we took possession of Aden, in 1840, to make it an important link in our great chain of communication with India and our more remote possessions, it was a miserable place, consisting of a small number of mud huts covered with mats, and containing about 600 inhabitants. It is now a flourishing place of trade, containing upwards of 24,000 inhabitants, and surrounded with gardens and orchards. A few more years of security and commercial activity and enterprise will, in all probability, make Aden one of the great emporia of the East. Such is the constant cycle of events in that ancient quarter of the world. Empires come and go like shadows; cities disappear from the map; all but their tradition

vanishes. The same spot of earth witnesses the waxing and waning of several successive births of human pride or industry, yet Man remains unchangeable all the while.

Aden is built at the eastern end of a mountain called Jebel Shamsan, which rises to 1,776 feet above the level of the sea, and is connected with the mainland in a similar manner to Gibraltar. The harbours of Aden are considered the best on the Arabian coast. The small harbour near the town is divided into two small bays by a rocky and fortified island called Sirah, which is about 430 feet high, and commands the harbours and town. Of late years, the small creek which used to separate the island from the mainland has been filled up, so that at low water it is now joined to the coast. The anchorage in the bay is very regular, and a vessel may choose her own position in from five to ten fathoms' water. The other harbour, which is called by seamen the “Back Bay,” lies west of the peninsula, and has on the eastern side of its entrance another mass of rocks, called Jebel Hassan, which rises 1,237 feet above the sea. The entrance between these two masses is nearly four miles wide.

Aden has long been known as an *entrepôt* of commerce. It is mentioned in the “Periplus.” It was eagerly struggled for by the Portuguese in the fifteenth, and by the Turks in the sixteenth centuries. During the eighteenth century it was mostly governed by native chiefs. In the hands of our countrymen it is yearly becoming more and more important. The Anglo-Indian mail makes Aden one of its chief coaling stations. The Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company convey the mails twice a month from Southampton to Alexandria; they are thence transmitted to Suez, from which place the East India Company's steamers convey them to Bombay, and the Oriental Steam Company to Ceylon, Madras, and Calcutta, as also to Singapore, Hong Kong, and Batavia. The mails to Australia are likewise sent by the Oriental Company's vessels. We have therefore a large fleet of steamers, which keep up a continuous line of intercourse between ourselves and our Indian possessions, and thence with our rich and varied settlements in the eastern archipelago.

It was a bright and beautiful day when, with a fine fair breeze, we sailed through Bab-el-Mandeb, or the Gate of Tears, for thus the Arabs name those narrow straits at the mouth of the Red Sea, regarded by their early navigators as so perilous, and so often, indeed, fatal to their inexperience.

Passing the Perim Isles, we ran, with full sail, down upon Mocha. The seaport is strongly fortified. The town, at the first glance, looks clean and cheerful; the houses are lofty, and have a square, solid appearance. The roadstead is almost open, being only protected by two narrow spits of sand, on one of which is a castellated structure, and on the other an insignificant fort. A date grove adjoins the city, and extends nearly two miles along the southern beach—a pleasing object for the eye to repose upon, which is soon fatigued with gazing in any other direction by one unvarying picture of brown and desolate sterility, there being all round the shore a hot and sandy waste. The principal trade of the town is in coffee of the finest quality, which is rather largely exported to Djiddah, Suez, and Bombay. Other exports are dates, gums, balm, ivory, and senna.

The turban and the loose garment are as characteristic of the Arabian as they are of Indian cities. Yet Bombay and

Mocha vary both in fashion and in material. There are in both brown and black complexions—

"Dusk faces, with white silken turbans wreathed ;"

but they differ both in feature, form, and gesture from each other. Under the coarse awnings of the narrow bazaars of Mocha you meet the well-dressed and well-to-do merchant, in a robe of woollen cloth, and from above the folds of the snow-white turban you see a red woollen cap, with a tassel of purple silk. At almost every step you meet the dark, half-naked Abyssinian, with a nose sufficiently prominent to give expression to his features, and having his curled woolly hair dyed with a reddish-yellow, the foppish fashion of his country. Then comes the Bedouin, the child of the desert, with his agile and sinewy limbs, his eye dark and fiery. His small turban, his close-bodied vest, and his coarse sash, are all of dull colours ; his arms and legs are bare ; his brown bosom is open to the sun and wind ; sandals are on his feet ; a broad two-edged sword is in his hand, and a long and ready poniard in his girdle. For the cold night wind he has a cloak of goats' hair, black or white, or made in long, broad stripes of both colours. He walks erect, and moves directly to his front, giving place to none. He looks, and he can fairly boast that he is personally free ; and, although the happiness of Arab life is more ideal than real, it is impossible to look without a certain amount of admiring wonder on men who contentedly proclaim the sandy plain and naked rock their patrimony, having no dwelling but the tent, no intrenchment but the sword, no law but the traditionary song of their poets, and no government but the aged sheikh of their tribe.

The bazaars in Arabian cities of note are always attractive ; and all classes of people are drawn to them to supply their common necessities, whether for food or for clothing. At Mocha we observed the long strings of camels and asses, the large coarse sheep of Abyssinia, the small thin species of Arabia, and the tall brown goats. The shops of the armourers, also, with their long, polished sword-blades, daggers, spears, and

matchlocks, were equally attractive to the stranger. The cook-shops, with their hot cakes of bread, and their large coppers with portions of meat and fowl swimming in ghee, and ready for the traveller, were not to be passed by with indifference. Nor were the caravanseries and coffee-houses, with groups of townsmen and traders reclining on couches of the date leaf, smoking their small hookahs,

sipping their kishu, and perpetually stroking their long beards, to be passed by without special notice. The houses are mostly built of coral stone, and of sun-baked brick, whitewashed ; they have a central court, a terraced roof, and a divan window ; that is, the recess filled by a low seat, which, covered with a carpet and provided with cushions, is the place of honour. All the houses, however, in the suburbs of Mocha are built of a matting or thatch of the strong leaves of the date tree, and they have a very neat and compact appearance, especially when new. They are all circular, with walls of a good height, and a conically rising top. There are three suburbs—one occupied by common Arab labourers, one by Abyssinian mariners and traders of the Mahomedan persuasion, and one—a small, separate, avoided cluster—by an oppressed and shrinking race, a remnant of the tribe of Jews.

It was a thirteen days' run from Mocha to Djiddah, the navigation being intricate, the shoals of coral numerous, but the waters as smooth and clear as pilot could desire. The sea at night-time was brilliant with coruscations, and by day we could clearly mark the coral—here in large masses of honeycombed rock,

there in light branches of a pale red hue—and the beds of green sea-weed, and the golden sand, and the shells, and the fish sporting round the vessel and making colours to the eye of a beauty which is not their own.

Having run in at a point called Ras-el-Askar, we observed some slopes rising from the shore, and a plain spreading beyond, which was thinly covered with herbage that seemed to struggle for existence against the barren soil it broke from but did not make verdant. A camel or two, a few straggling cattle, some goats, and the form of a man apparently in charge of them, soon attracted our attention. On gaining the top of the



PARSEE OF BOMBAY.

slopes we saw, about two miles off, a cluster of tents and huts, large herds of cattle, and many camels; within a few hundred yards of us, a flock of goats, a goatherd and child, a few stray camels, and a herdsman or two, advancing in other directions. We thought it prudent, however, to withdraw to our vessel, as the captain told us that the Arabs there encamped were a dangerous and treacherous race. We sauntered, however, on the yellow beach, where the large oyster-shells lay in numbers, or from the higher bank looked wistfully on the distant scene of life and habitation. The grazing camel, at that hour when the desert reddens with the setting sun, is a fine object to the eye which seeks and feeds on the picturesque—his tall, dark

of Mocha; there are more well-dressed people, better shops; instead of the thin flat cakes there are small loaves of good wheaten bread; the coffee-houses are more numerous and of a better appearance. The buildings are in general of coral stone, and some are spacious and handsome; the latticed woodwork of the windows is ornamentally carved and has a pretty effect. Not a Bedouin was to be seen. This port is one of the principal points of disembarkation for pilgrims from Africa to the holy place—Mecca. On going out at the Medina Gate we found ourselves at once in the sandy and cheerless desert, dotted over with a small number of Arab tents, which are made of goats' hair, and have a most dreary effect. These few



ARABS FISHING.

form, his indolently leisure walk, his ostrich neck, now lifted to its full height, now bent slowly and far around, with a look of unalarmed enquiry. You cannot gaze upon him without, by the readiest and most natural suggestions, reverting in thought to the world's infancy—to the times and possessions of the shepherd-kings, their tents and raiment, their journeyings and settlements. The scene, too, in the distance, and the hour—eventide—and the singular majesty of that dark, lofty, and irregular range of rocky mountains, which ends in the black cape of Ras-el-Askar, formed a combination not easily forgotten.

We made the harbour of Djiddah easily, as we had a coasting pilot on board, who ran us directly in, though the approach for ordinary vessels is considered dangerous. The coral reefs are numerous and covered with water, the passages between them narrow, nor are these free from detached and sunken rocks. The aspect of the population at Djiddah differs much from that

Arabs had come down from their tribe for the purposes of traffic. The camel and the goat were browsing near them. We walked back to the town, and entered it by the Egyptian Gate—a small, rude, and insignificant entrance.

On leaving Djiddah we had a narrow escape of being run upon a large and dangerous coral reef. The wind blew rather fresh, the men were slow and awkward in taking-in sail, and we ran past a little entrance in the reef so narrow that we had nothing to spare. We lay all night in a most insecure anchorage, very far out from the land, and closely surrounded on all sides by rock and shoal.

Having passed Moilah, and visited the Gulf of Akaba, where we lay at anchor for several hours, we stretched across the gulf and laid-to near an island called Tirahn. When the sun set we again weighed, and ran over to the Egyptian coast, passing the Straits of Tubal. It was late ere we lay down to

rest, and when the morning dawned we were close under the land, bearing up for Kosseir, in which harbour we soon came to anchor. This place is the port of Upper Egypt, a large grain depôt, and may be termed the Mark Lane of the Red Sea. It lies in 26° 20' north lat. Kosseir is 260 miles from Suez, 525 miles from Souakim, the port of Nubia, 119 miles from Kenneh on the Nile, and 155 miles from the ancient city of Thebes.

Kosseir is a rather poor-looking place, but its markets are well supplied. You can drink the water of the Nile, which is

highly esteemed from its peculiar and pleasant taste. The water at Cape Coast Castle is equally prized, but it is not so turbid as the Nile water is. The dress of the people is dull—the capuchin brown common to the Fellahs of Egypt—and almost every one carries a long pipe in his hand. A few merchants who frequent the port, and a sprinkling of the pasha's soldiers, enliven the bazaar, contribute to the support of a respectable coffee-house, and account for the existence of a commodious mosque built of stone.

The Caucasus.—VII.

BY DOUGLAS W. FRESHFIELD, M.A., F.R.G.S., AUTHOR OF "TRAVELS IN THE CENTRAL CAUCASUS AND BASHAN."

ARARAT.

THE most important, and in fact indispensable excursion for any traveller who has vigour enough to penetrate thus far into Asia we have left to the last. Although in the clear Armenian atmosphere the hoary head of Ararat seems, from the streets of Erivan, almost close at hand, the base of the mountain is in reality twenty-five miles distant. The Cossack outpost of Aralykh, situated at the precise point at which the lower slopes merge in the plain, forms a convenient starting-point for those who wish to ascend or visit the world-famed summit. In ordinary seasons it is only necessary to drive to Kamirlu, the second station on the Nakhitchewan road, where the postmaster will provide horses to take the traveller to Aralykh. The passage of the Araxes, generally made easy by a ferry-boat, becomes in winter or after heavy rains a matter of difficulty, and communication between the two banks is sometimes entirely broken off. Such was the case at the time of our first visit to Erivan, and it was not until our return from Tabreez that the river, though still in flood, was considered passable.

A bare flat common separates Kamirlu from the Araxes, the principal body of which flows in a deep, steep-banked bed, which nothing but a boat could cross; now, however, the swollen waters had filled two smaller channels, each about the size and depth of the branch of the Thames so familiar to Etonians as "Cuckoo Weir." An English postboy would never dream of driving through such an obstacle, but telegas are in some sort amphibious animals, and not easily drowned; so if the traveller remains passive, the attempt will probably be made with success.

The ford of the Araxes beneath Ararat under such circumstances is a scene of picturesque confusion and uproar, such as no description can adequately represent, but which those who have seen will always recall as one of the most extraordinary reminiscences of their travels. The landscape which forms the background must first be pictured—a broad, brown, treeless plain, surrounded by barren ranges. In front towers the enormous bulk of Ararat, its head half hidden by the thunder-clouds which are wont to gather round it; in the northern distance the two sharp rock-peaks of Alagoz contrast with the more rounded outlines of the neighbouring summits. Despite its magnificence, the vast scale and barren character of the scenery produce a melancholy impression on the mind.

The earth's surface seems, bald, wrinkled, and venerable, the life of the land appears to have been exhausted in long-past ages, and we feel the absolute contrast with the idea of youthful vigour which a richly-wooded landscape carries with it.

But, if in the Armenian highlands the picturesque element is rarely found in Nature, it is abundantly supplied in man. Nowhere could wilder or more fantastic groups be found than those formed by the Kurdish families who, with their flocks and herds, are now detained at the ford. A second stream, too deep for even a telega to venture into, bars our progress. On either bank are collected a crowd of Kurds, some engaged in transporting their effects on a fragile raft, while others compel the flocks to swim the stream. Heaps of their household goods, such as gaudily-painted chests, mats of wicker work, and Persian carpets, are already piled on the shore under the guardianship of gigantic dogs. Each time the raft returns with a fresh lading, half a dozen bright-eyed Kurdish maidens, adorned with long elf locks, and dressed in round caps and loose jackets and trousers, plunge into the water, and pulling the frail craft to land, unload the cargo. The men—picturesque creatures, with red handkerchiefs on their heads and an armoury of old weapons in their waistbands—are, from the further bank, urging the sheep and lambs into the water with screams and pistol-shots. The flock at last forced to the brink, a strong sheep is thrown in as leader, and the rest follow. Meantime boys, stark naked, and supporting themselves on inflated skins, swim out to the rescue of the younger lambs, some of which have a hard struggle with the swift current, while the lithe-limbed girls, up to their knees in water, assist to land the little animals on the bank. Long-necked camels, indulging in ungainly repose, view the confusion around with an air of disgust, and with uneasy patience await their turn to cross. The raft to which we are expected to confide our fortunes is of the most primitive construction; a few feebly-fastened hurdles buoyed on skins form the fabric, which is propelled by a pole rudely flattened at the end. The passage—perilous chiefly in appearance—safely effected, we have only to carry our baggage to the regular ferry in charge of some Cossacks, who guard the passage, and will give what help they can to the traveller armed with an introduction to their colonel, to whose abode, already visible in the distance, some of them will gallop off to give notice of our approach.

Aralykh consists of a row of white cottages and one good house, which was tenanted in 1868 by a courteous and hospitable Cossack colonel—one of the pleasantest Russians we met with in Transcaucasia; for he did not reserve his hospitality for those of his own cloth, but proved ready to extend it to the uniformless and undecorated stranger.

At this point let us pause for a moment, and gather together what scraps of information we possess concerning the famous mountain we are about to visit. Every one has been familiar from childhood with the name of Ararat in connection with the Deluge and the history of Noah. It seems, however, by no means certain that "the mountains of Ararat," of which we read in Genesis, are the same as the volcanic peaks now before us. In early times Ararat was the name of a province, and the word is used in this sense (2 Kings xix. 37), where the sons of Sennacherib are stated to have fled "into Ararat," an expression, for which our translators have rather needlessly substituted "Armenia." The "kingdom of Ararat" is also one of those summoned by Jeremiah to the destruction of Babylon, and the name seems in the Bible to be applied generally to that portion of the Armenian highlands which borders on Mesopotamia. The weight of ancient traditions may perhaps be alleged in favour of the modern Ararat, but even this is more divided than is commonly supposed. Some ancient writers identify a comparatively low mountain on the banks of the Tigris as that on which the Ark rested, while others wander still further in their search. We will not enter into the arguments which have been brought forward to prove that in this case, as in so many others, tradition has done her best to find a scene worthy of the occasion; and that the same tendency, which has raised Prometheus from a crag overlooking the Euxine to the snows of Kazbek, has uplifted Noah's Ark to the summit of the only pedestal which the veneration of the surrounding nations deemed worthy to bear it.

The man, however, will be bold indeed, who at Erivan or Etschmiadzin ventures to suggest any such doubts as to the claims of the sacred mountain, which, as the centre and symbol of their native land, has always been an object of religious veneration to the Armenians. According to their chroniclers, the name Massis, which they substitute for Ararat, is derived from Amassis, sixth in descent from Japhet, and a former ruler of the surrounding regions; the loftier summit, on which the Ark still rests, is the centre of the world; Balaam was at first a dweller on the mountain; and on its lower peak twelve noble seers were keeping watch, when a wonderful star rose in the East, and conducted the three who followed it to Bethlehem of Judaea.

Since the days of Noah few human beings have gained the highest point of Ararat. Of one of the first modern ascents, Sir John Maundeville gives an amusing account:—

"And there is another mountain called Ararat, but the Jews call it Taneez, where Noah's ship rested, and still is upon the mountain, and men may see it afar in clear weather. That mountain is full seven miles high; and some men say, that they have seen and touched the ship, and put their fingers in the hole where the devil went out when Noah said, 'Benedicite!'* But they that say so speak without knowledge: for no one can go up the mountain for the great abundance of snow which is always on that mountain both summer and winter,

* An allusion to a mediæval legend.

so that no man ever went up since the time of Noah, except a monk, who by God's grace brought one of the planks down, which is yet in the monastery at the foot of the mountain. This monk had great desire to go up that mountain, and so, upon a day he went up; and when he had ascended the third part of the mountain he was so weary that he fell asleep, and when he awoke he found himself lying at the foot of the mountain. Then he prayed devoutly to God that he would suffer him to go up, and an angel came to him and said he should go up; and so he did. And since that time no one ever went up. Wherefore men should not believe such words."

All doubts as to the accuracy of our fellow-countryman's information are happily set at rest by the fact of the identical "plank" or fragment of the Ark being still preserved among the treasures of Etschmiadzin. Since this monk's time no climber has been sufficiently fortunate to secure a similar relic, and but few have succeeded in conquering Ararat, although many attempts, some of them under official patronage, have been made. A Turkish pasha from Bayerid once set to work, as seriously as a pasha could, to ascend the mountain, and even went so far as to offer a reward to any one who would accomplish the feat for him. The two best known, however, among the successful ascents, owing to the detailed accounts which have been published of them, are those of the German, Parrot, in 1829, and of the Russian general, Chodzko, who led a large expedition against Ararat in the autumn of 1850.

We may now return to our own experiences, and set forth the necessary preparations for a visit to Ararat at the present day. Our arrangements, thanks to the friendly offices of the Cossack colonel, did not prove as difficult as might have been expected. The number of attendants thought necessary was certainly alarming; our horses were hired from Persians who insisted on accompanying them, while the only people acquainted with the mountain, and supposed to be capable of acting as guides, were Kurds, a body of whom, headed by an old sheikh of noble manners, was placed at our disposal. We consequently set out with an imposing cavalcade. The lower slopes of Ararat are sterile and monotonous; their surface is covered with short coarse grass strewn with volcanic boulders. After a gradually steepening ascent of several thousand feet, the more broken ridges of the middle zone of the mountain are reached, and the ride becomes more interesting. This region is covered with luxuriant herbage, and watered by springs, in the neighbourhood of which numerous Kurdish families pitch their tents at the commencement of summer. The upper portion of the valley, or recess between the two Ararats, is frequently used as a camping-ground by a portion of the garrison of Erivan: to whom it affords a cool and healthy retreat from the burning sun of the Araxes valley. In past times it has been occupied by a more permanent population. During his ride the traveller may be puzzled by the references of his Kurdish companions to "the village." When the spot known to them by this name is reached, the eye at first fails to discover any trace of human habitation. Certain holes in the earth are presently discovered, and prove the entrances to a subterranean warren, similar in character to many of the modern mountain villages of Armenia. Who were the former inhabitants of these cheerless holes we failed to discover; but there was nothing to make us suppose them of any antiquity.

Arrived at this point—only five hours from Aralykh—the escort consider their first day's work completed, and propose to spend the night; the energetic traveller, knowing that he is still too far from the final peak to have much chance of reaching its summit next day, naturally wishes to push further; but a string of most excellent reasons will be urged against this course—one of the Kurds has gone off to a neighbouring

the 8,500 feet which still separated us from the wished-for summit.

A brilliant moon was shining on the surrounding snows, and faintly illuminating the depths of the valley beneath, as we clambered over the long and tolerably level ridge which offers an obvious route to any one approaching from the east the base of the Great Ararat. On our right lay a deep hollow,



ARMENIAN LADY.

encampment of his countrymen to buy a sheep, and the rest must wait to eat it; another has gone for a tent, without which the hardy natives refuse to sleep out on the mountain. However annoying, in fine weather, such a delay may be, it will probably be the best course to acquiesce in their plans; our experience illustrates the difficulties entailed by resisting them. Having bivouacked exactly at the snow level (at the time of our visit about 8,500 feet), we set out at midnight on the 8th June, 1868, a party of three, consisting of two Englishmen and a Chamouni guide, to make a dash at

which seemed made for a glacier, but contained only deep beds of snow. The ridge led us to the foot of the huge cone at a point whence it was easy to climb by a bank of rocks to the rocky teeth, conspicuously seen against the sky line by any one looking at Ararat from Erivan or Kamirlu. It is, however, only when the snow is hard frozen that climbers should take to these rocks, which before long become so broken as to offer very difficult climbing, and cause considerable delay. While slowly scaling this part of the mountain, I yielded to sickness and fatigue,

and left my companion and the Chamouni guide to continue the ascent.

The scenery of the cone, seen from below, threatens to be somewhat monotonous; but crags, which from the valley are scarcely visible, are found on nearer approach to be rent into pinnacles and towers of the most fantastic forms. The ridge which the climbers were following soon became narrow and broken, the precipices on its left were now tremendous, and a rocky cock's-comb ridge, like that of Monte Rosa, had to be crossed to regain the upper snow-slopes. The top was still 3,000 feet distant—the height of Mont Blanc above the Grand Plateau—and all depended upon the state of the snow; under favourable circumstances, three hours might have sufficed to crown the enterprise. Unluckily, the slopes were too hard frozen to be climbed without the aid of steps cut with the axe, and the only rocks which protruded were jagged and disconnected crags. To complete the discomfiture, our Chamouniard's strength here failed him, and my friend was left to persist in the attempt unaided and alone. It is difficult to imagine a wilder situation than that of a solitary man laboriously engaged in working his way up the endless slopes of the great Armenian mountain; Balmat on Mont Blanc was scarcely in a position to feel so keenly his isolation. The work was severe, and the climber, from cutting at first fifty steps at a time, fell gradually into more frequent halts. During these his eyes ranged over nearly the whole extent

of Transcaucasia and half Western Persia, while close at hand clustered the mountain-masses of Kurdistan—unfinished monuments thrown off by Nature in her most Michael Anglesque mood. But as fatigue began to tell, and the halts grew more and more frequent, the weather, hitherto fine, showed signs of change; dark mists hid the silver threads which had marked the course of the Araxes and the infant Euphrates, and ominous growls of thunder sounded amongst the mountains of Lake Van. No one not weary of life would wish for a solitary encounter with a thunder-cloud on the summit of Mount Ararat. Success had been at least richly deserved, it could not be commanded. At midday the summit was still out of reach, and the storm rapidly gathering round the mountain. After taking careful note of the contorted lava crags around him, by which to recognise from below the point he had reached, my friend turned his back on the summit, and descending swiftly in his old footsteps, and picking up the Chamouniard on the way, he rejoined me after about six hours' absence. The clouds had before this enveloped the

cone, and we found our way to one another by shouting through the mists, which soon condensed and gave birth to a violent storm. There is nothing to tell in the remainder of the adventure, the renewal of which was prevented by my subsequent illness, and the continued bad weather of a spring pronounced by the universal consent of the oldest inhabitants the worst ever known in Armenia.

Every Swiss climber is aware that longer ascents than that which we attempted may be successfully accomplished in the day; our failure was owing to two reasons—the peculiar condition of the snow, and our own want of training. At the time of our visit, the snow level, after a winter of exceptional severity, was as low as 8,500 feet; in the autumn it is between 14,000 and 15,000 feet. The increased difficulty of the ascent is easily estimated. Still, even under such unfavourable

circumstances, one of the party got within 1,000 feet of the top, and was stopped only by the accidental hardness of the snow; if two of us had been well, and able to relieve each other in the task of step-cutting, success would have been a certainty. Unfortunately, a previous drive of 800 miles in springless carts, and a series of nights spent on bare boards—about the worst training conceivable for a mountain climber—had so weakened their strength, that they were only able to persevere to the summit for a short duration.

If the mountain had fallen before so hasty and ill-timed an attack, it is

evident how easy a prey it must be to any determined attempt in the autumn months, when only 3,000 feet of snow rest upon its brow; the want of energy of the Russians, and the superstitious fears of the Kurds and Armenians, are the only reasons why the ascent is not repeated every season, as it would be if Ararat lay more within the beat of English vacation tourists. We will give, in conclusion, two words of advice to future travellers—sleep high; those who pass the night at a height of 11,000 to 12,000 feet—no great hardship in this latitude in the late summer—can scarcely fail to be rewarded by complete success. The class of climbers, however, who find the principal satisfaction of an ascent in boasting immediately afterwards of how they have “done the mountain,” are warned to avoid Ararat; for so firm is the popular belief in the inviolability of the sacred summit that, even if they bring down the Ark itself to prove they have reached the top, they will not find a man in Armenia who will deign to listen to their story.



ARMENIAN BAGGAGE ANIMAL.

A Ramble in Peru.—II.

BY AUGUSTUS F. LINDLEY.

Yauli—the village at which we halted, after crossing the Cordilleras by the pass of Piedra Parada—we found to be a large, populous, and important place, though its situation was amongst the wildest and most sterile parts of the mountains looking down upon the *puna*, or table-land, which stretches between the two mighty ranges of the Cordilleras.

The cause that led to the establishment of Yauli at so elevated and singularly uninviting a position, was the discovery of argentiferous wealth in the whole region round about. The village consisted of some 400 or 500 huts and houses, many of which were literally crammed with people—containing a population of at least 10,000 or 15,000, most of whom were pure Indians, employed as miners in the extensive works stretching about in every direction.

Hundreds of shafts—many abandoned, and some few still being worked—penetrated to the bowels of the earth all over that uninviting and unutterably desolate region, even at the most unlikely and particularly out-of-the-way spots, so that walking became an undertaking of no slight danger at night to any one venturesome or insanely energetic enough to attempt it. Where the nature of the ground did not permit of shaft-sinking, tunnelling had been tried; in fact, the whole district was nothing more than a huge burrow, with thousands of wretched and forlorn human beings laboriously digging and delving, both day and night, in horrible subterranean cells and passages. In that region of perpetual snow, with its supremely bleak, desolate, and savage scenery, one could not but realise the Mohammedan's theory of Hades, and fancy those poor wretches the representatives of the lost souls, toiling away in an everlasting icy purgatory. The free miners were all Indians, but their stern taskmasters and overseers were of every mixed caste met with in that heterogeneously populated country, a large proportion of them being soldiers—a precaution very likely necessary, as great numbers of the labourers were convicts, doomed to toil in the mines for all sorts of periods, from one year to labour for life.

To live and work in deep and dismal caverns, excavated in the bowels of the earth, is a wretched and hard enough lot anywhere; but here, from the cold, the perpetual snow, the lifeless and depressing nature of the surrounding circumstances, the poor degraded miners do not live—they merely drag out with pain and toil a frightful and miserable existence.

The mines yield copper and lead ore, containing silver in varying quantity. Iron also exists in great profusion, but, from the want of fuel for smelting purposes, would not pay for the working. Gold has been found in some of the streams, but only in very small quantities. It is the copper and silver that constitute the great metalliferous wealth of Peru. Here and there, even at the highest altitudes amongst the mountains, the precious blue lodes of lead are to be seen cropping up in every direction, and at some places bright particles of blue silver are to be seen. If railways from the mines to the coast existed, and if coal could be discovered in their neighbourhood—the present great cost of smelting and transport being avoided—silver would soon decline in value, so in-

exhaustible are the deposits of it in the Cordilleras. Although many rich mines were being worked at the time of our "ramble," and richer have been discovered since, it is yet well known in the country that by far the richest veins are known only to the Indians, hardly one of whom in a generation ever betrays the secret. Fabulous and wonderful, reminding one of the hyperbolic rhapsodies of the early discoverers of the fondly-fancied El Dorado, seem the stories told of the hidden wealth. Its real existence has been proved, however, by the production at occasional intervals, under peculiar circumstances, during two centuries, of large masses of pure silver, by some Indian or another. Many of the richest mines now known have been revealed—either from motives of gratitude to some Spaniard who had rendered them a service, or from a desire to obtain the rewards always offered—by Indians of the Sierra. Still, it is a remarkable fact that, as a rule, the valuable secret is well kept, and nothing can tempt an aborigine to divulge his knowledge. The cause of this determined obstinacy and enduring secrecy may be safely attributed to the frightful and inhuman barbarities the *conquistadores* practised upon the ancestors of these Indians, in order to compel their confession as to the locality of the rich silver deposits, which seem to have been known to them from time immemorial.

Amongst the stories we heard whilst staying at Yauli, was that of a poor Indian who lived by making rush mats, but who always paid the taxes levied upon him in masses of pure silver, obtained from some spot in the Sierra Nevada (an indefinite part of the Cordilleras) known only to himself. Time after time a watch was set upon him, and every expedient that ingenuity could invent was practised, but unavailingly; the Indian was too clever for his persecutors, and died without ever having given the slightest clue to his treasure-store. It is even declared that, in order to test the richness of his mine, a heavy fine was once imposed upon him. He disappeared for some days, and then came to pay the impost with a lump of silver weighing over fifty pounds! It is but a few years since this individual existed, so the story is not a mere tradition, many who knew him being yet alive.

One of the most singular tales among the many that were told us, was the following:—Some years ago, a young Spaniard adopted the scheme of trying to discover the silver secrets of the Indians by making love to one of their maidens. Without letting any one, except his family at Arequipa, know his plans, he set forth to the mountains. After wandering about for some time at various parts of the high table-land between the two mountain ranges, he fell in with an old Indian shepherd, who resided at a miserable little hut, his only companion being a beautiful young daughter. With them the cunning adventurer at once took up his abode, gaining their sympathies by a tale of woe as to fictitious persecutions he endured at the hands of their cruel masters, his own countrymen, the Spaniards, from whom he had fled. Of course the result was an attachment sprang up between the young people, and the Indian girl revealed to her lover the exact locality of a

rich silver mine, accompanying him to the spot, and assisting him to dig a hole, from which, at the depth of only a few feet, he took out several masses of the pure metal. Whilst they were so engaged, the girl's father made his appearance. Instead of appearing to be angered, he at once began to assist his false guest, even offering to point out still richer places. At length, heated with their work, they rested a moment; the old shepherd produced a bottle of water, offered a cupful to his companion, who eagerly swallowed it, and then left him under the pretence of going to obtain more. He had already sent his daughter away, and, as hour after hour fled without his return, the Spaniard, beginning to feel strange pains all over his body, felt that he had been poisoned. Hastily mounting his horse, and carrying some of the biggest lumps of silver that had been extracted, he galloped off to the nearest village, reaching it in time to narrate his story, and dying in great pain shortly afterwards. Nothing more was ever seen of either the old Indian or his daughter, and the search made for the place whence the silver had been obtained proved unavailing—not a trace of disturbance of the soil could anywhere be seen, neither could any ore be found by the numerous holes afterwards sunk in what, from the dying man's description, was supposed to be the locality.

Many large volumes could be filled with the wild, exciting, and extraordinary stories of mining adventure prevalent in Peru, where every one beyond the towns seems more or less affected with the mining and exploring mania. As before observed, the cruelties practised by the Spaniards excited a deadly and unforgiving hatred in the breasts of the poor Indians; but, at this day, they seem to keep their valuable secrets more from some superstitious and religious bond passed down from generation to generation, than from any resent hatred of race, or fear of compulsory labour in the mines they might discover.

After remaining several days at Yauli, we moved off in the direction of Occobamba, a village on the eastern slope of the Cordilleras. Our object in this trip was the wish to reach a spot in the mountains, the watershed whence the rivers flowing opposite ways—those to the East and Atlantic, and those to the West and Pacific—could be seen at the same moment. Before starting, the Mayor of Yauli, who had kindly placed a comfortable hut at our disposal, warned us not to linger on the way, as a snow-storm was expected, in which it would be dangerous to be caught. As the excursion was expected to last from two to three days and the way was over a desolate and uninhabited plateau, we took a good supply of provisions, a large waterproof sheet to form a tent at night, and a sufficient supply of charcoal for cooking purposes.

During the winter months we were told that rain, snow, and tempests were of daily occurrence; and as this not very agreeable period began in the month of November, whilst we were now in the middle of October, we did not loiter during our trip amongst those elevated mountain wilds. The first day passed off well enough, and early on the second we were gratified by the anticipated sight. Sure enough, from the summit of the lofty mountain we had climbed, waters flowing either way, to opposite sides of the continent, could be plainly discerned; and here, spread out before us in all the savage sublimity of that mighty mountain scenery, was the unmatched geographical problem of rivers from one mountain range flowing through a higher! Nearly all the rivers watering the

eastern slope of South America take their rise in the western range, so having to pass through the still higher eastern chain, by various deep gaps and gorges, whilst no stream breaks the solid formation of the smaller range.

Clouds had been gathering since daylight, and the air had been getting colder; but we were quite unprepared for the startling suddenness with which, before we had proceeded half a mile on our return to Yauli, the storm burst forth. A peal of thunder, loud as all the artillery in the world, suddenly crashed above our heads with a deafening, almost stunning roar, rolling away in countless reverberations amongst the sombre mountains. With a power and fury inconceivable to any one who has not actually experienced it, the storm raged around us there, in the heart of the Cordilleras. That first mighty peal was the signal for the storm king to revel his wildest. Flash after flash of blue chain lightning darted and circled in every direction, rending the solid rocks, and ploughing up deep blackened furrows wherever it struck level ground. Meanwhile, the terrible awe-inspiring thunder rolled and rattled away in uninterrupted crashes. After the first large plashing drops of rain, the snow came down, lightly and tenderly at first—in striking contrast to the dreadful thunder and lightning with its quiet softness—but at length in a steady, heavy fall, quickly adding a ghastly whiteness to the other features of the storm, through which, on either hand, like great impending white phantoms, gleamed the mantled mountains. Startled from their most secret haunts, huge condors flew heavily past, glaring at us with their blood-red eyes, and imparting a weird, funereal influence to the already oppressive and alarming aspect of nature, by the slow and heavy flapping of their large wings—by their sudden spectre-like appearance from, and as abrupt disappearance into, the blinding clouds of snow.

Unable to travel on the way back to Yauli, even had it been possible to find it in the snow-storm, Pasco led us to a part of the plateau where, after a long search, which ended in the unpleasant knowledge that we had completely lost ourselves, and stood in no little danger of perishing in the snow—even supposing that we avoided destruction threatening us at every step in the shape of deep chasms and fissures—we accidentally came upon the object of his search. This proved to be one of those ancient and deeply interesting sepulchres of stone found at many places in the mountains; and which, besides having rendered some supposititious service to the dead, have not unfrequently been far more useful, as in our case, to the living. Many a belated traveller, caught in the furious storms of those inhospitable regions, has owed his life to the shelter afforded by these ancient tombs.

The building at which we had so providentially arrived was composed of large stones, the worn, weather-beaten, and honey-combed sides of which attested their great age, and stood about nine feet high by ten square, decreasing in size towards the top. Unpacking everything from the backs of our mules, whilst Pasco secured them behind the sheltered and leeward side of the sepulchre, we crawled within by the low door or opening, scarcely two feet high, on its northern side, and were soon followed by our guide, who quickly started a ruddy charcoal fire, and, despite the roaring of the tempest outside, in a snug, warm, and dry chamber about eight feet square, free from vermin, we were more comfortable than we had ever been since leaving Lima. We were safe enough apparently,

but, as the snow continued falling with unalterable determination, and gradually rose up higher and higher outside the low door, I began to fear that we might get blocked in, suffocated, buried alive, and so become very unwilling successors to the vanished mummies whose former home we occupied.

Unconcernedly Pasco resumed his occupation of stirring up the fire to make the kettle boil with a bone he had picked out of a corner, and which may once have been the *tibia* of some royal and prehistoric Peruvian, whose mummified remains had long since disappeared; the dried and royal head, perhaps, having experienced a like fate to that of many such antique human relics in those sepulchres, and gone as fuel

How sarcastical a moral did the very fact convey as to the vainness and utter impotency of the most cherished human ideas, and the most revered human works!

The very name of those who raised these sepulchres has been obliterated by the lapse of time. By some it is supposed that they were built by the Aymaras—Indian tribes believed to have peopled those parts before the time of the sun-worshippers; but there seems, to my mind, one fact which militates against the theory. The little square window found in each of these tombs invariably opens to the east, and the first beams of the rising sun always streamed through upon the faces of the mummy circle, all turned in that direction. This



TRAVELLERS' SHELTER IN THE ANDES.

to cook the victuals of some very unsentimental travellers, our predecessors. Looking at the window, I felt reassured with the thought that it would take a depth of at least seven feet of snow to cover it—a quantity very unlikely to fall in one night so early in the season, or to collect amidst the whirlwinds sweeping over the exposed plateau. It was, it is true, sepulchral entertainment; nevertheless, we made ourselves particularly jolly and comfortable that night—after a dinner of *tortillas*, jerked beef, potatoes, and wild pigeons, had been discussed—over our cigars, and cups of steaming coffee tinged with a dash of *aguardiente*. Little did those who raised the singular structure in an unknown, distant, and mysterious age, ever imagine how the venerated tomb of their embalmed brethren would come to be desecrated by the impious presence of the strange, modern, Anglo-Saxon barbarians from afar!

would appear to indicate either that the Aymaras were sun-worshippers, or that other people built the sepulchres. Everything connected with them is vague, uncertain, and indefinite. All that is known of their history is the undeniable fact that they were looked upon as extremely ancient even in the days of the Incas. At this time all are desecrated. Each once contained a dozen mummies, grouped together in a close death circle; but now, alas! these poor relics of humanity have either long since crumbled into dust, been turned into fuel by ruthless travellers in that woodless, coalless region, or, carried off by impious *savants*, sit perched in shy corners of European museums to point a science and adorn a tale.

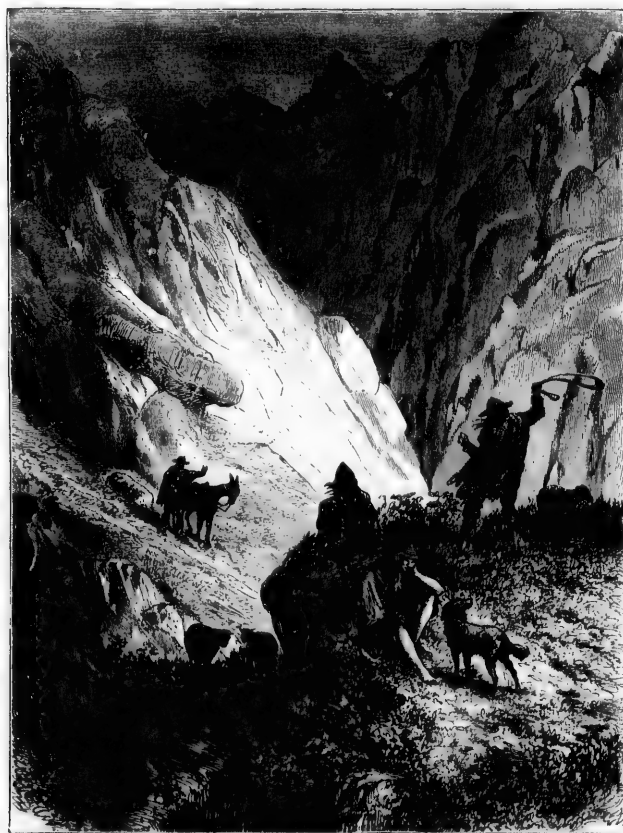
Long before morning the snow storm had ceased, and after breakfast we set forth upon our journey. Without experiencing any difficulty, except in descending to the table-land by a

rugged defile, we arrived at the village of Occobamba before noon. It was a wretched little place, containing about two hundred huts, some of wattle and mud, and a few of more respectable pretensions, being built with *adobe*, or sun-dried bricks. We hired and cleaned out one of the latter, and established ourselves therein.

The population of Occobamba consisted almost entirely of

muslin veil, descending from a comb at the back of her head, quite à l'Espagnole. In order to propitiate her, I began to praise her pretty little feet, having long since found out the weakest point of the women of Peru, but she received my flatteries with such evident goodwill and readiness as to alarm me, and cause my early subsidence into a discreet reticence.

The men were a tall, stalwart race, and both sexes pre-



PASS OVER THE CORDILLERA.

Cuzco Indians—a fine race of mountaineers, inhabiting the highest plateaux of Peru.

Our landlady was a buxom dame of thirty, rather tall, with plump, well-formed limbs, ruddy cheeks, a tawny complexion, luxuriant black tresses of the darkest hue, large, expressive, black eyes, and beautiful little feet, clad in small satin shoes, of which she seemed consciously proud, and took care to display most conspicuously. Her dress consisted of a white muslin jacket, which but faintly hid her exuberant charms, a huge padded petticoat of silk, and a long white

sented not a little resemblance to the Mongolian type of face, with high cheek-bones long, lank hair, broadish noses, and rather oblique eyes; the men, too, had but scanty and straggling hair upon the face. Here is a problem for the ethnologists: Are the South American Indians descended from a distant immigration of Mongolian races? On being invited to partake of good cheer by the natives of Occobamba, they produced their national beverage, *chica*—beer made from maize, and which is nothing more nor less than the national drink of the Kafirs, *fwalar*, made of precisely similar mate-

rial, having the same disagreeable yellow colour, thick consistency, and sharp, bitter taste. This *chica*, or, more properly, *kasava*, was the staple drink of the people even in the time of the Incas, and Captain Bedford Pim, R.N., has already, in one of his works, called attention to the probable philological connection between the American word and the Polynesian *kava*, supposed to be derived from the Sanscrit *kasya*—intoxicating beverages.

Most of the Cuzco and other Indian tribes now dress more or less as their conquerors, the Spaniards; but the *Indios bravos*, or wild Indians, retain their primitive garb, bunches of hair and feet, and their legs and arms and in their head-dresses, similar to the style of the Kaffirs. They also, in the same way, make their paths straightforward, in a direct line, over all sorts of obstacles, and never think to trace out as easy a road as possible.

Before returning towards Lima, we spent nearly a week in visiting different parts of the *puna*, or table-land, and not without experiencing several adventures with the wild denizens thereof. On one occasion, late in the evening, attracted by a tremendous screeching, croaking, and whistling sort of noise, proceeding from a secluded little gully between the hills, we cautiously approached the spot, and entered upon one of the strangest scenes it has ever been my lot to witness.

Around the bleeding carcase of a large sheep hundreds of birds of prey were furiously fighting. Some, in mid-air, were soaring up, suddenly swooping down, or gyrating on rapid pinion, keeping up a close combat, in short circles. Others—more especially the hideous, revolting turkey-vulture, with its red and warty bald head and throat, heavy, lazy, and bestial—hopping slowly along and helping themselves with their wings, were striking and tearing at each other with beak and claw, rolling over and over, now on the quivering prey, now upon the ground. Condors, hawks, kites, and the great black-headed vulture, with its hoarse doom-dooming cry, were congregated together, doing desperate combat, in incredible numbers. In fact, it was but seldom that we could catch a glimpse of their victim, in the centre of the confused whirling, tumbling, and rushing crowd, composed of the hundreds of birds of prey of every species peculiar to the country.

Venturing a little nearer, in order to obtain a better view of the extraordinary conflict, we were suddenly assailed by a couple of huge condors.

"Madre de Dios! look out, hombres! Take care your eyes!" roared Pasco, whirling his heavy staff in every direction round about his head.

It was well his warning came so promptly. In rapidly-narrowing circles, one of the great birds had suddenly approached me, and—even as he spoke, its blood-red eyes gleaming like fire, croaking savagely and hoarsely, and beating the air heavily with its huge wings—made a dash at my face, giving me but just time to raise my gun and pull the trigger. The next instant I was knocked down with the impetus and weight of the bird as it fell upon me, and rose up, covered from "clue to earing," as my captain nautically expressed it, with its warm blood. Having disposed of our other dangerous feathered assailant in an equally effective, though—to the writer—less unpleasant manner, the incredibly numerous collection of birds took to flight, frightened at the noise of our guns; though the hideous vultures did not go far, only shambling, hopping, and partly

flying, with slow and heavy flaps of their sombre wings, to a short distance—hundreds of the revolting things remaining, black, forbidding, and anxious for our departure, in a dense and sinister array in every direction—the condors, and other flying monsters strong upon the wing, wheeling about safe and high overhead. The birds we had killed measured each about five feet from the tip of the beak to the end of the tail, and over twelve feet across their outstretched wings.

At the village of Allamo we heard that an *ouana*, or South American tiger, had been committing serious depredations amongst the flocks, and our proposal to hunt the brute was joyfully acceded to by the sufferers, whose courage rose at the sight of the sturdy, well-armed *gringos*. Accordingly, before daylight in the morning, the whole male population of the village, numbering nearly seventy lithe and active Indians, armed with bows and arrows, *machetes*, and long, quivering lances, with here and there a wonderful, almost pre-historic, flint-lock firearm of the blunderbuss or *trabuco* type, set out on foot, on muleback, and on horseback, for a strip of virgin forest descending a slope of the Andes, and which was known to be the haunt of the sanguinary monster we were after. I must not forget to mention that two or three of the Indians were armed with *lasso* and *bola*, although such strange weapons are not so general in Peru as in other South American States, the former of which came in very handy before the close of the day.

At the commencement of the expedition a very untoward incident occurred to throw a gloom over the whole party, and tended not a little to discourage our superstitious Indian companions, who we found were only too ready to accept any unpleasant event as a direct omen of ill.

We were skirting a marshy piece of ground, which the natives informed us was infested with a most deadly little viper, when one of the men suddenly rolled upon the ground, shrieking out that he had been bitten, and was a dead man. At the same instant the agile Pasco gave a crack with his long whip (which he always carried stuck in his belt, as the muleteers do), and stretched out dying, with a broken back, one of the very dangerous little snakes of which we had been warned, and out of whose way we had been trying to keep. Fortunately, both I and the captain carried a bottle of *eau de luce*, the strongest spirit of ammonia, in our pockets, and it was not the work of a moment to spring off the horses we were riding, and administer a powerful dose of the only certain antidote to the prostrate man. He had been bitten right on the instep, and the deadly nature of that small snake's poison may be guessed, when I say that even by the time we could get a tight bandage round his ankle, to stop the circulation of the blood and poison, his foot had turned almost black, and was already puffed up and swollen. In fact, we could actually see it swelling. The poor fellow, having seen the viper, gave himself up as dying, and could only mutter some indistinct messages for his wife and family, confused with a hasty Roman Catholic prayer in bad Spanish.

The viper was not more than ten inches long, with a flat, diamond-shaped, large head, a dirty brown in colour, with two rows of small black spots running along each side. I cannot now remember the local name by which it was known, but the Indians one and all positively declared that a man would die within two or three minutes after being bitten, unless the most powerful antidotes were instantaneously administered. This horrid little monster, it appeared, was also in the habit of

frequenting sugar plantations, where many deaths from its bite were of annual occurrence. The Indians informed us that they knew of but one antidote thoroughly efficacious, which was so difficult to obtain (being a very rare herb) as very seldom to be available. If a man happened to be bitten only on a finger or toe, and had the nerve, he instantly cut off the injured member, but even so vigorous a measure as this seldom saved his life.

Fortunately, our *eau de luce* took good effect, and the bitten man gradually became better in mind and body, so that, when half an hour had passed away in the most anxious suspense to himself, no doubt, most particularly, and to every one else generally, we were able to send him home on horseback, with two of his friends to attend him, and supply further doses of the strong ammonia according to our instructions. Then forward to the hunt we went; but it was long before our Indian companions shook off the gloom that had been cast upon them.

It was past midday when we arrived at the verge of the forest—a mighty, tangled mass of exuberant tropical vegetation. Just before reaching the low-lying valley clothed with this primeval forest, we came across some of the half-wild shepherds of the Sierra, as we passed through a rugged ravine cleaving asunder one of the towering spurs of the Titanic Andes. Wild, ferocious-looking, half-clad fellows were they; with ill-conditioned *serapes*, and battered, quite disreputable *sombreros*. I must confess that they strangely belied the rural felicity and gentle joys of Arcadia one is apt to associate with their class. I fear that the weary and belated solitary traveller who might chance to fall in with them would experience but villainous treatment. They are exceedingly skilful with the sling, which, besides the inseparable knife, or *machete*, forms their only weapon. With it they keep the formidable birds of prey, and the smaller wild animals, at a pretty respectful distance from their flocks, and even venture to repulse the *puma*, or South American lion; but when the fierce *ounce* puts in a hungry appearance, David's primitive weapon is abandoned, and it becomes a case of *saave qui peut*. Three of these shepherds sat watching our approach, and one of them, funny fellow, amused himself by hurling stone after stone about our guide Pasco, who led the way, displaying his skill in something after the style of the Chinese knife-thrower, who sticks the keen blades round about some stolid human target, in the nearest proximity to that much-enduring companion's vitals, without actually touching him. Pasco did not like the fun, and yelled out savagely for his tormentor to desist; the latter, seeing our numerous calvacade appearing in the rear, and thinking, perhaps, that vengeance might be desired by his victim, bounded off up the hills to almost inaccessible crags, where goats could hardly have followed.

When we reached the forest, a portion of it was at once surrounded, and whilst half the party remained at the outskirts, watching the different glades and wild beast runs, or tracks, the others went into the dense bush as beaters.

Silent and watchful, we had been lying in close concealment for half an hour or so, when the beaters, having formed their cordon, began advancing towards our ambush, shouting and yelling at the top of their voices, and making the woods ring, echo, and resound with a most hideous din, to which the short, sharp, snappish bark of their numerous mongrel curs, hitherto restrained, contributed a fair share. Suddenly, as we

crouched hidden by the long grass and thick bushes, gun in hand and finger on trigger, we heard the leaves rustling quickly and the twigs snapping in our front; the next moment, with a long, light, and graceful bound, a bare and clean-skinned *puma* made a leap into the open ground. Several arrows instantly struck him, but his appearance was so abrupt that I missed with both barrels, while my comrade only inflicted a slight wound upon the gaunt-looking, maneless lion. The poor brute proved to be a terrible coward. Howling and roaring with pain and fear, he turned tail without the slightest symptom of resistance, bounding back into the woods, and crashing away through the undergrowth as fast as ever he could go, with a whole pack of the yelping Indian curs at his heels.

Before we had reloaded our guns, a louder rustling was heard in the forest, and into the same glade sprang a huge and beautiful-coated *ounce*—the very monster, no doubt, of which we were in search. No sooner had the lithe and formidable king of feline brutes in South America alighted softly in our midst, and halted where he alighted, as though detecting our presence—lashing his sides with his long and tufted tail—than a volley of lances and arrows were hurled at him by the Indians, many taking effect, and impaling the savage animal.

With a succession of hoarse growls, the *ounce* dashed forward straight for where I and my commander were concealed.

"Steady, my boy, steady!" cried the captain, who had just reloaded, and stood up to take aim. "Let me fire first. Take your time; and, for God's sake, don't miss, or we're lost."

At the same instant crack, crack, went his double-barrel, and my sickly sensation of fear was relieved by the welcome sound, more especially when I saw the brute rolling over on the turf.

Getting a good aim, I fired at his belly, and the crimson gush that followed told I had succeeded.

The Indians sprang forth from the covert, shooting their arrows, and hurling their long spears. To our astonishment, however, the sorely-wounded beast suddenly got upon its feet, and before its swarming assailants, nimble and dexterous as they were, could get out of its way, two of them were dashed to the ground by its terrible paws, then, at a distance of less than ten paces, I sent my second ball into its head.

The jaguar, or *ounce*, was one of the largest that had ever been seen, its length, from the tip of the nose to the end of the tail, being almost ten feet. Its tenacity of life was something wonderful; it was not fairly dead for more than half an hour, though literally riddled with wounds in every part of its body.

With strange, outlandish dances, the hunting expedition returned in triumph to the village, eight men bearing along the body of the prey, slung to a young sapling; whilst a more melancholy procession followed in the rear, carrying the two men wounded by the animals on hastily-constructed litters of cloaks and boughs.

We had attended to the injuries of the two unfortunately mangled by the *ounce*; one of them was not dangerously wounded, having only received a blow from the powerful brute's paw, which had cut open his shoulder to the bone. The other man was much more seriously injured, having been frightfully torn by the animal's teeth. I do not think it possible he can have lived more than a few days, though we never heard, having left the village on the morning subsequent to the hunt.

A Visit to Potsdam.

I LEFT Berlin for Potsdam at eight A.M. My guide round the palaces was a man who called himself the late king's barber, who had served him in that capacity for twenty-one years, and had from time to time shaved the chins of nearly all the sovereigns in Europe. He was at present, however, out of employ, and living on a pension, the insufficiency of which to support himself and family had driven him to the painful necessity of acting as *cicerone* to all the English *milords* and *miladies*, and he might have added, of fleecing them to the utmost extent of his abilities. Everybody is aware of the kind of understanding that exists between the guides and the servants one is obliged to see; the palaces at Potsdam are but so many nests of them. But if you would avoid something of this, ascertain, before selecting from the host of guides that present themselves on your arrival at the railway station, which is the late royal barber, and then shun him. He is the most obsequious, honey-mouthed old time-server I ever had the misfortune to employ; and piece by piece, before you know what you are about, he has drawn all the loose cash out of your pockets for the benefit of himself, and the numerous gardeners and domestics with whom he is in league. To do him justice, however, he is a most entertaining old fellow, with a fund of anecdote in the day's round that would fill a volume; my caution, therefore, is only to those who do not care to throw away nearly a sovereign in petty fees.

The weather was lovely, and I announced my intention to his serene tonsorship of doing the whole round on foot; and it is just probable that his frequent demands on my purse were but a just retribution for my disregard of his poor old legs. Be that as it may, after escaping with some little difficulty from a troop of disappointed *draschky* men, we set forward briskly upon the long day's task before us—nine palaces to be seen in a circuit of fifteen or sixteen miles; it was really an awful undertaking; but of some of them I will content myself with a mere mention.

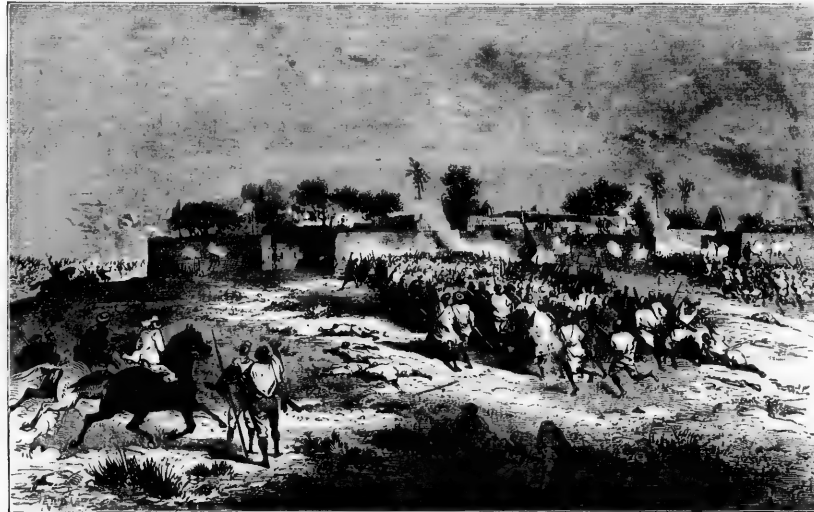
The Charlottenhof, the Neues Palais, the Marble Palace, and Sans Souci, all lie within the boundary of one enormous park. The first of these is a villa with summer-house, baths, and pretty gardens attached, all in the style of the Pompeian houses. In the baths are the king's billiard-table, a beautiful group in marble of Hermann and Dorothea, and Frederick the Great's wooden chair. The Neues Palais (now the summer residence of the Crown Prince—who has lately so grandly distinguished himself—and our Princess Royal) is a heavy brick building, erected by Frederick II., at the end of the Seven Years' War, "by way of bravado, to show his enemies that his finances were not exhausted." At least, so says "Murray;" but the royal barber, who seemed to take great pleasure in contradicting "Murray," declared it was out of spite to three ladies of the court, who taunted him with his empty purse, statues of whom, in revenge, he had placed in ridiculous attitudes on the top of the palace. The only attraction here is the monument of Queen Louisa, by Rauch, the result of fifteen years' labour at Berlin. It is far more highly finished than his other famous work on the same subject executed at Rome, and, if possible, the expression of the face is still more lovely. The artist repeated it for his own pleasure, without any command from his royal master; but when the King had seen it

he seemed so overcome by its touching faithfulness that Rauch at once presented it to him.

At a very short distance from the Neues Palais, and connected with it by a long, broad avenue, is the famous palace of Sans Souci, that earthly paradise of the Great Frederick. It is a low and by no means handsome building, with a broad terrace stretched along the front; from this descends a flight of narrower terraces, reaching to the main level of the gardens. These last are laid out in the stiff French style—alleys bordered by tall, close-clipped hedges, statues, fountains, and several flower-beds of the most fantastic shapes. In fact, little has been altered from the condition in which the whimsical taste of Frederick left it. At one end of the upper terrace, beneath shady trees, are the graves of his favourite dogs. This, of all spots in his grounds, was the one he most loved; and here, of a summer's afternoon, he would sit for hours together in his arm-chair and play with his dogs. It was near here that the eccentric monarch desired to be buried, but his wishes in this respect were not complied with. In a small building detached from the palace is the picture gallery, which is not likely to detain a visitor many minutes, and then you pass on to the new orangery, a gigantic conservatory, built chiefly of stone, and capable of giving shelter to 800 orange-trees. Not far from this is a handsome Belvedere—there are many of them scattered about the park—from which a charming view is obtained of the surrounding country, and the numerous palaces, gardens, and ornamental waters of the immediate neighbourhood.

Another pretty feature in the landscape is the river Havel, which here grows very broad, and forms itself into several lakes, studded with charming little green islands, and alive with the sporting of a thousand swans. On the borders of one of these fairy-like sheets of water stands the Marble Palace, erected by the father of King Frederick William II. as a summer residence for himself and mistress. He died before its completion, and his son was so disgusted with his conduct that he would not finish it, but left it for a future monarch. I did not care to inspect it, but hastened on to the much more interesting palace of the present king, on the opposite side of the lake. As we entered, the King and the Crown Prince were just coming out. The situation, on the slope of a woody hill, and overlooking the prettiest part of the lake, is one of the most enchanting imaginable. The scenery reminded me of that about Virginia Water. The exterior of the building is in the irregular castellated style, and the interior corresponds to it in the simplicity of its decorations, and in the absence of all that glitter and superabundance of ornament which, in most royal palaces, more or less, only offend taste and fatigue the eye. The furniture, generally, is of various kinds of wood, richly carved; and everywhere a refined taste and great uniformity prevail. Prince Karl, a brother of the king, has also a palace near this, and we saw him and his son with some ladies of the court in the garden.

The great Schloss in the town, containing several interesting mementoes of Frederick the Great, yet remained to be visited, but, unfortunately, when we arrived there, it was too late to gain admittance, and, indeed, I was not sorry, for the loquacity of my *cicerone* was beginning to be insupportable; and this was a favourable opportunity for dismissing him. I went down and awaited at the station the arrival of the next train for Berlin.



ATTACK ON SANSANDIG BY AHMADOU'S ARMY.

Journey from the Senegal to the Niger.—X.

FROM THE FRENCH OF LIEUTENANT MAGE.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE WAR CONTINUED—SIEGE OF SANSANDIG—SUDDEN DEATH OF EL HADJ—TREATY CONCLUDED WITH AHMADOU—RETURN TO SENEGAL—CONCLUSION.

ON the 8th of July Ahmadou received the submission of seven or eight villages of the interior, and, continuing our march, we doubled a great bend of the river to the north. The chief of Velentiguilla, a village of some importance, until then in alliance with Sansandig, came out with his men and joined the ranks of Ahmadou; and on the 9th, leaving Velentiguilla about two miles to the south-east, we came in sight of the enemy's town. It was situated on the Niger, and stretched 4,000 feet along the bank, covering a wide extent of ground. The northern extremity, called Somonos Point, after the fishermen, by whom it is exclusively inhabited, played an important part in the siege; it had in former times been cut off from the rest of the town by a road—this road was now closed at each end by a thick wall, with a sort of passage of communication in it leading to the chief *tata* or enclosure. The walls of the town rose to a height of sixteen feet above the level of the plain, and were furnished with bastions from which a cross-fire might be poured on all possible points of attack. A report of an intended surrender had reached Ahmadou, and he waited several hours before beginning the assault; but finding that the report was false, he ordered his men to advance, and nothing could have been more fierce and deadly than the conflict which waged on uninterruptedly through the

night until the evening of the following day. Attack and defence were equally energetic and desperate. At last at ten o'clock, almost the whole of the Somonos' tata and one of the passages of communication where the fight had been the hottest were taken; terror seemed to have seized on the population, and several canoes pushed off for the opposite shore, laden with fugitives. One of these was taken, containing twelve women and four men, all of whom, of course, were immediately put to death. Had Ahmadou allowed his chiefs to renew the attack early next morning, the victory would have been theirs; but he told them to wait; that distribution of food should first be made; that the men must rest; &c. &c. From that moment until the final raising of the siege he committed a series of blunders; losing by his dilatoriness and irresolution the ground he had gained; and, by his implacable cruelty towards the prisoners, so increasing the fury and desperation of his adversaries, as to make them determined to shed their last drop of blood rather than yield. On the 14th oxen were distributed to the men, one to each fifty, but that could not last long, and soon the Sofas began to eat the dead horses, though they thereby violated the laws of their religion. Even the skins of the oxen were eaten, after they had been boiled to get rid of the hair. Many, particularly among the Talibés, ate raw millet, I tried it also, but found that it brought on violent colic. The want and suffering continued to increase within and without the walls; numbers died of hunger, and the river was full of bodies which came floating down from the town, partially

sewn up in mats. They infected the air, and, from whichever quarter the wind blew, it came to the camp laden with pestilential odours. This state of things continued for two months, and yet the army cherished the most sanguine hopes, and regarded Sansandig as already theirs, recapitulating all the riches it contained, which would so soon fall into their hands, and talking with delight of the immediate consequences of this brilliant victory—how Ahmadou would release all the contingents, and let them return to their own territories, and among them the Nioro troops—and as they talked my hopes of release also rose high, and, in imagination, I was on the Nioro road, travelling, with an armed escort, in the direction which my thoughts had already so often taken.

On the 11th of July the appearance of things changed; the garrison of the town again opened fire, and a horseman dashed into the camp with the news that ten thousand Bambaras had crossed the Bakhoï and the Niger below Sansandig, and were hastening to the assistance of the besieged.

It took Ahmadou an hour to mount and give his orders, and before he had formed his army into line the Bambaras were upon them. A fierce contest took place, which ended, wonderful to say, in our remaining masters of the ground, and driving the enemy back on to the town with great loss of life. We had a narrow escape, but fortunately the enemy committed as many blunders as Ahmadou and his men did, and lost the advantage they had had at the outset.

The five ensuing days were spent in trifling skirmishes, which did more harm to the besiegers than to the besieged, and there was a rumour in our camp, through a fugitive, that Boubou Cissy, the chief of Sansandig, was preparing to evacuate the town, under cover of his allies. On the night of the 17th affairs took a most unexpected turn. I had thrown myself in my clothes on to the ox-skin which served me as a bed, in the hopes of getting some rest. I felt very ill; the whole air of the place was poisoned and heavy with the most noisome odours. Since the rain, which had been falling for the last few days, the exhalations from the bodies in an advanced state of decomposition on the field of battle pervaded the camp; added to this, the smell of the damp untanned skin on which I lay was most offensive. I wrapped my head in my clothes, and after a time fell into a troubled feverish sleep, which had not lasted long when I was roused by the sound of hurried movements about me, and a sudden cry of "the army is decamping; every one is off to Ségou!" I started up and ran to Samba N'diaye, to hear what had happened. There I learned that in truth no time was to be lost; the ammunition and the wounded were already gone, and everybody was on the point of leaving. "Make haste! make haste!" was Samba N'diaye's urgent and oft-repeated injunction to me, as I hastened back to my tent through the now almost deserted camp.

Silently and stealthily all were departing; vague indistinct sounds as of great numbers of men in motion, and the bellowing of oxen as they were driven into the water, and swam across the river, reached me as I made my hasty preparations and struck our tents, with the help of Dr. Quintin and our men. Every one spoke in a low voice, and terror and alarm were imprinted on the faces of all. An unaccountable panic, the cause of which I never discovered, had suddenly arisen and spread through the whole camp, and if fifty horsemen had just then sallied forth from the gates of Sansandig, Ahmadou and

his great army would have been powerless to resist them. Thus ended the siege of Sansandig.

I reached Ségou I scarcely know how, and very nearly fell a victim to a long and dangerous attack of marsh fever—one of the most distressing and dangerous symptoms of which is violent nose-bleeding. I owed my recovery to the unremitting and devoted care of Dr. Quintin, and also in great measure to the joy occasioned by the long-wished-for return of my messengers from St. Louis, with news from Europe, and letters from my family and friends. They brought me also exact instructions from the governor how to deal with Ahmadou, and a fresh supply of presents for him, by which means I succeeded at last in coming to some definite understanding with him, and in obtaining from him the ratification of the following treaty, consisting of seven articles:—

1. That peace be concluded between the two countries.
2. That the governor of Senegal's subjects be permitted to travel without let or hindrance, not only in all the countries then under Ahmadou's dominion, but also in those which he may hereafter acquire; that whether they visit the same either as traders, or missionaries, or whether from mere curiosity, they shall receive protection and good treatment from the inhabitants thereof.
3. That the Diulas, or traders of Senegal, having once paid the duty exacted from all caravans entering Ahmadou's territories, shall be subjected to no other tax or impost whatever as long as they remain there.
4. That Ahmadou should promise to throw open all the roads leading to our factories.
5. The governor of Senegal promises to throw open the road from Fouta to Ahmadou's dominions, and undertakes to provide that men and women shall travel thereon unmolested.
6. That men who are sent to St. Louis by Ahmadou, shall be allowed to buy there whatever they want, and shall be allowed to go and return in safety.
7. Traders from Senegal shall pay their right of entrance into Ahmadou's provinces, on arriving at that capital which is to be their ultimate destination—Dinguiray, Koundian, Mourgoula, Kouniakary, Nioro, Diala, Tambacara, Diangounté, Farabougou, or Ségou Sikoro, as the case may be.

This treaty was verbally concluded on the 26th of February, and a rough draught of it was made. I proposed to Ahmadou that clear copies of it should at once be made, one by him in Arabic, and another by me in French; but true to his character, he asked for a little delay, and I was again severely tried by his procrastination and indecision. Days, weeks, and months passed on, and found me still at Ségou.

The existence of El Hadj seemed to have become a mere myth. We had for some time past been receiving reliable information as to the state of affairs in Macina, through Dethié N'diaye, one of our most faithful attendants, who had married since we came to Ségou. In the same house with his wife was living a woman who had come to Sansandig some time ago from Macina with one of El Hadj's wives, and had with her been brought thence by water, and delivered up to Oulibo, at Goninkoura. Ahmadou, who was furious that the canoe which brought them and the men belonging to it had not been secured, ordered Oulibo to be put into irons for eight days, and refused to see his father's wife. The woman, her attendant, was shut up for a whole year, and then, on being liberated, received the strictest injunctions to make no

disclosures whatever as to what she had seen and heard at Macina. By degrees, however, everything came out, and, added to information gleaned by me from other quarters, gave me a pretty correct idea of events at Macina.

El Hadj had sent a great army to Timbuctoo, under command of Alpha Oumar. They found it deserted by the inhabitants, and came back laden with spoil without having struck a single blow. Meanwhile the people of Macina had risen in arms, and, led by Balobo and Sidy, son of Sidy Ahmed Backay, of Timbuctoo, who had revolted against El Hadj, attacked and surrounded the returning army, within a day's march of Hamdallahi. A desperate conflict ensued, which ended in the rebels remaining masters of the field, and only a few of El Hadj's men escaped to tell the tale.

El Hadj was powerless to encounter so large a force in the field, and entrenched himself within the walls of the town, which was soon surrounded and blockaded by the enemy.

Reduced to the greatest distress for want of provisions and ammunition, he saw the number of his followers daily diminishing around him. Many deserted, others died of starvation, and of eating dead horses and human bodies. He saw that it was madness to hold out any longer, and prepared for flight. A breach was made in the wall at night, and with those of his chiefs and adherents who still remained faithful to him, he left the town under cover of the darkness. But they had been betrayed, and were cut off from all hope of escape. As the wall fell, and they rode out through the breach, the whole plain was suddenly illumined by immense fires of straw which had been prepared beforehand, and the fugitives were pursued and overtaken. Though the woman who recounted all this to us, and who had been herself taken prisoner in the town on the following day with all the women, by Balobo and Sidy, assured us that El Hadj had got away in safety, we had no reason to believe a statement which seemed not only improbable, but beyond the bounds of possibility. This supposed escape of the king and the evacuation of Hamdallahi took place in the April of 1864, and had been reported to us in the month of May following as a triumphant and brilliant expedition made by him at the head of his army against the rebels. Soon after these disclosures made to us by Dethié N'diaye, and not long after the siege of Sansandig, one of El Hadj's men, who had served in his army, came to Ségou, and was assailed with the following questions by the first people he met, "Where is El Hadj?" "He is dead." "Where are his sons?" "Dead." "Where are Alpha Oumar, Alpha Ousman, and all the other chiefs?" "Dead, all dead!" More than this no one was permitted to hear, and the poor fellow paid dearly for his indiscretion: his head was chopped off by Ahmadou's orders.

Seven months after the affair at Sansandig, on the 2nd of May, Ahmadou summoned us to the palace for the signing of the treaty. I read it through to him from beginning to end, and he expressed himself perfectly satisfied, and translated to me his letter to the governor, which was written in Arabic, and contained exactly the same articles, only in a different order. The doctor and I then signed our copy of the treaty, and presented it to him, begging him to keep it and show it to any white men who might hereafter visit his country. But Bobo made objections to this, and addressed some words in Houssani, in a low voice, to Ahmadou, who, turning to me, said that it was quite useless for him to keep a paper which neither he nor any of his followers could either read or understand.

Though Samba N'diaye was on my side, I did not insist, for I was so afraid of thereby perhaps retarding our departure. And it was really of no importance, for he had accepted and agreed to the treaty, and he had a copy made in Arabic of his letter to the governor, promising that he would put it in his "book" (the Koran), so that it should never be lost or destroyed. After which he said, "Now everything is settled, and thou mayest prepare for thy journey." I got up, thinking that I should have another interview with him before leaving, and should then receive the present which Samba N'diaye told me it was customary for a negro king to give his guest at parting. But Ahmadou addressed me again, and thanked me for the patience with which I had borne my long detention in his country, and wound up with numberless professions of friendship and esteem, saying that he knew that I also was much attached to him, and that no envoy could have done more than I had to establish satisfactory relations between my country and his. I answered that I had had a great deal to endure, but that all would be forgotten on the day of my leaving, that I had come charged with a serious mission, and with the desire to benefit thereby his country as well as my own; that now everything was arranged, I had no other demands to make, and my only wish was to start without any more delay. Then he said that he had something ready which he wished to give me as a token of friendship—that it was but a small present—too small and trifling; but he knew that white men did not value riches, and cared only for good intentions. I replied that he was right, that however small his present might be, I should be content with it, as a proof of his regard and of his satisfaction at the way I had behaved towards him; then I added that I had already received so much from him during my stay in Ségou, and should have wished to give him a handsome present before leaving, but that my resources were so small that I feared I could leave him but a very trifling remembrance of me.

He then produced two handsome gold bracelets of the country, which he handed to Samba N'diaye, saying, in an emphatic manner which struck every one, "These are for the commander," and added, "I should have sent a present to the governor, but as I have lately heard that Faidherbe, who sent thee, has left N'dar (St. Louis), and I know nothing whatever of the new governor—not even whether he will be favourably disposed towards me—I shall not send him any present until the return of the messenger who is to accompany you. Through him I shall know what to do." After this, we had some more general conversation, in the course of which Ahmadou said that he would never again detain any envoys sent by our government. I made him repeat this promise, and asked him whether he would allow a company of white men to come and explore the river in a barge. He was going to answer, when Bobo again whispered something in his ear, and he said, "When my envoys return from St. Louis I shall know what to do."

On the 4th I paid a round of farewell visits, and gave presents to all those from whom I had received any kindness. I was very well received, and as I was leaving many showed me great marks of confidence—Oulibo, among others, who told me that the great favour shown by Ahmadou to Bobo, and the way in which he consulted him and followed his advice in everything, was beginning to make the Talibés very discontented, and would end in having the most serious consequences.

Before our departure I gave our two female slaves the choice of remaining at Ségou in Ahmadou's service, or coming with us to Senegal, where I promised to provide them with a house and the means of livelihood in Bakel or Médina, and to give them their freedom. They preferred remaining behind; the word "freedom" seemed to have no charms for them—they were the children of slaves, and had always lived among slaves, and in Ségou they had all that they cared for, their relations and friends; so all that remained for us to do was to pay them handsomely for their services. On the 7th May, 1866, at half-past three in the morning, we left Ségou, never to return, taking, after we had left the banks of the Niger, very nearly the same road by which we had come. From Tomboula, with the Diangounté on the left, we went northward through the Bakhounou territory, and traversing more than once the road which Mungo Park had taken when he was escaping from the Oulad-Imbariks, and came, quite without knowing it, to the shores of the Joliba. The chief of Ouasibougou (as Mungo Park calls it), a white-headed man of eighty, told me that he remembered when he was a child the visit of the white man who had passed through their country, poor miserable, and worn out with hardships, but still filled with indomitable resolution, on his way to the great river whence he never returned.

At Tomboula, whilst we were resting from the fatigues of the preceding days, the place was suddenly attacked by a body of horsemen, and had it not been for the bravery and promptitude of our escort, headed by my faithful and courageous Dethié, who took six or seven of them prisoners, and succeeded in putting the others to flight, the poor villagers would have fared very badly. They turned out on examination to be Massassis from Guéméné, and were given up to the Talibés, who put them to death in a most horrible manner. I tried to reconcile myself to the thought of their cruel sufferings by remembering the words of Raffenet with regard to the district of Kaarta:—"This country will

never prosper until the last of the Massassis has been exterminated."

At Niore we found the whole staff of Mussulman troops who are employed in keeping Kaarta in subjection to Ségou.

At Koniakary I was advised on no account to ride in advance of my escort, as the bands of Moorish robbers made the road very dangerous for unprotected travellers; but my

impatience made me press on, and I left Koniakary at six o'clock on the morning of the 28th of May, to visit Khar-toum-Sambala at Médina, and give him news of his daughter, who was Samba N'diaye's first wife at Ségou. He received me most courteously, and set fresh milk and couscous before me for my breakfast, of which I gladly partook; the more so, as I had asked in every place for cow's milk, and had invariably been told that all the cows were dead. I stayed there an hour, and then rejoined my companions. At half-past ten we came to Kana-Makounou; the bed of the tributary here was almost dry, but we refreshed our horses, who were by this time much jaded and worn, in some pools of water by the way, and rode on.

Soon I saw mountains rising in front of us, and recognised to the left the famous mountain of Dinguir. Dr. Quintin would not believe it, and Ali Abdoul, the chief of our escort, could not confirm me in my conviction that I was right, as he had never travelled on that



SAN-FARRA, A GRIOT OF SÉGOU.

road before. However, on we pressed as fast as we could, and suddenly I cried out, "There is the guard-house!"

We trotted up the bank facing the French station almost at the same spot, where in 1857, on the 18th of July, Colonel Faidherbe, then Governor of Senegal, had appeared to the garrison of Médina as its deliverer, and had completely routed El Hadj's army. There we found our guide, who had left Koniakary the evening before to announce our coming, and who, having s'tept too long on the road, arrived at the same time as we did.

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THE BAMBARAS ATTACK THE BESIEGERS.

to drink of the clear water of the Senegal, and looked at the French flag floating above the white walls of the guard-house. Every danger was now behind us, and soon we should be in the midst of friends and countrymen. We fired our guns and called loudly to arouse some one on the opposite shore, and before long the boat of a revenue-collector named Clédon—one of the heroes of the defence of Médina—pushed off, and came to carry us across the river. The officer in command of the station received us as we landed on French ground with a hearty welcome.

Nothing could equal the reception we met with at Médina, and Bakel, and every place we came to on our way to St. Louis; it was a series of ovations; and when we reached that town, we found that the news of our return had preceded us, for everywhere, on all the walls, the following announcement was posted up:—

"St. Louis, 15th June, 1866.

"M. Mage and Dr. Quintin have returned from the interior of Africa, and arrived at Médina on the 28th of May. The Governor has the greatest satisfaction in announcing the good intelligence to the colony, under the conviction that it will be received with that interest which every one must feel for men who have gone through such dangers and hardships with so much courage and perseverance, and have in the course of their travels made discoveries, and acquired new and valuable information, which cannot fail to be interesting to the world at large.

(Signed) PINET LAPRADE,
Governor, and Colonel of Engineers."

A fête was given that evening at the club in our honour by the whole colony, at which the Governor presided.

There I was informed that eighteen months ago I had been made an officer of the Legion of Honour. That, and the many flattering marks of esteem I received from the colonists, will always make me remember the evening as one of the most gratifying of my life.

On the 28th of June I set sail for France, and in the joy of returning to my native country, and being restored to my family and friends, I soon forgot the anxieties and dangers which had made the two years since we parted seem so long.

At a meeting of the Geographical Society on the 12th of April, 1867, a gold medal was awarded to me for my "geographical discoveries in Africa."

CONCLUSION.

In 1863, when I set out on my journey into Western Soudan, all regular trade had been for a while interrupted between Kaarta and our stations at Médina and Bakel. Now it has been resumed.

At that time also nothing was known of El Hadj's position, nothing about his sons, their strength and resources, and nothing of the history and conquest of Ségou and Mauna, which are of such great political importance and interest to our colonists. Now we know that El Hadj is dead, and that his son Ahmadou, though he may hold out for a time against the rebels, who make his position so difficult, will probably never succeed in establishing his throne on a firm basis, nor in bringing so many hostile tribes into subjection under one head.

Although Ahmadou appeared willing and even desirous of establishing commercial relations with our factories, and sent one of his Talibés to treat with the governor for that purpose, I do not believe that they will ever attain any great importance. Great changes must take place in the government and interior organisation of Central Africa before it will be fit to carry on any active trade with us.

The most important result of my mission will doubtless be the enabling the Diulas of Kaarta to come and buy merchandise in our settlements, and carry it in times of peace and tranquillity to Ségou in exchange for gold and slaves.

The only way for France to acquire any political influence or position in Soudan would be, I think, by sending an expedition up the Niger in boats, which might either be taken up the rapids at Boussa, or carried thither in pieces, and put together above them. Once in the district of the Upper Niger, with even a small number of well-manned gun-boats almost anything might be done. Dr. Barth, writing on the same subject, said—"I believe that the way to improve the condition of Africa would be to establish colonial settlements on the principal rivers, which would form so many centres of civilisation and industry, and by exercising a salutary influence on the country around them would in time become merged into each other." I will add but one word more: Islamism, with all its gross superstitions, is at the bottom of the weight of ills under which Africa is suffering, and must, for a long while to come, be her greatest and most invincible enemy and a stumbling-block in the way of her progress and prosperity.

The Caucasus.—VIII.

BY DOUGLAS W. FRESHFIELD, M.A., F.R.G.S., AUTHOR OF "TRAVELS IN THE CENTRAL CAUCASUS AND BASHAN."

MINGRELIA.

HAVING, by an ascent of Ararat, set the crown on his Armenian expedition, the traveller will naturally be anxious to return to Tiflis, and seek a new base of operations, previous to the exploration of the western portion of Transcaucasia. No difficulty will be found in deciding upon the best and most central head-quarters from which to visit in detail the region, of which the rivers flow into the Black Sea. Kutais, the Russian capital of Mingrelia, is the residence of officials,

whose aid will probably be found serviceable, and the place where a guide, horses, and provisions will be most easily obtained.

The new macadamised road over the Suram Pass is probably by this time completed, and the traveller, if only he is successful in finding horses at the post-stations, may reasonably hope to reach Kutais on the evening of the second day. The scenery during the first part of the drive is decidedly dull. The western provinces of Georgia consist of bare

plains surrounded by low ridges; and the villages—mere collections of underground huts—do nothing to diversify the monotony of the landscape. The town of Gori, with its castle perched on a lofty isolated rock, is one of the few picturesque objects that meet the eye before we reach the foot of the ridge which forms the watershed between the Kur and the Rion, and the political boundary of Georgia and Mingrelia.

From the station of Suram an interesting excursion may be made along the upper valley of the Kur to Borjom, the imperial watering-place, where a mineral spring, issuing in a shady nook of the hills, has gathered round it the summer villas of the official and aristocratic world of Tiflis. The same road, if pursued further, carries the traveller through pleasing scenery to Akhaltzik—a town and fortress on the Turkish frontier—once celebrated for the bravery of its inhabitants, but now chiefly known for the fineness of its silver filigree work, specimens of which may be bought at more reasonable prices than in the bazaars of the capital. The carriage road, which is eventually to be carried across the hills to Kutais, now terminates abruptly, a few miles beyond Akhaltzik, at Abastuman—another of the summer retreats—where Russian officers endeavour to reproduce in the far East the life and manners of a German spa. The horse path which connects it with Mingrelia is one of the most beautiful in Transcaucasia. From the top of the pass—which is within an easy day's excursion of Abastuman—a panorama is obtained of the whole southern face of the Caucasus, from Kazbek to Elbruz, and the descent on the northern side leads through some of the most exquisite of the woodland scenery for which the Rion basin is famous.

We must, however, retrace our steps to Suram. The high-road from Tiflis to the Black Sea traverses a pass insignificant both in height and scenery, and it is not until it begins to descend the valley of the tributary of the Rion, which it follows to the plain, that the country becomes interesting. For a long day's drive, vistas, combining every charm of rock, wood, and water, succeed one another in rapid succession, until at last, two stages before reaching Kutais, the traveller emerges from the hills and passes between undulating commons and oak copses, gorgeous in spring with the perfumed blossoms of the yellow azalea and the pink Pontic rhododendron.

Kutais, the modern capital of the Black Sea provinces of the Caucasus, claims to occupy the site of the ancient Cytaea, famed as the birthplace of Medea. The modern town stands on level ground, on both banks of the Rion, which here flows with a rapid current between low wooded hills. The buildings cover a considerable area, as, with the exception of the two or three streets of the commercial quarter, the houses all stand in their own gardens, surrounded by trees, vines, and lilac bushes. The place boasts more than one hotel, the best of which, overlooking the public garden, is kept by a Frenchwoman. Having been much frequented of late years by such of our fellow-countrymen as have been employed on the Transcaucasian railroad, it now offers not only ordinary European comforts, but even English "Bass" and beef-steaks. The centres of attraction for a stranger desirous of seeing as much as possible of the life of the place are the public garden and the bazaar. Here the marvellous costumes of the surrounding districts may be studied at leisure. The

white caps of Russian officials mingle with the baschklik—the direct descendant of the old Phrygian bonnet—a hood with two long tails, often tied up round the head into the form of a turban. Extremes meet when a Tcherkess, or Lesghian, in his huge sheepskin hat, is met walking arm-in-arm with a tall Imeritian prince, whose only head-gear is a small piece of embroidered cloth about the size of an ordinary kettle-holder. But most superb of all are the mountaineers of the Gurjel, with their belts full of silver-mounted weapons, their gold-embroidered tunics, and their baschkliks drooping over their shoulders with studied negligence. Here, too, even better than at Tiflis, an opinion may be formed as to the charms of the far-famed beauties of the Caucasus. In Georgia, although handsome women abound, and regular features and dark eyes meet the gaze at every corner, it is rare to see a face which fixes itself in the memory by any peculiar charm of expression. The Mingrelian and Imeritian belles are brighter and more vivacious, while no less comely to look upon. We must confess, however, ungallant as it appears, never to have been able properly to appreciate their undoubted loveliness, principally on account of the very unbecoming costume in which they veil it. A hard velvet cap, worn on the back of the head, combined with two long corkscrew curls drooping on either side of the face, give a tragedy-queen air to all but the youngest girls; while, although retaining these unbecoming adjuncts of their national dress, they have of late years added to it the discarded crinolines of more western lands. Still, after all possible detractions have been made, the women of the Caucasian lowlands must be allowed to be, physically, some of the finest specimens of their race to be found in either hemisphere.

The bazaar is fairly supplied with European goods, and most of the requisites for a mountain journey may be laid in here without difficulty. The chief local manufacture seems to be sheepskin and felt hats of every possible shape, from a guardsman's bearskin to a nondescript orange-shaped globe with a round button atop and a drooping brim, which gives its wearer the appearance of a country bumpkin in a burlesque. All the traffic of the country being carried on on horseback, saddles are another general need. Those we saw were clumsy things to English eyes; supplied with cushions, but too short in the seat for any real comfort. On a market-day, creaking carts drawn by bullocks bring in great skins of wine, Kakhetie from Tiflis, or the rougher produce of the Mingrelian slopes; Russian officials bargain with obsequious peasants for poultry, fruit, or vegetables, while itinerant hawkers offer for sale long strings of native jet or steel-tipped sticks, the fork at the end of which is meant to serve as a rest for a gun—a significant indication of the old customs of the country.

The neighbourhood of Kutais offers some attractions to the lover of architecture. On the hill above the town are the ruins of a fine church, which dates from the eleventh century. At the distance of only a few miles is the convent of Gelathi, itself an interesting specimen of Byzantine architecture, and containing ecclesiastical treasures of inestimable value, amongst which the most precious is a portrait of the Virgin said to have been brought to the Caucasus by St. Andrew.

It is now time for us to leave Kutais, and to follow up the course of the Rion to its snowy cradle among the mountains. Between the flat alluvial lowlands of Mingrelia and the central

chain extends a wide tract of wooded ranges known as the Radscha. This district, in which the mountains correspond somewhat in character to those of the Italian lakes, offers special attractions for naturalists and lovers of woodland scenery. The list of plants collected by Herr Radde,* the German savant, previously mentioned as curator of the Museum at Tiflis, will partially inform the botanist of the prizes that await him, while entomologists will be excited to learn that a young Frenchman—known from his pursuit to the natives as the "Father of Flies"—has lately been successful in securing beetles valued at their weight in gold by Western connoisseurs. The beauty of the forests which shelter these treasures can scarcely be imagined by those who have not had the good fortune to ride for hours through their recesses. The primeval groves consist of beech, oak, lime, and elm—ash and walnut trees alternating with planes and silver poplars—amongst which are encountered the natives of more southern lands, the box, the fig, and the arbutus. From the upper branches hang festoons of ivy and long trailers of the vine, while between the stems flourishes a dense undergrowth of myrtles, wild roses, azaleas, and rhododendrons. Here and there the woods give place to sunny meadows and fields of Indian corn, or glades where the white blossoms of the laurel and the hawthorn contrast with pale yellow brooms and beds of the bluest forget-me-nots. We have brought under our eyes the most perfect forest scenery of the temperate zone; the tropics may show sights more fairy-like, but they can scarcely surpass the romantic beauty of a Mingrelian glade.

A ride of two or three days through landscapes such as we have endeavoured to shadow forth brings the explorer to Oni, the chief town on the upper Rion, where some Russian soldiers are stationed, and all the necessities of life, combined with fairly good quarters, may be obtained. It is admirably situated as a base for visiting in detail the lovely scenery at the sources of the Rion, although to explore the glaciers, or cross any of the passes of the main chain, it is necessary to pass the night at one of the higher hamlets. The position of Oni will be most easily understood if we compare it to Sallenches, Gebi,

* See "Travels in the Central Caucasus," Appendix III.

the chief village on the western branch of the Rion, occupying the place of Chamonix. The comparison must not, however, be pushed too far, nor must the reader allow himself to imagine a long straight trench with featureless sides clad in a mantle of monotonous pine-wood, like that which lies at the northern base of Mont Blanc. About the knees of the hoary-headed giants of the Caucasian chain cling a number of green ridges,

diversifying the landscape, and dividing the streams which feed the infant Rion; while the tower-like summit of Tau Burdisula and the exquisitely sharp and thin ridges of Adai Khokh soar as defiantly into the air as any Alpine *aiguille*. The most characteristic beauty of the upper valley is, however, the perfection in which it presents the combination of woodland and mountain scenery, which has been eloquently pictured by Mr. Ruskin in words which, though originally applied to Swiss, seem doubly appropriate to Caucasian scenery, and may therefore well be quoted here. Amongst the sources of the Rion, even better than in the Alps, the lover of Nature may study "the various actions of trees, rooting themselves in inhospitable rocks, stooping to look into ravines, hiding from the search of glacier winds, reaching forth to the rays of rare sunshine, crowding down together to drink at sweetest streams, climbing hand-in-hand among the difficult slopes, opening in sudden dances round the mossy knolls, gathering into companies abreast among the fragrant fields, or gliding in grave procession over the heavenward ridges."

On the uplifted pastures, when even the birch—which throughout the Caucasus climbs far higher than the pine—has

been left below, we enter a region of wild flowers, where the cream-coloured rhododendron and the cowslip, the gentian and the snowdrop, and many other old Swiss and home favourites are strangely mingled together. Here no châteaux greet the eyes of the weary traveller, returning to earth after a long day spent upon the snow and ice, the shepherds are content with the rude shelter afforded by an overhanging crag or a few branches hastily heaped together. Nor is this the extent of the hardship. The herds, whose appearance the thirsty milk lover has hailed with enthusiasm at a distance, are found on nearer approach to consist entirely of young heifers and



COSSACK OF THE LINE.



CAUCASIAN PRINCE IN CHAIN ARMOUR, AND ATTENDANT

bullocks; these, in company with sheep and large droves of horses, wander in summer over the mountains, while the cows, unlike their more adventurous Swiss sisters, remain in the valley.

The villagers of the Upper Rion are for the most part needy and inoffensive peasants, whose appearance excites neither the alarm nor the admiration of the passer-by. Living on a much-used track between Kutais and Vladikafkaz, they are less barbarous, and more accustomed to visits from strangers, than the inhabitants of the other recesses of the range. The dress of the men is often in tatters; their dagger-handles and cartridge-boxes are of wood or horn, in the place of silver; while the women, accustomed from their earliest years to field labour, have no beauty either of face or figure.

At the eastern corner of the Rion valley, and immediately beneath the noble precipices of Adai Khokh, a deep depression occurs in the main chain, which is here traversed by the Mamison road—the only passage between Mingrelia and Ciscaucasia capable of being converted into a military highway. The work has been long in progress, and the zigzags are already not only traced, but cut on both sides of the mountain, but the progress of any public work in Russia depends too much on the chances of official caprice and jobbery for us to look forward very hopefully to its completion. The other passes leading from the Rion to the north of the chain are glacier "cols," such as Swiss guides would consider "grandes courses," but which Caucasians succeed in traversing with their flocks—an encounter on a snow-field with one of these troops of fat-tailed sheep, guarded by huge dogs and sword-and-dagger equipped shepherds forms one of the most picturesque incidents of travel in this region. Between the valleys of the Rion and the Ingur, and separated from them by comparatively low ridges, respectively 9,600 and 8,800 feet in height, lies a labyrinth of glens containing the sources of the Rion's greatest affluent, the Zenes-Squali, or Horse river. Not only are permanent habitations unknown in this district, but not even a hut to mark a summer-station of the herds is met with within a day's march of the glaciers. Lentechi, the highest village, is situated at the lower end of a deep and narrow defile, which forms a barrier rarely passed, although not impassable, between the upper glens and the inhabited world. The traveller who wishes to force a way through this wilderness from the Rion to Suanetia must make up his mind to spend two nights in the forest without other shelter than he brings with him, and to pass his days in a constant and by no means easy struggle with untamed Nature. During this time he will be enabled to fully realise the roughness as well as the romance which accompanies travel in regions devoid alike of inhabitants and paths. Starting from his encampment after a night rendered sleepless by the incessant attacks of swarms of mosquitoes and myriads of small black flies, he will for some distance make use as a pathway of the rough boulders in the bed of a tributary torrent. After a steep-sided and lofty ridge has been crossed the difficulties are more than doubled; no friendly torrent is at hand, and it becomes necessary to plunge boldly into the heart of the primeval forest. For the remainder of the day the struggle is severe, and at times almost hopeless; path there is none, and, except where a broad trail shows that a bear has lately passed, a way has to be continuously forced through dense thickets, where the arms are occupied in pushing aside branches, whilst the legs scramble in and out of deep rivolet beds and over or under the trunks of partially-fallen or

prostrate trees. At last the bottom of the glen is reached, and open glades, offering a welcome prospect of respite from toil, are seen through the foliage. But, alas! the smooth, flowery surface, which from a distance looked so delightful, is found on nearer approach to consist of a dense growth of hemlocks and nettles, burdocks and tiger-lilies, growing to an average height of about six feet above the ground. Slowly and laboriously the party wade in Indian file through the tangled mass of herbage. About midday the clouds collect, and heavy rain begins to fall. Presently a torrent is encountered, too deep to be forded, and an alder-tree has to be felled and thrown across it; tedious ravines have next to be surmounted; the porters lose their reckoning, and alternately mount and descend with obstinate vagueness of purpose, when evening draws on, and no level space six feet square can be found on the steep hill-side, on which to pitch a tent, until at last a grove of pines offers irresistible attractions to the porters, and they make a determined halt. After many struggles, with poles swollen by the wet, and soaked canvas, the tent is erected; and, beside a blazing camp-fire, each man, according to his disposition, laughs or grumbles over the events of the day, and trusts for better times on the morrow. Even despite miserable weather, the contrast between the stern cliffs and glaciers of the central chain and the marvellously rich and varied vegetation which runs up to their very base formed a scene, the remembrance of which will never be effaced from our minds; and future travellers, less unfortunate in their skies, may hope to carry away still more vivid impressions of this flowering wilderness. We are now on the threshold of a district which may in many respects be considered as the heart of the Caucasus. The rock-girdled basin of Suanetia combines within its limits the two most striking elements of Caucasian scenery—the height of mountain sublimity combined with a perfection of sylvan beauty almost inconceivable to those who have not visited these countries. The gigantic wall of the central chain towers above the sources of the Ingur in tiers of precipices which dwarf even those on the Italian side of Monte Rosa. Farther west, the two appalling peaks of Ushba, the twin spires of this cathedral of Nature, shoot with unrivalled boldness from their bases amidst the forest region to a height of fully 16,000 feet. Great glaciers pour in frozen cataracts from the yet untrodden snow-fields in which they find their sustenance; others, gliding more gently from the crest of the chain, afford passages to natives of the northern valleys desirous of bartering their sheepskins for the fruit of Suanetia. Opposite the great range, and dividing Suanetia from Mingrelia, rises the ice-clad crest of the Leila mountains, culminating in "three silent pinnacles of aged snow," from which long snake-like glaciers stretch their tongues out into the pine forests which clothe the lower slopes. But magnificent as is the mountain scenery, it is not on this account chiefly that we claim for the Caucasus a superiority over Switzerland. Painters are apt to complain of the monotony of Alpine grandeur, of the want of beauty in form or tenderness in colour of the pine-woods, or of the sombre hues of the chalets and villages. If they will come to Suanetia they will find foregrounds beautiful enough to win them even from Italy. The slopes of the comparatively low ridges which divide the tributaries of the Ingur are clothed in vegetation, of which a very faint idea is given by the comparison to the most lavishly cared-for portion of an English park. The paths connecting the villages wander beneath the shade of woods where the pine and the mountain-ash, the birch,

the hazel, and the fir, mingle their branches. The ground between their stems is adorned with dense coppices of the laurel and the box, relieved by the golden branches of the azalea and the creamy blossoms of the rhododendron, while tall, tawny tiger-lilies and lordly blue lupins queen it over their humbler cousins the campanulas, bluebells, and cowslips, which carpet the earth. As we descend lower we pass through beech and hazel groves, amongst which flourish the bay, the laburnum, and the wild honeysuckle, until at last the path emerges upon fields of the lustrous-green tobacco plant and Indian corn, growing on the level banks of the river.

The villages of Suanetia are as different from those of Switzerland as its vegetation. Castellated strongholds here take the place of the homely brown chalets, every hamlet is a group of white stone houses, surmounted by numerous towers—such as still exist in parts of the Apennines—relics of a day when feuds were as common and as bloody in Italy as they still are in Suanetia. We have only once seen an exact representation of one of these fortress-villages, and that where it might be last looked for—in the background of one of Perugino's pictures, in which the painter has introduced a sketch of his native city as it appeared at the close of the fifteenth century. The population of this valley are the most primitive of the Caucasus; the "Suani" have retained their name, and, it may be presumed, their manners, from the time of Strabo and Pliny to the present day. All their communities, however, are not equally barbarous; those hidden away in the almost inaccessible glens which contain the headwaters of the Ingur are, as might be expected, lower in the scale of civilisation than their neighbours of the western and more open portions of the valley. Among the former, who, from never having been subject to a native prince, are known as the Free or Independent Suanetians, might has been the only right; among the latter, robbery has been confined to a single family, that of a chief known by the high-sounding title of the Dadisch-Kilian. The last of these princes distinguished himself some ten years ago by resenting a peremptory invitation to visit St. Petersburg, conveyed to him by the Governor of Mingrelia, by successfully stabbing the unfortunate official. The Dadisch-Kilian paid the penalty of this crime with his life. A garrison of ten Cossacks occupies his former residence—a village of the name of Pari—while the murderer's son has become a student at the university of Odessa.

The traveller bent on exploring this fascinating district must not, unless he is in Russian uniform, expect to meet with the slightest fear or respect from the barbarians amongst whom he will have to live. Englishmen in Suanetia at the present day are somewhat in the position in which a party of British mountaineers would have found themselves, who, in the time of Julius Cæsar, had set out to explore the valley of Aosta. Let the central chain represent the Pennines, the Leila group the Graians, the Koschtantau group Mont Blanc, and the Suani the Salassi, and the parallel will be complete. The story of our own narrow escape from being plundered, if not worse, by the ruffians of Jibiani has been told too often already; and we prefer, in support of the bad character we have elsewhere given its inhabitants, to reproduce the account given by Herr Radde, a Russian official and the director of the Government Museum at Tiflis, of his sojourn in the same village:—

"The impressions left by my residence at Jibiani cannot

exactly be called peaceful. Constantly surrounded by from sixty to eighty Suanians, amongst whom were many children and even women, it was only by the greatest patience and forbearance that we could protect ourselves from their obtrusiveness. Presents, friendliness, and a scrupulous and often affected indifference to insolence, work the best with such a people; but it is sometimes necessary to draw a line, and to take decided steps to repress their excessive rudeness.

"During my stay two wounded men presented themselves, and I frequently heard gun-shots from an old castle called Lenqueri, which stands on the left bank of the Zurischî. In this castle lived eight robbers, natives of the neighbouring village of Murkmur, which, like Jibiani, belongs to the community of Uschkul. A quarrel about the pasture-grounds had involved the two villages in open war, and the bitterness of the dispute was such that the whole population took part in it with powder and shot, two-edged daggers and swords, while the robbers in their castle carried off, at every opportunity, the herds of the enemy, and spread murder and rapine through the valley." The Herr further states—"Amongst this people individuals are frequently met with who have committed ten or more murders, which their standard of morality not only permits, but in many cases commands."

Sufficient employment for a whole summer might be found in continuing the work commenced by Herr Radde, and compiling materials for a tolerably complete account and map of Suanetia; with the assistance of a Cossack escort, the work would not, we think, be found impracticable or dangerous.

We must not now, however, linger any longer over this attractive subject. The traveller who has found his way from Kutais to Pari over the mountains will do best to descend the gorge of the Ingur to Sugdedi, the ancient capital of Mingrelia, and residence of the Dadian family. Thence he may pursue a country road, often broken by ferries over the streams issuing from the mountains, which leads to Soukhoun-kalé, the best Russian roadstead at this end of the Black Sea. The little town is built on a strip of level ground at the foot of wooded hills, and its situation, though charming in appearance, is said to be unhealthy. On the promontory which forms the northern extremity of the bay is an old Turkish fortress, which has conferred the name "Kalé" on the place. During the last Abkhasian revolt it served as a refuge for the Russian troops, when the town was attacked in force by the mountaineers. The inhabitants of the neighbouring country have, since that outbreak, been exported by thousands, and landed in Turkey, so that Abkhasia is now almost entirely depopulated—a fact which must be borne in mind by the cautious explorer of the Western Caucasus. The only frequented track across this portion of the main chain is the Nachar pass, scarcely practicable for horses, which leads to the sources of the Kuban, on the western flanks of Elbruz. An account of it will be found in Herr Radde's "Caucasus," a work—printed at first privately for the Russian government, but now to be obtained in London—which no one who thinks of visiting the country should fail to procure.

We must now return to Kutais, and thence proceed to the coast by the most frequented route. The navigation of the Rion commences two posts, or about thirty miles, from Kutais, at a village called Meran, believed by some to stand on or near the site of the ancient *Æa*, the city of the golden fleece. Meran is now a penal colony, to which detected

members of the religious association known as "Skoptzes" are banished. These unpleasant fanatics have been led, by a too literal interpretation of a text of Scripture, to mutilate themselves in a most horrible manner. Their personal appearance is very unprepossessing; clumsy, but strong in limb, their livid and unwholesome countenances express little beyond an obstinate and sullen stupidity. The chief part of the

hand are gentle hills and verdant glades, watered by numerous streams, while from every rising ground the eye ranges over the plains of the Phasis to the snowy peaks of Suanetia and the still more distant cone of Elbruz. A post-road, the continuation of that from Kutais to Meran, leads through this country to the frontier fort of St. Nicholas—the southernmost point on the shores of the Black Sea over which the double-



A TARTAR OF THE NORTHERN SLOPES OF THE CAUCASUS.

colony finds occupation in the navigation of the Rion, which is almost entirely in their hands; the remainder are employed as domestic servants, in which capacity they are said to be diligent and honest.

The border-land of the Gurjel, which lies to the south of Meran, is one of the most attractive districts of the Caucasus. The inhabitants are famous, even in this land of picturesque costumes, for the beauty and costliness of their personal adornment; and the natural scenery is equally celebrated for its combination of softness and sublimity. Close at

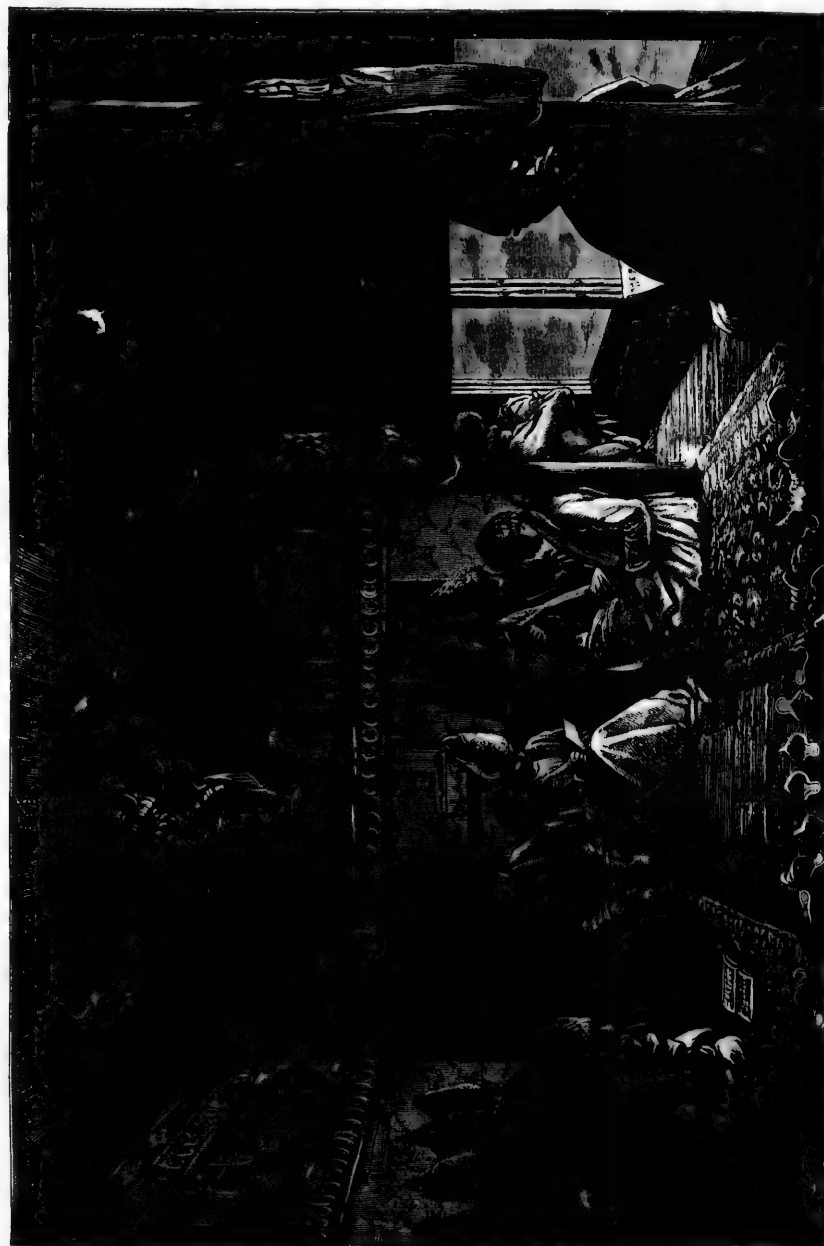
headed eagle now waves. From this perch the greedy bird hopes some day to swoop down on Batoum, the only safe harbour on this inhospitable coast, which has somehow remained as yet in Turkish hands.

The Rion, though joined just below Meran by the Zenes-Squali, is for many miles excessively shallow, and the steamers which mount it are obliged to be of the lightest draught. The immediate banks are covered with dense woods, giving place, at rare intervals, to a village surrounded by plots of Indian corn. As the sea is approached the forest grows thicker, the

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A TARTAR SCHOOL

country becomes absolutely flat, and the swampy soil is inhabited only by wild boars and pheasants. On a fine day in the late autumn, when the foliage glows in all the shades of brown and gold, and at the head of every bend in the stream some far-off snowy peak closes the vista, the voyage down the Rion forms a worthy conclusion to a Caucasian journey. But those who would enjoy it must lose no time, for a railroad is already nearly constructed from Poti to Kutais, and its opening will probably be the signal for the river steamboats to cease running.

Poti, "city and seaport by virtue of an imperial ukase" has been described with unkind sarcasm by almost every traveller who has visited it—by no one more graphically than Alexandre Dumas, who was forced to wait some days there in 1859. It has improved somewhat since his time, although its success is far more owing to imperial patronage than to any merits of its own. Situated on a fever-stricken mud-bank between the sea, the Rion, and a lagoon, it can never become an agreeable place of sojourn. Comfortable lodgings may, however, be found in an hotel kept by a worthy Frenchwoman, and a spare day can be spent in examining the works for a new port which are now being slowly carried on under the superintendence of Colonel Schaufroff, a most intelligent and courteous officer of Engineers.

These attractions will, however, scarcely suffice to make us regret the arrival of the steamboat which is to carry us away; although, as we glide slowly from the quay of Poti, we know that we are finally leaving the Caucasus behind us. Farewell to the baschlik and the bourca, the tall sheepskin of the mountaineer, and the cloth bonnet of the Mingrelian! To-morrow we shall enter the every-day East, and be surrounded by common-place turbans and fezzes. We even feel a shade of regret for the last white-capped Russian official, who has just

examined our passports and turned back the wretched peasant who was attempting, without duly signed orders, to escape from under the shadow of the double eagle.

We presently pass the clearly-defined line which marks the meeting between the brown flood of the Phasis and the blue breakers of the Euxine. As our steamer cuts rapidly through the waves the giants of the central Caucasus sink on the horizon until they are nothing more than "the dwindled edgings of its brim." Nineteenth century wanderers cannot hope, like the hero of old, to return home with a fair princess and a golden fleece; but it will be owing to some lack of capacity in our mental wallets if we do not come back from our summer holiday laden with a rich store of pleasant memories. Those who have once visited Caucasian shores will, long after they have quitted them, cherish as amongst the most welcome of their day-dreams visions of virgin forests redolent with the rich fragrance of the azalea blossom; of broad steppes golden with the fast-ripening grain; of pastures where the snowdrops force their way through the half-melted drifts; of gorges where the path seems to struggle hopelessly for a footing amidst tremendous cliffs; of snow-capped precipices, crystal staircases of opalescent ice, and every form of dome, tower, spire, and pinnacle in which earth aspires heavenward.

Knowing well how imperfectly description can take the place of actual eyesight, our fear is lest our readers should be before this wearied of our endeavour to make them sharers in some of these memories, and lest they should dismiss us with an imprecation similar to that bestowed on our most famous forerunner:

Ἐὶ θ' ὤφελ' Ἄργαυς μὴ διαπράσθαι σκάφος
Κόλχων ἐς αἶαν κτανέας Συμπληγάδας.

The River Basin of the Po, and the Lagoons of the Adriatic.

BY PROFESSOR D. T. ANSTED, F.R.S., F.R.G.S., ETC.

THE drainage of the southern slopes of the Alps into the great basin of the Mediterranean exhibits many features altogether distinct from those characterising the drainage systems of northern Europe. The rivers are fewer, shorter, and much more rapid and torrential in character. They are connected with a large number of smaller streams, in some cases expanding into lakes, before they leave the mountains. All run into the Adriatic, and, although they enter by different names into that sea, they are, in fact, all parts of one system, of which the Po is the grand trunk. Before entering the sea, they now cross a very wide tract of low ground, formed of their deposits in comparatively recent times and near the sea; they are shut off from direct communication with salt water by a series of lagoons reaching from Ravenna nearly to Trieste, a distance of about eighty miles.

The part of the east coast of Italy thus included may be divided into two portions, one reaching northward from Ravenna to a little beyond Venice, the other eastward from the mouth of the Piave (coming from the Val d'Agordo in the

Tyrol) to the Gulf of Trieste. The former conveys almost the whole drainage of the Maritime Alps, besides that of the southern slopes of the Swiss Alps and the Tyrol, as far as the Piave. The northern slopes of the Alps supply the Rhine, the Rhone, and the Danube, the three principal rivers of Europe.

From this very brief outline, the reader interested in physical geography will perceive that there must be some very leading cause for the phenomenon so different and so strongly marked as the drainage of the northern and southern slopes of the Alps. He may, if accustomed to make comparisons of similar phenomena in different parts of the world, endeavour to find a parallel to this condition; and to do this effectually he has only to turn to the peninsula of India, which resembles in many points that of Italy. He will there find facts almost corresponding, but on a very much larger scale. The Himalayas there represent the Alps, and the valley of the Ganges the great valley of the Po. The northern slopes of the Himalayas, like those of the Alps, connect with plateaux, from the northern part of which some of the largest streams of the Old World run

towards the Arctic circle. The slopes on that side are comparatively gradual, and the valleys chiefly meridional. In the case of both mountain chains the southern slopes are much more rapid than the northern; and the chief river also, in both cases, runs towards the east across the foot of the mountain chain, and are generally rapid and irregular. There are marked differences, owing no doubt partly to the difference in the rocks, and partly to the greater geological age of the Alps, as a lofty chain, when compared with the Himalayas. The rain and the rivers have had time to act more freely and fully in the former, where they have scooped out lakes, having been probably assisted by the action of ice. The parallel between the two is, however, marked and suggestive, and serves as a fit introduction to an account of the physical geography of the valley of the Po.

The Po rises about 6,000 feet above the sea, at the foot of Monte Viso, the culminating point of the link that connects the Swiss Alps, with the Maritime Alps. Its course is in the main easterly, and for the first eighty miles of its course it receives a large number of tributaries, all coming in from the north. It is, however, also increased at various points by the drainage of the northern slopes of the Maritime Alps, which enters by two or three considerable streams.

A number of streams, of which the Ticino, the Adda, and the Oglio, are the largest, pour a vast volume of water into the Po during the season of rains and the melting of snow, passing in their course through the marvellously beautiful and picturesque Italian lakes. These lakes, the Lake of Como, the Lago Maggiore, the Lake of Lugano, and others, must be regarded as expansions of the beds of the streams passing through them; but they are in some cases deep, and store a large quantity of water. Below the Oglio is the Mincio, passing Mantua, and by this time the stream has already entered the low, flat lands, through which not only itself, but a number of other streams make their way, expanding finally into pools before reaching the coast. Through this flat land flows the Adige, inosculating with the Po, and still farther north is the Brenta, a part of the same system.

It is within this flat land—frequently unhealthy from summer malaria, but generally very richly cultivated, and often picturesque—that the great systems of lagoons are formed, of which the lagoon of Venice is the most familiar, though not the largest. The main stream is fed not only from the north by the streams already named, but by a large number of torrential rivers, bringing much water from the northern slopes of the Apennines. Numerous canals connect all the waters belonging to this complicated system, and remind the physical geographer of the somewhat similar condition near the mouth of the Ganges. The result in both cases is a district pestilential with malaria, but very favourable to vegetable life. Both are districts exceedingly interesting to the geologist and physical geographer, owing to the great variety of instructive details observable in reference to the action of water in rivers, canals, and pools. The Italian lowlands are also interesting to the hydraulic engineer, owing to the number of important works that have been constructed in reference to them through a long series of years and by some of the most eminent men of their profession. The object of these works has been to regulate and utilise the water supply, at once fertilising the land and providing against the great injury done by sudden and rapid floods.

The main stream of the Po has greatly changed its bed within the historic period. In the twelfth century it ran some distance south of Ferrara, and is now three miles to the north of that city. It is singular, on approaching the river, to see it apparently raised above the general level of the surrounding country; and the highly artificial character of the works by which it is kept in order, is strikingly shown in proceeding from Padua towards Ferrara. The river banks rise rather steeply from the old post-road from Polesella to the ferry at Santa Maria. The railway being now completed, it is not so easy for the traveller to recognise these details, but all the way to the sea below this part the ordinary level of the river is higher than that of the country near the banks. It is impossible not to be struck with the vast importance of keeping in order these artificial works, since their failure would involve an inundation of the wide rich tract of alluvial land over an area of many hundred square miles.

Below Ferrara the Po branches, and the joint delta of the Po and Adige is entered. It is a wide tract, pushing forward many miles into the sea, and forming a very marked projection observable on the map of Italy. Its width is about forty miles from north to south, and the extreme projection is about twelve miles. The width of the main stream of the Po, before bifurcating at the delta, is for a long distance about a quarter of a mile, and the depth of water varies from twelve to as much as thirty-six feet. It is thus able to convey down, during the heavy floods that are common at certain seasons, a vast body of water, which carries with it into the Adriatic an enormous amount of mud, only part of which is deposited before reaching the mouth of the delta. A large part must, therefore, be distributed in the Adriatic, and there are currents conveying it both northwards and southwards, as well as across the sea towards Dalmatia. The matter thus transported has, in former times, accumulated the long spits of sand and mud that enclose the great lagoons of the northern Adriatic. Of these the largest to the south of the delta is the Valle di Comacchio, and that to the north the celebrated lagoon of Venice.

The Valle di Comacchio, though comparatively little known, is, in its way, as a natural phenomenon characteristic of this part of Italy, very well worthy of careful study. It is very large, occupying an area of more than 115 square miles, and communicates with the sea only by one cut through the long, narrow, sandy spit that would completely enclose it but for this canal. The depth of water in the lagoon varies from three to six feet. A vast quantity of fish is retained in it, chiefly eels and grey mullet, and the great importance and value of the fishery renders it of vital importance to the people inhabiting the surrounding villages to preserve the lagoon, and prevent its being choked by the mud entering from the land. There is a constant tendency to this conclusion, and to avoid it, the course of the various streams that would naturally enter it have been diverted, and made to pass round by canals into the old and new channels of the principal stream. This filling up of the lagoons has been effectually carried out, a little to the south, in the lagoon within which Ravenna was formerly standing. The city is now between four and five miles from the sea, with no water between it and the coast.

The town of Comacchio is situated on one of the tongues or spits of land projecting from the *lido*, the name given in this part of Italy to the banks of sand that separate a lagoon from the sea. It was like a little Venice, as seen from the water, and

has only been retained in its present state by the never-ceasing care of the inhabitants to preserve the vast salt water marshes, of which the lagoon chiefly consists.

The whole of the rest of the coast, for a breadth of several miles, has been gradually filled up within the last thousand years, other *lidi*, consisting also of banks of mud and sand, first forming at a distance from the land, and then the interval

sea. It is also known that the course of the Po, originally along the foot of the Apennines, has been gradually advancing northwards, first forming, and then filling up, or tending to fill up, the lagoon, at the same time advancing seawards with the delta of the river.

That there were formerly two Etruscan cities on the Italian coast north of Ravenna and at the mouth of the Po there can



VENETIAN HOUSES.

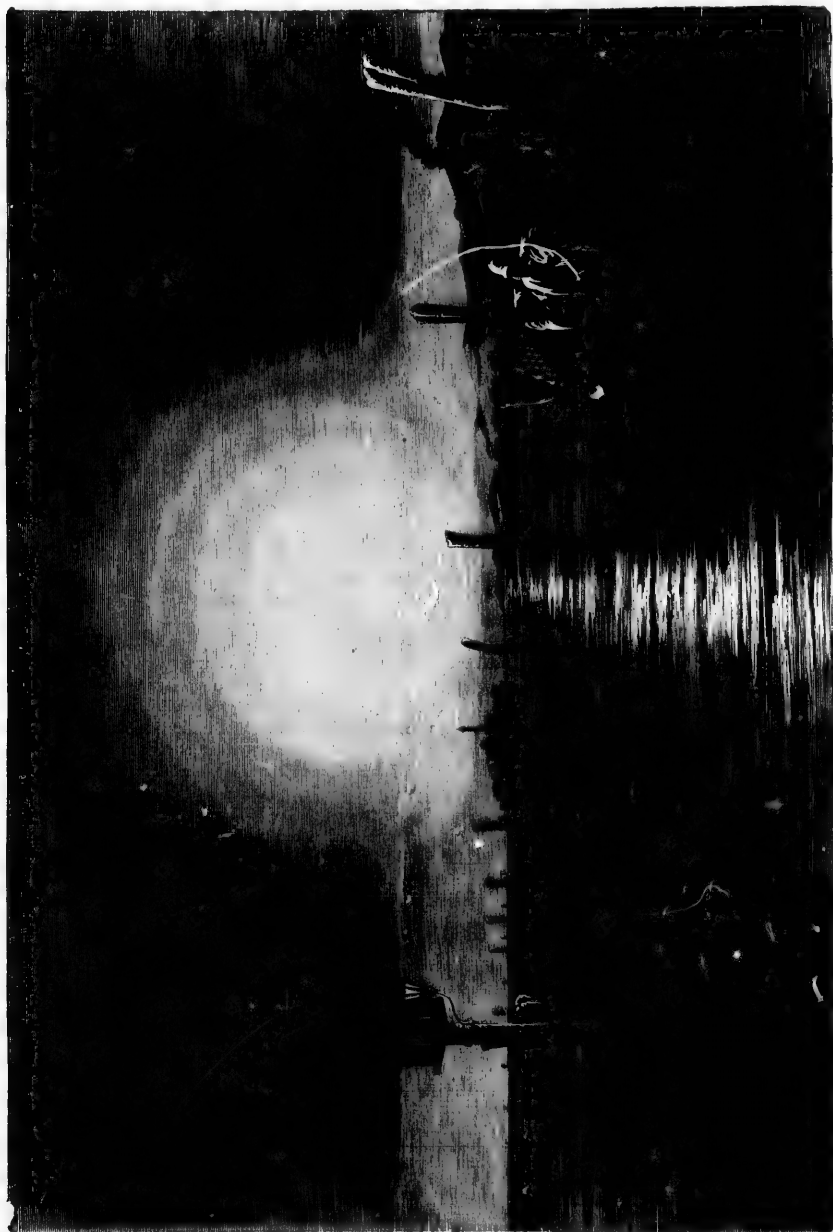
becoming filled up. This breadth of modern land is in some places nearly twenty miles wide. In consequence of this change the river Adige, which is now a distinct stream, entering the sea at a considerable distance from the mouths of the Po, formerly mingled its waters with those of the main branch of the Po, in a large wide estuary, deeply indenting the shores of Northern Italy, between the Alps and the Apennines. So rapid at one time was the encroachment of the land on this bay that, during a period of two hundred years the mouths of the Po are known to have advanced more than nine miles towards the

be no doubt. Of these the remains of one are to be found in the ruins of Adria, and many fragments of the other exist in certain marshes, called by Pliny the "Seven Seas," and described by that naturalist as having, in his theory, been drained from time immemorial. They were called the Adrian marshes, but were faced by sand and mud banks, or *fili*, enclosing, in all probability, a lagoon, such as that of Venice. The town and port of Adria gave its name to the Adriatic Sea, and its distance from the extremity of the present delta of the Po is now sixteen miles, but, as it was no doubt built on the lagoon, and not on

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VIEW IN THE LAGOON OF VENICE.

the coast, the gain has not been so great as this. About 2,500 years have been required for this advance, which has averaged more than thirty-two feet per annum. There are few more remarkable or better authenticated cases of the growth of land at the mouth of a river on record. The storms of the Adriatic are seldom sufficient to break away and disperse the advancing delta, which is only removed slowly and steadily by currents. Some portions of the mud are carried completely across the Adriatic, and help to choke the harbour on the Istrian and Dalmatian coasts.

Crossing at right angles the direction of the course of the Po, and connecting the present banks, or *lidi*, of Comacchio with those of the lagoon of Venice, is a line of dunes, or sand-hills, only broken through at places where the various channels of the Po and Adige make their way to the sea. This line follows the easy curve of the coast, which would almost form a semi-circular bay, bounded by such sand-hills from below Ravenna nearly as far as Trieste, if it were not for the projecting tongue of the Po delta. This line is probably the remains of the actual shore, before the delta had advanced. The great body of the waters brought down by the rivers being now carried into the Adriatic, and the lagoons preserved by the labour of man with little change, the deposits now tend chiefly to advance the extremity of the delta and shallow the waters of the head of the Adriatic.

Such is the history of the lowlands south of the present course of the Po—lands very seldom visited, and little known to the general traveller, but not without considerable local importance, and exceedingly interesting to the historian of ancient Italy.

A little to the north of the delta of the Po is Chioggia, at the southern extremity of the lagoon of Venice. There is canal communication between the two, crossing the Po and the Adige, besides numerous streams; but the trip would take three days, and, though interesting, would be very tiresome, as the land is uniformly flat and swampy. The famous *Murasse*, or sea-wall of Venice, is seen on the way, and is very remarkable.

The lagoon of Venice, on the hundred islands of which the city is built, is a gulf of the Adriatic, separated from the open waters of that sea by a natural breakwater, extending for nearly eighty miles, from a little south of Chioggia to the mouth of the Piave. It is formed by the meeting of the mud brought down by the numerous streams that enter the gulf with the mud of the Po, drifted northwards from the delta of that stream. The accumulation has formed strong ramparts, against which the storm-waves of the Adriatic beat harmlessly; but between them are numerous channels, of various width and depth, some only admitting the smallest craft, others large enough and deep enough for ships of considerable burden. Their passages vary from time to time; but as they are many, and in various parts of the breakwater, the water in the lagoon is always salt. The ramparts are, in fact, islands, many of which are well known and often visited; others are small and unimportant.

The view of the lagoon in the annexed illustration will be recognised by those familiar with Venice, but will seem strange enough to those who only know it from description. The numerous posts projecting from the water, some terminating in shrines, with small lamps kept constantly burning, but most of them mere mooring stations for boats and gondolas, are eminently characteristic. The island and the hills of the mainland also are not exaggerated. Few things are more impressive

to the traveller than his first visit to this remarkable city, especially if he reaches it by night, and obtains his first impressions when it is half lighted by a young moon, and with only a few gondolas lazily moving on its waters. This is quite sufficient of itself, and does not need the aid of the mysterious interment in the bosom of the water by the masked officers of the state, however much such an event might add its ghastly and painful revelation to assist the imagination, and refresh the memory in dwelling on the past history of the Queen of the Waters.

Venice without its lagoon would be indeed tame and uninteresting, and would hardly be recognised or thought much of. Probably the site was originally selected with a view to strength, just as, where there were no islands, the lake-cities of pre-historic Europe were built on piles; and at the present day the same kind of security is obtained in a similar manner by savages in some parts of the world. There can be little doubt that originally the Brenta and the Adige, besides smaller streams, debouched into the lagoon, which, like that of Comacchio, was formed by the meeting of detritus drifted from the mouth of the Po, with other detritus brought down by the streams. The effect of the continued influx of the waters of these streams, shut in partially by natural bars or *lidi* formed from without, could only have been to convert in time the whole lagoon into marshes, rendering the locality unhealthy, and the position of the city in every sense untenable.

The history of the lagoon of Venice has thus been one of these contests of man with Nature, successful in an important sense, but always requiring fresh ingenuity to meet unexpected difficulties, and it cannot but have very great interest to all who watch its progress and the results. The lagoon itself is about twenty-five miles long, by six or seven miles broad, and at an early period consisted of two parts, one entirely water, the other chiefly land, broken up by numerous channels (*canale*) into a very numerous group of islands. The former, the Laguna Viva, was used for navigation, and had in parts a depth of twenty feet; the latter, the Laguna Morte, was a great fishing ground. The object of the inhabitants of Venice, when the city first became important enough to pursue its material interests, was to prevent the mud and silt of the rivers from destroying the navigation and closing up the canals, and this could only be effected by diverting the rivers. On the other hand, there were opposing interests on the mainland, since the inhabitants of the wealthy town of Padua, and of the smaller towns and villages near, were not likely to permit the rivers passing through them to become stagnant and unnavigable without serious remonstrance and opposition. The Brenta, however, was diverted southwards about the middle of the fourteenth century, and though re-introduced for a time, on the plea that its scouring effect on the canals was desirable and useful, it was again and permanently removed. After much time and many alterations, the Venetians at last succeeded in carrying away from the lagoon not only the Brenta, but all the streams that had originally entered it, an operation that extended over several centuries, and involved engineering works of enormous magnitude and cost.

But although the lagoon was thus secured from the land side, and the openings from the sea and main channels kept in good order by other works of corresponding importance, there remained certain difficulties, the result of these works, which in a short time assumed proportions too large to be overlooked. The Brenta, turned away from its course, was expected to flow

through fifteen or sixteen miles of new channel having scarcely any slope, and carry its waters to the sea. This it might do on ordinary occasions, but when floods came there was found to be insufficient water-way, and heavy inundations resulted. No remedy was applied, and from time to time, and in the early part of the present century, damage was done in a single year to the estimated extent of half a million sterling. After a number of similar accidents, some of them very serious, a plan was adopted by which the course of the Brenta was shortened and improved, and the river re-admitted into the lagoon, but at the southern extremity. This operation dates, however, only from the last half century.

At the present time the principal openings from the lagoon into the sea are two—the one called the Port of the Lido, nearly opposite the city, available for vessels of small draught; the other the Port of Malamocco, a few miles to the southward, where there is deeper water. By this port vessels of large size are able to approach Venice. At its entrance are two breakwaters, one of them a mile long, thrown out to seaward, and intended to deepen and straighten the entrance channel.

The reader will, perhaps, have already perceived that to the very peculiar physical position of Venice has been due all that is most remarkable in its history, both natural and political. Originally and for a long time isolated, dependent far more on the sea than on the land for its prosperity and material progress, but separated from the sea by a shallow piece of water, liable to be silted up, and exposed, till some change was made, to constant encroachment from the streams running into it, the city when founded could only exist for commerce, and its interests could hardly be identical with those of the mainland of Italy. As a commercial centre, it was well placed during the Middle Ages, when the chief traffic of Europe was carried on in the Mediterranean. It had convenient and safe shelter for the fleets of small ships that were then the fashion. It could select convenient moments for attacking the Greek islands, and could safely act as one of the chief bulwarks of Europe against the Ottoman power. Venice could then attract to itself the wealth of the East, and could well exercise the great power acquired by this wealth, and secured by its almost impregnable position. What remains of all this wealth—its numerous palaces, its rich but fantastic architecture, and the contents of its many churches and museums, is still sufficient to serve as a centre of attraction second only to that of Rome. It was in Venice that one of the greatest schools of Italian art originated—rich in colour, but not less remarkable for grandeur of expression and originality. This school was realistic, and included some of the greatest colourists who have ever lived. Venice also passed through the usual political changes. It was a democracy for two centuries and a half, a monarchy for six centuries, and finished as an oligarchy, which conducted it to ruin. It combined Italy and Greece in almost all respects, but with these it mixed up so much of the East as to give it a distinct and peculiar character. All this was more or less the result of its position. Venice, less than any other of the great cities of the Middle Ages, was able to endure the approach of free intercommunication by which Europe and civilisation generally have so much benefited. Improved roads could hardly better the condition of a state that had flourished most when most detached from the land, and was dependent only on the sea as a highway. It may almost be said to have had a language of its own, so peculiar is the Venetian dialect; and

though not remarkable for its literature, it has not been without eminent men in all departments. Originality has been a feature in all that Venice has done, and since originality has ceased in the world Venice has declined.

Besides the group of about eighty islands on which the city of Venice proper is built, there are some other islands of considerable size dispersed over the lagoon, most of them towards the north. These are connected for the most part by canals cut in the shallow bottom. Some of them are little more than churches, with small convents attached, but others contain towns. Venice is the great centre of the northern group, and Chioggia in the south occupies a somewhat similar position. One principal canal, both wide and deep, divides Venice into two very unequal parts, the northern containing about the whole town, and the southern being called the Giudecca. The northern part is again intersected by a principal canal, called the Canal Grande.

Northwards, and at no great distance, the principal island is Murano, the largest and most flourishing of all. In it is a great manufactory of glass, for which Venice was exceedingly famous in the Middle Ages, and which is now being revived with great energy—indeed, this seems the only really successful manufacture admitting of large export for which the Venetian islands are adapted. The old Murano glass involved many peculiarities of make closely imitated at the present day; but the old specimens retain their value. There is a cathedral in this island, and close by a convent rich in architecture and of considerable interest. Murano, though comparatively small, and altogether subordinate to Venice, is built like towns on the mainland, and not with canals.

Torcello, one of the northernmost of the islands, is said to have been the first inhabited of the group, and enjoyed some importance up to the tenth or eleventh century; after that it decayed as Venice rose. Its church is interesting, and the place is worth a visit, as from it a good general view of almost the whole of the lagoon can be obtained. There is, however, nothing special in its position. Under the water near it can be discovered the ruins of an ancient city long since destroyed.

The two islands of Burano and Mazorbo are also among the northernmost group, and are inhabited by a rather numerous population, having a special dialect and a peculiar accent. They contain a good deal of garden-ground, cultivated for the supply of Venice.

Chioggia, quite at the southern extremity of the lagoon, is curious in itself, and of especial interest, as containing in its neighbourhood the great sea-walls called the Murazzi, recently restored. These Cyclopean works are on the grandest scale, and attest the importance attributed to them by the Venetians of the Middle Ages. The town connects with the mainland by a long bridge of forty-three arches. Its distance from Venice is about twenty miles, and it may be reached by a steamboat.

In the present state of the lagoon of Venice, the salt water being allowed free entrance at several points by good passages, and the fresh water for the most part kept out, the sanitary condition of the islands is very superior to what might be anticipated. There is little of the severe forms of malaria so common elsewhere in Italy, where the fresh and salt water are allowed to come in contact; and in most parts of the year the whole district may be safely visited, care being taken to avoid exposure after sunset without proper clothing, and especially without the mouth being covered.

Notes on Western Turkistan.—III.

BY LIEUTENANT C. R. LOW, LATE H.M. INDIAN NAVY.

KHIVA—ITS PEOPLE—THE OZBEG, THE TURKOMAN, AND OTHER RACES OF KHIVA—ANIMAL LIFE OF KHIVA—PUBLIC BUILDINGS OF THE CAPITAL—GOVERNMENT OF KHIVA—CITIES AND PROVINCES OF KHIVA—AN HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE KHANATE.

THE population of the khanate of Khiva, which consists of a number of tribes of different origin, may be classified under the following heads:—The Ozbegs, the Turkomans, the Karakalpak, the Kasak (or Kirghiz), the Sarts, and the Persians.

The term Ozbeg, as in Khokand and Bokhara, is the

the land; but is a wretched horseman, though a good seat is not of much consequence in a country so level, and upon a horse untrained to leap. His wealth or dignity may be measured by the trappings of his horse, which are always beautiful, and often costly, having scales of pure silver inlaid with gold. Turquoises, cornelians, and even rubies are often set in the harness; but the latter are always uncut, and seldom of great price.

The arms of the Ozbeg are the sabre, the matchlock, and



A BOKHARIAN BRIDE.

designation of a people for the most part inhabiting settled abodes, and occupying themselves in agricultural pursuits. They extend, according to Vambéry, from the southern point of the Sea of Aral as far as Komul, distant forty days' journey from Kashgar; they are regarded as the most prominent, if not the paramount race in the three khanates, and are divided into thirty-two tribes. Besides his land, the Ozbeg's chief wealth consists of slaves. He has often several hundreds of these unhappy drudges, whom he can afford to purchase from the Turkomans with the proceeds amassed from his agricultural pursuits. Abbott speaks of him as a hard master, and, as a man, one of the most degraded of God's creatures, living a life of sullen and joyless apathy, chequered only by debauches of the grossest character, and indulgences too brutal to be named. When sufficiently wealthy to commit his affairs to the hand of a steward, he sits in his house from day to day without occupation, killing time as best he may. The only amusement of the Ozbeg is hawking, for which the country is well adapted, being open, and upon the banks of rivers abounding in hares, pheasants, and the red-legged partridge. He is well mounted, generally on a Turkoman horse, of the Tekke or Yohmoot breed, the two finest in

the dagger. The pistol is too rare to be commonly used, and the country affords no wood fit for spear-shafts, although this weapon is much in request. The sabre used by men of rank is the Ispahanee or Khorassanee blade, and the rifled matchlock is manufactured in Herat, or in Persia. There is a fabric of sabres and daggers at Khiva, but they are of very inferior quality, and no present is so acceptable to the nobility of Khiva as foreign sabres, pistols, and rifles, provided that the blades are of fine temper, and the fire-arms not upon the detonating principle.

The Ozbeg of the present day is, as may be gathered from the preceding description, a very different creature from his robust and hardy ancestor, who, under Jenghis Khan, rode down the armies of the East, and subdued a quarter of the globe. Vambéry has a higher opinion of the Ozbeg of Khiva than Captain Abbott, and says:—"Even in the traits of his character, the Khiva Ozbeg is preferable to his relatives in the other races. He is honest and open-hearted, has the savage nature of the nomads that surround him, without the refined cunning of Oriental civilisation. He ranks next to the pure Osmanli of Turkey; and it may be said of both that something may still be made out of them." In appearance the

Ozbeg averages about five feet seven inches in height, and is stout and ungraceful. His countenance is broad and ruddy, the complexion being almost as fair as that of a European; his eyes long and dull of expression. The genuine Ozbeg has no beard, but the Khiva race betrays the mixture of blood with the Iran population by the possession of this manly peculiarity. The women are considered by Asiatics as beautiful, though this is doubtless to be attributed to the advantages of a fair and rosy skin and delicate brow. The male attire is a shirt of cotton, loose drawers of woollen cloth, and a succession of from two to six cloaks, generally of striped silk or cotton chintz, padded with raw cotton; but amongst nobility, of broadcloth (of which dark-green is preferred), lined with fur, and edged with the same. The head-dress of all males—excepting the priests, who wear turbans—is a cylindrical cap of black lambskin, large in proportion to the rank of the wearer.

the shore of the Caspian to Balkh, and from the Oxus to the south, as far as Herat and Astrabad. The territory comprised within these limits is a vast desert, where the traveller may wander about for weeks, without finding a drop of water or the shade of a solitary tree: over this howling wilderness sweep, in unrestricted freedom, the gales of winter, bringing in their train extreme cold, and thick, blinding showers of snow; and the no less fatal sand-storms of summer, accompanied by drought and scorching heat. But there is something more direful to the peaceful trader than even the terrors of the desert across which he tracks his way: it is the Turkoman, that most rapacious of brutal robbers, who has for centuries roamed unrestrained over this vast territory, enriching himself by despoiling the caravans, and tearing from husband and father the wife or child, to be the hopeless slave, or, infinitely worse—for there is a fate more degraded than this



TURKOMAN BURIAL.

The female attire differs from that of the male only in the head-dress, which is a white or coloured kerchief, rolled up like a rope, and wound around the head in a high cylindrical form. The end of this is often opened, and brought around the throat, which their notions of decency oblige them to conceal.

The next race of which we shall speak is the Turkoman. Little of a reliable character is known of their origin; there are fables and traditions in abundance, but the residuum of fact is small indeed. The Turkomans and Kasaks may be regarded as forming a portion of the race which peoples a large part of Russia and some of the provinces of the Austro-Hungarian and Ottoman empires. They themselves deduce their descent from two brothers—the one the father of the Kazaks, the other of the Turkomans, who, many thousand years ago, emigrated hither from the Don and Volga. They style themselves *Turkmen*—a word which is compounded of the proper name *Türk*, and the suffix *men*, corresponding with the English "ship" or "dom." The country inhabited by the different tribes into which they are divided extends from

most unhappy lot—the debased concubine of a brutal Ozbeg. It is the fashion to scout the idea of Russian aggression in these parts, and there are thousands of brave and honourable British officers in India and at home who would draw the sword, and throw themselves with enthusiasm into the perils of a struggle with Russia, rather than allow the Muscovite to annex these wilds, because it is said it would endanger our supremacy in the East; but could these military enthusiasts for a moment estimate the sum of human misery that cries to Heaven for redress, owing to the ascendancy of these nomad tribes of Central Asia, they would, as Christian gentlemen, welcome the despotic but just and beneficent rule of the Czar over countries that are disgraced by such crimes as are recognised by the public law of the States of Western Turkestan.

The dress of the Turkoman is much the same as that adopted by the Ozbeg. The most important part of the attire is the red silk shirt, forbidden by the ordinances of the Koran, but worn, nevertheless, by both sexes. The covering of the head adopted by the male portion of the community is a fur

cap, of slightly conical shape, lighter than the cap of the Ozbeg, or the larger, towering hat of the Persian, though sometimes a close skull cap of black lambskin is worn. They wear also an overdress resembling a dressing-gown, which comes from Khiva, and the proportions of which are curtailed when the wearer engages in a *razzia*—a species of warfare to which the martial races of Central Asia are peculiarly partial.

The women, when dressing themselves for high days and holidays, are accustomed to bind a shawl round the waist over the long shift; high-heeled boots, like those of belles nearer home, are also considered indispensable; and when she is decorated with trinkets and rings for the neck, ear, or nose, the Turkoman fair one considers herself as captivating as does her more happy sister, whose lot has placed her on the banks of the Thames or the Seine. The average height of the Turkoman is the same as the Ozbeg, but he is less heavily made than his neighbour, and with a complexion sometimes dark, sometimes florid, has almost always irregular features, and small, round, lively black eyes. The women are rarely beautiful.

The life of the Turkoman is of an active, predatory character, and differs entirely from that of the indolent, inert Ozbeg. Every third day or so, his tent is struck by the women, by them packed upon camels, and carried to a fresh spot, where the pasture has not been browsed. This tent, which is met with in the same form throughout all Central Asia, and as far as the remote parts of China, is very neatly constructed, and is most suitable for the life led by the nomads who make it their home. It consists of a framework of wood, cut very light, and lashed together, which is covered with pieces of felt, and fastened with cords passed over the top to pegs in the ground. With the exception of the framework, all its component parts are the product of the industry of the Turkoman woman, who busies herself also with its construction when the halt is ordered at the termination of the march. She also takes the tent to pieces, and packs it on the camel, when the wandering vagabond, her lord, has decided upon journeying elsewhere, and follows it on foot, trudging wearily at the tail of the quadruped, treated with as much consideration, and oftentimes valued more than herself. There is no external distinction between the tents of the rich and poor, the former being distinguished by the more costly character of the interior fittings. There are only two descriptions known—the one called *karay*, or “black tent,” which is merely one whose external covering has grown black or brown with age, and the *akay*, or “white tent,” which boasts felt of snowy whiteness, and is erected for newly-married couples, or for guests whom it delights the host to honour. These tents are described, by those who have used them, as cool in summer and warm in winter, when a fire is lit on the floor in the centre, and the smoke ascends through an aperture in the roof. The doorway is closed by a figured curtain, which is fastened at the top, and falls when unloosed.

The Turkoman—with the exception of some large bodies settled at Merv and in the plain of Khiva, where they are engaged in agriculture—lives chiefly by plundering the goods of caravans that come across his path; the unhappy merchants he sells at the slave-markets of Merv or Khiva. If the victim happens to be a Mussulman of the Sheeah sect (in his eyes, therefore, being a heretic), there is no religious diffi-

culty to be overcome in putting him up for sale; but should he unfortunately declare himself an orthodox soonic, he is beaten or tortured until he admits his heterodoxy in the presence of witnesses—an acknowledgment that legalises any punishment, for, be it observed, the ignorant Turkoman is not a whit behind some Christians nearer home, who, if they cannot torture the body, as did their ancestors, heartily consign to the bottomless pit of perdition all those who differ from them in the tenets of their common religion. The number of slaves thus captured is sometimes very large. When Captain Abbott was on his mission to Khiva, there were not less than 12,000 Heratees thus enslaved, and probably 30,000 Persians.

The Karakalpak are a race inhabiting that part of Khiva on the further bank of the Oxus, extending close up to Koongrat, in the vicinity of extensive forests, where they occupy themselves with the breeding of horned cattle. The Karakalpak pride themselves on the beauty of their women, but, on the other hand, they have the reputation among their neighbours of being of a low intellectual capacity. Their number is computed at 10,000 families. Though subject to Khiva from a remote period, they have at various times unsuccessfully revolted.

The Kasak, Kuzzauk, or Kirghiz, are found in greater numbers in the khanate of Khokand than in either Khiva or Bokhara. Numerically, they are first among the nomad races of Central Asia, and wander at will over the great desert that lies between Siberia and Eastern Turkestan and the Caspian. The word “Kirghiz” signifies, in Turkish, “a wanderer about the fields”—a nomad—and is used to denote all nations leading the pastoral life. In bravery the Kuzzauk is inferior to the Turkoman; in appearance he is more robust than the latter, and of more clumsy build. His complexion is fairer, his cheekbones higher, and his features more irregular. The Kuzzauk's eyes have the true Mongol conformation, and are small and ill-opened.

“The Kuzzauk,” says Abbott, “is the rudest of the people of Khaurism. He is free from the degrading habits and indulgences of the Ozbeg, and is less tempted to the predatory pursuits of the Turkoman. He moves, like the latter, from pasture to pasture, leaving, like him, all the onerous duties of existence to the female. His children tend his camels, horses, and sheep, and he himself chases the fox, the antelope, and the wild ass of the desert, or wanders from tent to tent, while the time away in conversation. As he inhabits a country exposed to great extremes of heat and cold, being for four months in the year covered with snow, and during an equal period burnt up with the rays of a blazing sun, he is obliged to suit his residence to the season, and is driven to expedients unknown to his brethren the Turkomans. In the summer he migrates to the valleys of the higher lands, where are wells scattered at long intervals, and known to all the wandering tribes. As the winter approaches he descends to more sheltered spots, still guided by the position of wells, for neither river nor stream is known in the land. When the winter has set in, he is no longer fettered by such local considerations, for the snow furnishes him with an abundant supply of water; but as the snow completely hides the pasture, it is necessary to migrate to the lowest lands, unless the fodder be such as will admit of stacking for the winter. Hitherto, he has lived almost solely upon the milk of his camels, mares, and sheep, which he eats in the form

of curds, without bread or vegetable, knowing only at long intervals the luxury of flesh. But as the winter pasture can furnish but a scanty supply of milk, he kills at the commencement of winter all his old camels, horses, and sheep, and salts them as a winter store. These are eaten without any accompaniment of bread or vegetable, and he knows but a single method of dressing the flesh—viz., that of boiling. His manners are rude and unpolished, but he is hospitable and kind-hearted, honest, and untainted by the vices of his neighbours. The few slaves possessed by the Kuzzaik are more gently and generously treated than those who serve the Ozbeg and Turkoman. He is more wealthy than the latter, but, being remote from the seat of government, is subject to the depredations of the Turkomans who dwell between him and Khiva. The Kuzzaik has few weapons at command. He is obliged to furnish his quota of armed horsemen for the service of the State, and these are mounted upon the sturdy galloways peculiar to this people, and wretchedly armed with a few long spears, sabres, and even matchlocks. The Kuzzaik is more superstitiously fearful of fire-arms than even the Turkoman. He professes the Mahometan religion, and to be a sooniie; but, although there be Kuzzaik mollahs so styled, he is profoundly ignorant of the faith he professes, and very rarely goes through the ceremony of worship."

The Kuzzaik is almost innocent of the use of linen, and instead of the woven cloak he wears a mantle of half-tanned sheep's or young camel's-skin, dressed with the wool inside, or a similarly-fashioned garment made from a horse, with the difference that the hair is worn outside. The Kuzzaik woman is fairer and redder than her lord, and an acute observer, in describing her as the ugliest female under the sun, says she always appears as if she had just had her ears boxed. In build she is robust, and performs all the laborious duties of a shepherd's life.

The Sarts, who are called "Tadjik" in Bokhara and Khokand, are the ancient Persian population of the kingdom of Khaurism, at a time when the sceptre of the Shah extended to the banks of the Oxus. These people, who have in turn yielded to the Ozbeg, the present lords of the soil, differ in no respect, excepting attire, from other inhabitants of Persia. Their number may be estimated at about 20,000 families. They have, by degrees, exchanged their mother tongue for the Turkish. The Sart of Khiva, like the Tadjik, is crafty and subtle, and nurses an hereditary antagonism against his despoilers, the Ozbeg.

The number of Persians settled in Khiva is small, and they call for no particular notice here.

Abbott estimated the population of Khiva, in 1841, at 2,460,000, which included the slaves, whose number he put down at no less than 700,000, though Vambéry placed it at 40,000.

The Turkoman horse is justly celebrated throughout all Central Asia, and the Tekke and Yohmoot breeds, in particular, are held in the highest esteem. The Kuzzaik horse is a robust and hardy galloway, which lives on the wormwood of the steppe; it thrives on this hard fare, and is proof against the cold of winter, thanks to the long and shaggy coat of hair which a kind Nature has gifted it. These galloways are kept in large herds for the sake of their flesh, regarded as a delicacy, and milk, which, when half-fermented, is a favourite of all the natives of Turkestan; they are also in request throughout the cultivated

tracts of Khiva as draught cattle for the two-wheeled carts with which every house is furnished. The camel of the Kuzzaik is the real or two-humped camel. It is, however, of far more delicate make than that of Arabia, and preferred for the saddle to the dromedary. It is the smallest of Asiatic camels, long in the back, very fine-limbed, and covered with hair upwards of a foot in length. The throat is supplied with a dense mane about a foot and a half long, which gives it a very singular appearance. It is a gentle and docile creature, better fitted for draught than the dromedary, owing to the greater length of its back; but, as a beast of burden, it is inferior in strength to the dromedary of Khiva and Bokhara, reared by the Turkomans and Ozbegs, which is a very noble creature.

Its strength is greater than that of the Indian dromedary, and this appearance of power is increased by huge tufts of curled hair, which grow upon the muscles of the legs and cover the neck. The intermediate breed is more powerful than either, and has generally two humps. The dromedary will carry a burden of 600 lbs., at the rate of thirty miles a day, for almost any distance, provided that it be supplied with a sufficiency of the oilcak, upon which alone it is fed, grain being considered too expensive. It walks under a burden about two and one-third miles an hour.

Oxen are confined to the cultivated districts and those bordering the Sea of Aral, and the wild ass wanders, in herds of two or three hundred, throughout the steppe intermediate between Khiva and the Caspian. He is not the animal described in Scripture, but a much tamer creature, differing indeed very little in appearance from the tame variety. Those which dwell alone amongst the mountains are fleet and wild, but when found in herds the wild ass exhibits little speed, and when pressed, stops and bites or kicks at the rider's horse. The flesh is eaten by Tartars and Persians, and is said to have been the favourite food of the Persian hero, Roostum.

There is a species of antelope in these deserts, called *kaigh*, almost as numerous as the wild ass. It is smaller than a sheep, which it resembles in body, neck, and head; while it possesses the delicate limbs, the hair, and horns of the antelope. The horn is white, and the head is extremely ugly. The wild sheep is a noble and beautiful creature, resembling the antelope in the form of its body and limbs, and even in the texture and colour of its fur. Its tail is unlike that of the sheep, and similar to that of the deer. It is only in the head and horns that the sheep is recognised, though it carries the head very high, like a goat. The male has a profuse white beard, extending from the chin to the chest, and upwards of a foot in length. This animal frequents craggy mountains, where it pastures in flocks, always furnished with sentinels; and its vigilance is such that it is approached with the utmost difficulty. It does not, however, haunt the highest and most precipitous peaks. On these the wild goat is found, an animal closely resembling the wild sheep. The flesh of these animals is equal to the finest venison.

The domesticated sheep of Khiva deserves some brief mention. It is as tall as the wild variety, but has smaller limbs and carcass. The tail is of great size, being a cleft sac of the most delicate fat, extending as far as the knees, and often weighing twelve or fourteen pounds. This fat resembles marrow in texture and taste, and takes the place of oil and butter in the domestic economy of the Kuzzaik. There are

other wild animals in Khiva, as the fox, wolf, lion, and leopard; besides game, such as the pheasant, partridge, quail, woodcock, and snipe.

Khiva, the capital, is a town about half a mile square, defended by a high mound, surmounted by a wall and bastions of clay. It is situated in a low plain, intersected on the east by the waters of the Oxus, and touching on the west the skirt of a sandy desert. This plain, of a clay soil, extends, at the present day, from Haggaresp (about forty miles south of the capital) to the Sea of Aral; its extent, however, in the days of Alexander, was nearly four times as great, skirting the Oxus throughout the whole of its ancient course from Khiva to the Caspian. The present length of this oasis being about 200 miles, with an average breadth of 60 miles, would give an area of 12,000 square miles, which is in general profusely watered by canals from the Oxus, and richly cultivated. The capital

the changeless East and the ever-progressing West—a divergence that may be said, without the perpetration of a pun, to be as wide as the poles—it may be stated that whereas the barber of Europe operates on the chin, his fellow-craftsman of Khiva and Mussulman Asia generally shaves the head, and would be horrified were he requested to remove the beard, which is regarded by every follower of Islam as sacred. Indeed, so far is this feeling carried in Khiva, that shaving the beard is, according to their laws, a crime punished with death.

Besides the Tim bazaar, there is the slave market, called the Kitchik Karavanserai, where the unhappy captives, brought by the Tekke and Yohmoot Turkomans, are exposed for sale. There are few mosques in Khiva of much antiquity or of architectural beauty. The *medresses* or colleges in Khiva are the most important of its public institutions, though they are neither so large nor so wealthy as those of Bokhara. The



PLOUGHING IN TURKISTAN.

contains no monument of interest, and consists of about 3,000—or, according to the Russian traveller Kuleweine, 1,500—houses, placed without any regard to regularity. There is a castle, constructed of masonry, which contains the khan's apartments, but the interior is little more comfortable or luxurious than the home of the poorest among his subjects, which, with its uneven and unwashed walls, is about as mean and wretched a habitation as that of any semi-civilised race of whom we have cognisance. The permanent population is about 12,000. The bazaars scarcely deserve the name; the chief one is called the *Tim*—a small, well-built building, with tolerably high vaulted ceilings, containing about 120 shops and a *karavanserai*. Around the Tim are all the markets for the sale of provisions and other necessities, and luxuries also. I should say; for soap, which is vended in one of the markets, *must* be classed in the latter category, so few are the true believers who place sufficient credence in its cleansing qualities to have recourse to it in conjunction with water.

There is also the quarter where the barbers ply their trade; but as an instance of the wide divergence of the customs of

chief one is that called after the Khan Mahommed Emin, built in 1842 by a Persian architect, after the model of a Persian karavanserai of the first rank. On the right is a masonic tower, somewhat loftier than the two-storied medresse, but which, owing to the death of the builder, remains imperfect. This college has 130 cells, affording accommodation for 260 students. The courts of the medresses are for the most part kept clean, and are planted with trees or used as gardens. Instruction is conveyed in the cells of the professors, who lecture to groups of scholars ranged in classes, according to the degree of their intellectual capacity.

The taxes levied in Khiva are of two kinds. The *talgit*, corresponding with the Indian land-tax, assessed on all cultivated land on a fixed scale, from the operations of which the warrior class, the Ulemas, and the Khodja, or descendants of the Prophet, are exempt; and the *yekiat*, or customs' dues, in accordance with which all imports are taxed 2½ per cent. on their value; and the possessors of camels, horses, oxen, and sheep pay yearly a sum on every head exceeding ten in number. The Khan of Khiva, like other rulers of Central

Asia, is a despot, whose will is law throughout his territories. Public opinion or the requirements of justice have no voice in the government, though occasionally the Ulemas have exercised a wholesome restraint over the sovereign.

According to Vambéry, next in rank to the throne stand the Inag (literally "younger brother"), four in number, of whom two are the nearest relatives of the king, and the others members of the same victorious tribe. Then comes the Nakib, or spiritual chief, who must always be of the family of the Prophet. The military forces of the khanate are computed at 20,000 men, though this number can be doubled in case of necessity.

town, not far from the banks of the river of this same name, is still next in consequence to Khiva, which it exceeds in size, being situated on the western bank of the Oxus, and visited by the Bokhara caravans on their passage through Khiva, and by those bound from Khokand. Its trade is also very considerable. Russian merchandise is taken direct to Khiva, but all purchases of native produce are made at Oorganj; all industrial pursuits, moreover, are centred here.

Koongrad is a town of considerable importance; it extends along the left side of the Khan canal and the river Oxus, not far from the Aral Sea. The town and neighbourhood fell



A TURKOMAN INTERIOR.

In each quarter of Khiva there is a functionary called a *mirab*, who is responsible by day for the public order of his district. The welfare of the lieges after sunset is committed to the charge of four *pashch*, or chief watchmen, each of whom has under-watchmen subject to his orders, and who at the same time fulfils the functions of executioner—no sinecure in a country where life is held so cheap as in Khiva. All these—thirty-two in number—go about the city, and arrest every one who shows himself in the streets half an hour after midnight. Small as is the city proper, the suburbs are extensive, and the villages and estates of the proprietors, called Beg or Hadja, extend over the whole of the cultivable land; each allotment is marked off with earthen walls, and generally contains cornfields, gardens, cattle, and sometimes a little factory.

Oorganj, formerly the capital, is now in ruins, but a new

under the sway of its present rulers in 1814. It contains no building of note with the exception of the khan's palace. These are the chief towns of the plain of Khiva.

The province of Merv may be described as an oasis, about sixty miles in length by forty in breadth. Were it not for the fertilising effects of the Moorghaub, the plain would be a desert. The whole of the waters of this river are consumed in irrigating the province, which produces barley and a kind of grain called *jowarr* in abundance. The capital of the same name is a decayed town, and lies about 300 miles south-east of Khiva. It was once the seat of government of the Seljuks, and is supposed to occupy the site of Antiochia Margiana, founded by Alexander the Great. Since 1786, when it was sacked by the Ozbegs, it has gradually dwindled, till its present population does not exceed 3,000.

Alsace and Lorraine.

ALSACE and Lorraine formerly belonged to the German Empire, and German patriotism has never ceased to deplore the loss of these fine provinces—*dem Kaiser und dem Reich geraubt*. Late events have turned the minds of all men towards this part of France, and a brief sketch of its early history may prove acceptable to our readers.

Before the invasion of the Romans, Alsace and Lorraine were inhabited by the Belgæ, whom Cæsar calls "*Gellorum omnium fortissimi*." After the Roman conquest, Argentoratum, which is mentioned by Ptolemy, appears to have been an important town. It is said to have been fortified by Drusus, to have been garrisoned by a legion, and to have contained a manufactory of arms; just as afterwards it was fortified by Vauban, garrisoned by French soldiers, and contained a cannon foundry. Under the Romans this town and the adjoining country enjoyed many years of prosperity and peace; and it was converted to Christianity by St. Materne. But the furious invasions of the barbarians could no longer be withstood. The town was pillaged by the Alemanni in 356; though Julian afterwards defeated them in a great battle under the walls of the town. In 451 Argentoratum was burnt by Attila, and rose again from its ashes under the name of Strasburg. It was strongly fortified by Clovis and his successors, and formed part of the kingdom of Austrasia. It was governed by a bishop, and in very early times enriched itself by commerce with the people of the sea-shore.

After the partition of the empire of Charlemagne, a long struggle ensued between the kings of France and the emperors of Germany for the possession of Alsace and Lorraine, and it was not till the tenth century that the contest was decided in favour of the Germans. But the emperors at first exercised little more than nominal sway over these provinces; bishops, dukes, and landgraves ruled in their name, checked only by certain laws concerning popular appeal; and the great towns in course of time became republican in their character and almost independent.

In the fourteenth century Strasburg contained three classes of inhabitants—the knights, the burgesses, and the artisans. The Senate was chosen from the knights and the burgesses; the Council, composed of twenty-four members, from the knights alone. As for the old episcopal tyranny, that had been swept away two hundred years before.

This was the period in which industry, having left the cloisters, raised recruits in every cottage, and when the working man first appeared in history. In 1332 a riot took place between two factions of the nobility, wherupon the people seized the great banner, the seal, and the keys of the town. A popular constitution was established. The Council was enlarged to forty-seven members, and of these twenty-five were working men.

During the next hundred and fifty years the history of Strasburg is gloomy enough. The Black Death desolates the town; the Free Companies pillage it; a French adventurer claims Alsace, and lays the whole country waste; after the battle of Poitiers a band of English soldiers repeat the process; the emperors deprive the town of its privileges, restore

them, tease it with ever-changing laws; it is entangled in all the wars of the Empire, and on account of its frontier position always suffers. The lords of Alsace desire to crush the independence of the towns, and Strasburg suffers a long siege. The nobles of Strasburg ill-treat the citizens, and pillage their shops in open day. Another war is waged within the walls of the town. And yet, in spite of all these misfortunes and divisions, the noble city progresses in prosperity and power. It buys villages and manors. It enjoys a vote in the Diet, the power of contracting alliances, of stamping its own coin, and of levying its own taxes. Its schools are frequented from all parts of Germany and France. It raises a noble cathedral, invents printing, and completes in 1482 its popular constitution, the foundations of which had been laid a century and a half before.

In the days of Martin Luther the Alsations showed themselves animated by the same spirit which their ancestors had displayed in rebelling against their bishop-king. Strasburg adopted the Reformation officially, joined the League of Smalkalde, and sent to the Protestant Confederation twelve cannons and 2,000 men. In return for this, Charles V. made them pay 30,000 florins; but after the peace of Augsburg (1555) the Protestant religion became dominant in Strasburg. This town had been in the Middle Ages a city of refuge to political fugitives, and had incurred more than one war by rendering hospitality and the rights of citizenship to the enemies of its neighbours. It now afforded an asylum to the persecuted Protestants of France, and among others to the celebrated Calvin. Unhappily, Alsace was not free from those social excesses which followed the Reformation; an insurrection of peasants broke out—called the League of the Shoe—with the motto on their banners—"*Rien que la justice de Dieu*;" and it was their ambition to destroy utterly the nobles and clergy, and to take possession of their worldly goods.

It happened in the Thirty Years' War that the Swedes occupied Alsace, and the inhabitants invited the French to rid them of these foreigners. The French came in with alacrity, and never went back. At the peace of Westphalia, Alsace was handed over to France; but it was stipulated that the old Imperial cities should reserve their privileges. However, Louis XIV. set to work to make Alsace French; and the Alsations wished themselves once more under the mild rule of the German Empire. They even attempted to regain their liberty by an appeal to arms; but what could they do against Louis XIV., Louvois, Condé, and Turenne? Colmar, the principal town, was honoured with a visit from the king himself: he pulled down all the fortifications, converted them into pleasant promenades, and compelled the inhabitants to pay the expenses of these municipal improvements.

Strasburg was not included in the cession of Alsace. The powers signing the Treaty of Westphalia agreed to leave it independent. But in June, 1681, an Imperial envoy visited Strasburg. Louis XIV. believed, or pretended to believe, that the Germans intended to occupy the town. In the September of the same year a French army suddenly invested the town,

the Empire invaded by 400,000 Turks was unable to interfere, and the inhabitants capitulated, under a guarantee that their religion and their municipal rights should be respected. During the next year Louis XIV. entered Strasburg, disarmed the people, and built the citadel. The possession of this city, illegally seized by Louis XIV., was legally confirmed by the Treaty of Ryswick, 1697.

The province of Alsace is one of the most fertile and picturesque in France. Arthur Young, the famous agricultural tourist, saw nothing to surpass the country near Strasburg in richness of soil and culture, except some parts of Flanders. If the traveller stands on the mountain called the Crow, near the village of Mollkirch, he beholds one of the loveliest landscapes in the world. Before him is stretched out a beautiful plain striped with blue streams which are flowing towards the Rhine, which can be seen like a silver arrow on the right; and farther still, on the right, in the Duchy of Baden, are the hazy summits of the hills of the Black Forest. In every direction are to be seen clustering groups of villages and towns. On the left are the Vosges mountains, which the Germans regard as the natural frontier of France; while the French persist in believing that Nature intended the Rhine to divide the two countries. Arthur Young's opinion upon this point is decided enough. "Looking," he writes, "at a map of France, and reading histories of Louis XIV., never threw his conquest or seizure of Alsace into the light which travelling into it did: to cross a range of mountains, to enter a level plain inhabited by a people totally distinct and different from France, with manners, language, ideas, prejudices, and habits all different, made an impression of the injustice and ambition of such a conduct much more forcible than ever reading had done; so much more powerful are things than words." Again, he says, that he crossed the Rhine and went "some little distance into Germany, but no new feature to mark a change; Alsace is Germany, and the change great on descending the mountains." And, again, "the moment you are out of a great town, all this country is German. The inns have one common large room with many tables. The dishes are German; *schnitz* is a dish of bacon and fried pears, and has the appearance of a mess for the devil," &c.

Alsace was celebrated for its fertility in the earliest times. A German writer calls it "the store-house, the wine-cellar, the granary of a great part of Germany;" and according to an ancient proverb you may see everywhere in Alsace three castle on one hill, three churches in one parish, and three towns in one valley:—

"Drey Schlösser auff einem Berge,
Drey Kirchen auff einem Kirchhoffe,
Drey Siedt in einem Thal,
Ist das ganze Elsass überall."

The country may be divided into three regions—the mountains, the hills, which are usually covered with vineyards, and the plains.

The Vosges form a range of mountains about 120 miles long, running parallel to the Rhine, and separating its basin from that of the Moselle. They consist chiefly of rounded, dome-shaped hills covered with forests, and often turfed at the top. The name "ballon," applied to several of them, is doubtless derived from this swelling, rounded form. The highest of all is the Ballon of Guebwiller, 4,693 feet. The snow remaining on the mountains till June inflicts a cold

spring and a sudden summer on the inhabitants of Alsace. There are many charming lakes in the bosom of the Vosges range, said to rival in beauty those of Cumberland. The timber consists chiefly of firs, oaks, beeches, and chestnuts, but the vine is cultivated to some distance up the hills. These mountains yield mineral springs of some reputation, especially Plombières, which has lately been much frequented by the *beau monde*. There are also many mines of great value in the Vosges yielding iron, coal, a little silver, copper, lead, asphalt, antimony; there are springs of petroleum, and quarries of marble, porphyry, and granite. Gold in small quantities is found in the Rhine, and is obtained in the winter when the waters are low; but the yield scarcely repays the labour, as is usually the case. The wines of Alsace are usually white; and some of them are in good repute in Germany and Switzerland, especially the *kitterle* of Guebwiller, the *brand* of Turckheim, and the *vins gentils* of Riguewihr and Ribeauvillé.

Tobacco (a Virginian variety) is largely cultivated in the plains; cabbages are grown by the field for the supply of sauerkraut, for which Strasburg is famous; the cereals, especially spelt, are largely grown.

This description will apply to Lorraine, which is also a land of corn and wine; and in both provinces the towns are seats of considerable industry and commerce. In Nancy, the ancient capital of Lorraine, the manufactory of cotton and of cloth is extensively carried on; but embroidery, of the kind called *plumets*, upon cambric muslin and jaconet, employs the greatest number of hands—about 25,000 annually. Dreuz in Lorraine is the most extensive of the salt works in France, producing annually 145,000 quintals, supplied from brine springs as well as from rock-salt. Mühlhausen, in Alsace, is perhaps the most thriving town in the two provinces. Seven thousand workmen go to the town every day from the neighbouring communes; they are engaged in the manufacture of cotton prints and muslins. Cotton-printing was first introduced here in 1746, and the quantity made in this town probably exceeds that of any other place in the world. Mühlhausen has, however, to contend against two disadvantages. Its raw cotton must be brought a great distance, from Havre or Marseilles, and its coal from St. Étienne and Rive de Gier, through the Canal du Rhin et Rhone. We shall not trouble the reader with a long catalogue of all the busy manufactories which enrich and enliven Alsace and Lorraine; but simply observe, that in industry as in agriculture these provinces will scarcely yield to any section of France of similar extent.

In manners and in language Alsace has remained German to this day. French is taught in the school, but German is spoken in the home. The remarks which we have quoted from Arthur Young are as true in 1870 as they were in 1789. But with respect to Lorraine, it is altogether a different question. Some parts of the province are undoubtedly German, but other parts are as undoubtedly French; and this cannot be said of a single inch of Alsatian ground. We do not mean that some parts have been made French, but that they always were French, even while under the rule of the German Empire. In Metz, for instance, the tourist would be puzzled to detect any signs of German descent among the people; and no wonder, for in the depths of the Middle Ages Metz was certainly a French-speaking town. In the treaty which was concluded between the Protestant League of Germany and Henry II. of France, it was arranged that he should take the

four imperial towns which were not of the German speech (*qui ne sont pas de la langue teutonique*), viz., Cambrai, Metz, Toul, and Verdun. We are not aware that the Germans have ever claimed Joan of Arc as a compatriot, but she was certainly

In the scramble for provinces which followed the death of Charlemagne, Lorraine, like Alsace, undoubtedly became a possession of the German crown. Lothair, the last king but one of the dynasty of Charlemagne, was compelled to renounce



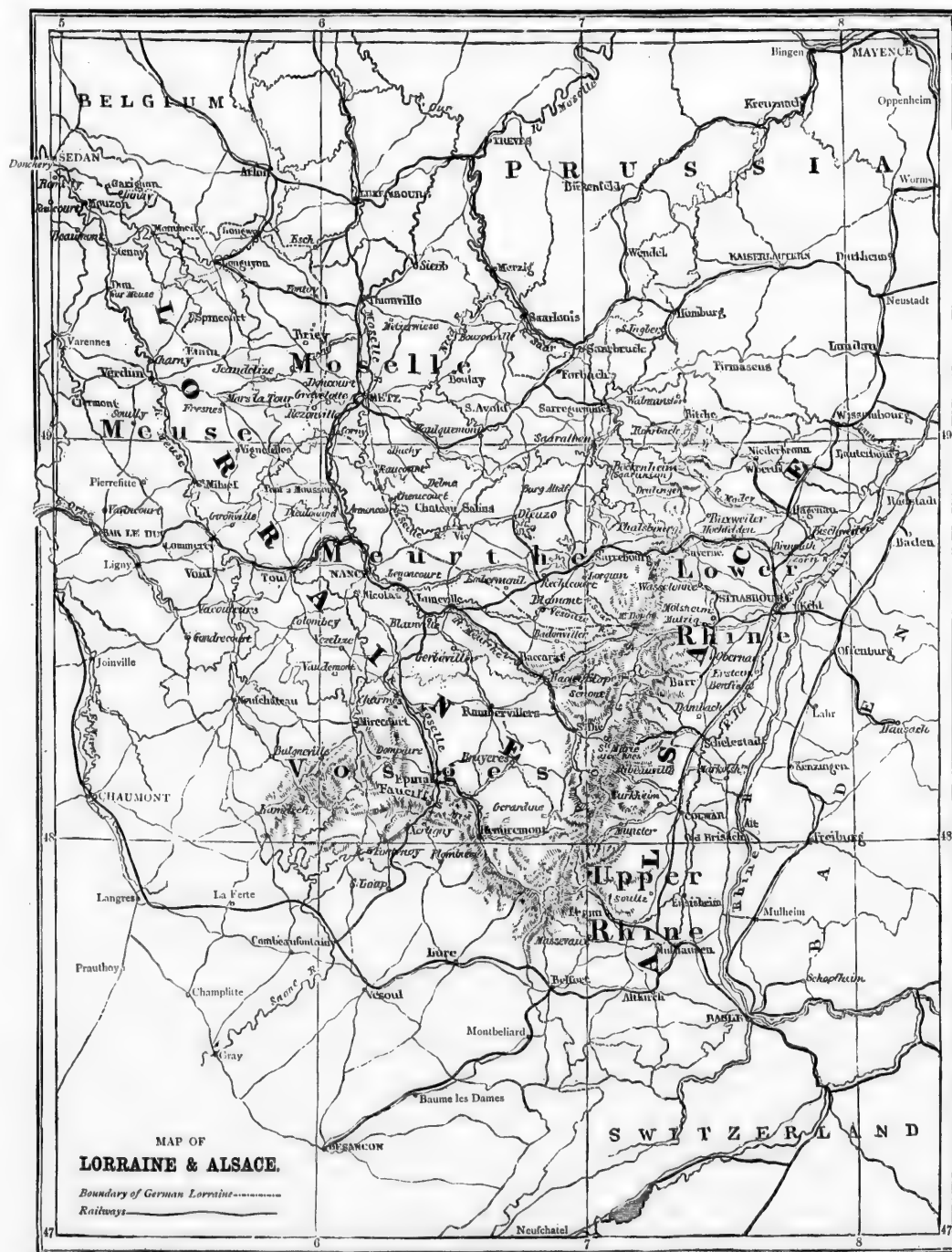
THE GERMANS' GATE, METZ.

a Lorrainer, born and bred at Domremy (now called Domremy La Pucelle), a village on the Meuse, in the department of the Vosges (a part of Lorraine); and in her house, which has been purchased by Government, and which is carefully preserved, the arms of Lorraine decorate the chimney-piece. The great French family of the Guises were descended from a duke of Lorraine.

all pretensions to Lotharingia or Lorraine, *ce qui contrista grandement*, as an old chronicler writes, *le cœur des seigneurs de France*.

But the German Empire was to Lorraine never more than a protectorate; and the dukes of Lorraine themselves ruled over a part only of their dukedom. Nancy was their usual residence; and we find in the thirteenth century the Duke of Lorraine in Nancy being besieged by the Bishop of Metz. The

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bishops of Metz, however, were at that time no longer despots, but constitutional monarchs. A popular revolution had taken place in Lorraine similar to that of Strasburg, which has already been described. An archbishop of Rheims conferred many privileges upon a small town called Beaumont, in order to attract immigrants. This opened the eyes of the artisan class, and the "Law of Beaumont" was demanded from their rulers by all the great towns. But Metz went a step farther: the chief magistrate of the town was raised almost to a level with the bishop, and this magistrate was no longer appointed by the emperor, but by the people. In 1289 the Bishop of Metz went to war with the citizens and was defeated. In 1324 the Bishop of Metz, allied with the Duke of Lorraine, the King of Bohemia, the Archbishop of Trèves, and the Count de Bar, attempted to subdue the town; but though twice besieged, it could not be taken. From this time Metz became a free imperial town, that is to say, a republic, paying compliments to the German emperors in time of peace, and looking to them for protection in times of war. It sent deputies to the Diet, and envoys to the European courts. Its authority extended over 215 towns, villages, and hamlets. It began to rival in wealth and power the great towns of Frankfort, Augsburg, and Aix-la-Chapelle. Here the *mysteries* or religious plays were first celebrated; great fairs were held at Metz; and it became so notorious as a city of pleasure, that it was proverbially said, "If I had a Frankfort, I would spend it at Metz."

The Dukes of Lorraine did not suffer this republic to exist in the centre of their territory without making some efforts to subdue it. In 1444 the people of Metz having plundered the baggage of the Duchess of Lorraine in repayment for a debt, the duke called in the aid of Charles VII., King of France, and Metz was besieged by 10,000 men. But the citizens appointed as their commander one Jean Vitou, nicknamed *Fier-à-Bras*. He carried on war in a very determined manner, cutting the throats of all those who muttered the word "capitulation," and drowning his prisoners of war. He tied a bell to his horse's tail, the sound of which reminded every man of his duty. The siege was unsuccessful; the French king raised it on receiving a sum of money; but the independence of the town remained intact. In 1473 another duke attempted to take Metz by stratagem, and the command of the enterprise was given to a German adventurer named Krantz-with-the-long-beard. At daybreak, on the 9th of April, Krantz entered the town disguised as a merchant; he was followed by two wagons; one contained large casks which were full of soldiers; the other a load of wood, which was left under the gate to prevent the portcullis from being let down. At first the trick was successful; the guards at the gate were killed; Krantz and the soldiers were already in the town; but a baker, named Foral, contrived before the arrival of the army to move the wagon with the wood, and to let down the portcullis, which rang the alarm-bell; Krantz and his soldiers were killed; the Duke Nicholas went home; and the stout citizens of Metz built the Chapel of Victory, which existed till the middle of the last century.

When Charles V. became Emperor of Germany, he visited Metz several times, and was received by the magistrates with splendid hospitality. But it was the policy of this monarch to humble and to utilise these "free imperial towns," and he laid heavy charges on Metz. They addressed petitions and complaints to him without avail, and then sent a deputation to

Henry II. of France, who was at war with the emperor. This deputation was graciously received by the king, and shortly afterwards Montmorency, at the head of a French army, appeared before the town. The magistrates now began to be alarmed; they offered to find provisions for the army, and to give to the king and the members of the royal family (but to them alone) the right of entering the town. They quoted the ancient charters of their town; neither imperialist troops nor any others could be received within the walls. Montmorency gave them a very rough reply; and at last it was arranged that he himself should be permitted to enter with an escort; but as soon as the gates were opened he brought in his army. A few days afterwards Henry ceremoniously entered the town, and made the magistrates take the oath of fidelity. The chief magistrate who refused to do this was deposed, and a royal governor was appointed.

In the meantime Charles V., having made peace with the Protestants in Germany, determined to win back Lorraine. Henry II. sent François de Guise (a Lorrainer by descent) to defend Metz. He found this town sufficiently protected on three sides by the rivers Moselle and Seille; but on the fourth side the fortifications were very weak, and commanded by the neighbouring heights. He made prodigious exertions to strengthen the town for a siege; not only the common soldiers, but their officers, and even princes, took the spade and trowel in their hands; among others the Prince of Roche-sur-Yvon, a Bourbon; the Marquis d'Elbeuf, brother of the Duke de Guise; and the Duke de Nemours, a prince of Savoy.

He brought in immense quantities of provisions; and when the Duke of Alva approached the town, he drove out all the townsmen except those workmen who could be of assistance to his soldiers. The citizens took as much of their property with them as they could, and presented the duke with inventories of that which they were obliged to leave behind, the value of which he promised faithfully to restore.

Shortly afterwards, the emperor himself arrived with an immense army; but all in vain. The cannonade was so furious, that it was heard not only at Strasburg, but twelve miles beyond it across the Rhine; but in vain. In vain mines were sprung; in vain breaches were made; in vain the besieged were assured the emperor would take Metz, if he were obliged to use up three armies in the business. Behind the walls, which were destroyed by day, there sprung up by night new bulwarks of wood and earth; incessantly the gates were flung open, and furious sorties were made on the foe. In forty-five days the greatest man of the age had fired 15,000 cannon-shots, and had achieved nothing. He was compelled to raise the siege. "I see plainly," he said, "that Fortune is of the female sex: she prefers a young king to an old emperor."

The great army began to retreat. It was now January: there was a thaw—the roads were difficult, and the French were in pursuit. A writer of the time chronicles this dreadful scene: "Whichever way one looked, one saw nothing but soldiers, dead, or almost dead, lying in the mire by herds; others, seated on great stones with their legs in the mud, and not able to draw them out, being frozen up to their knees, called out to us to have pity on them, and kill them off. One could hear the groans of the sick in every cottage; in every direction were new graves; the roads were covered with dead horses, and tents, and weapons, and other furniture of war."

Metz had now fairly earned its right to be called *La Pucelle*

(*non polluta*). Though so often besieged, it had never been conquered; but its independence was at an end. In 1556, Vieilleville, the governor, deprived the inhabitants of the right of nominating their own citizens, and built a citadel to overawe the town. One of the elders of Metz, Androuin Roussell, killed himself in despair. During the persecution of the Huguenots under Louis XIV., Metz lost a great part of its working population, and since that time it has become merely a garrison, being, next to Strasburg, the most strongly fortified town in France.

The history of the republic of Metz is distinct from the history of the dukes of Lorraine, and we must return to the fifteenth century, in order to understand how Lorraine enters first into the history, and afterwards into the domain of France.

Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, was ambitious of building up an empire between Germany and France, and part of this empire was to be the Duchy of Lorraine. He began by seizing the person of the young duke, René II., and compelling him to yield certain fortresses, and a free road through Lorraine for his troops. But Charles encountering a serious check at Heuss, near the Rhine, Louis XI. encouraged René to declare war, and at the battle of Nancy Charles the Bold lost his life. From René II. the Guises were descended: the ambition of this family was afterwards fatal, not only to themselves, but to the House of Lorraine. French uniforms became familiar to the eyes of the Lorrainers; French signatures appeared frequently in the State papers of the little palace at Nancy. Louis XIV. came to the throne with his eyes fixed on Lorraine, the possession of which had been gradually prepared for him by the policy of Richelieu and Mazarin. But there were no sudden aggressions, as in the case of Alsace. In 1662 the duke, Charles, who had no legitimate issue, arranged, in return for a ready-money payment, that Lorraine should go to the French crown after his death. Although this arrangement was not actually carried out, Lorraine was from that time completely cut off from the German Empire; it remained a dukedom only in name; and when, in 1736, King Stanislaus, the father-in-law of Louis XV., lost his crown, he received the Duchy of Lorraine on condition that after his death it should pass to the French crown, while the Duke of Lorraine received the Grand Duchy of Tuscany, which had fallen vacant through the extinction of the great family of the Medici.

What, then, is the real history of these two provinces before they became French? We find certain great towns which, like Frankfort, Hamburg, Bremen, &c., were really independent states; but the country was inhabited by a miserable peasantry, whose villages and fields were laid waste from all quarters, and who were at the mercy of the nearest castle. We find dukes, landgraves, counts, and bishops intriguing, turn by turn, with the French and German courts; fighting ferociously with one another; robbing the travelling merchants who passed through their lands, and grinding their people into dust.

Alsace and Lorraine were incorporated into the kingdom of France; and there can be no doubt that the towns lost much, and that the peasants at first gained little, by the change. The townsmen were accustomed to govern themselves; to elect their own officers; to levy their own taxes. They were now ruled over by functionaries; they were farmed out; they were taxed to death. There was a period of French history when the French people almost wished themselves under foreign rule. It is not strange, therefore, that the Alsatians and Lorrainers should long for the good old days—not of the German

Empire—but of their own liberties—the days of their charters, their privileges, and their commerce. Yet, in spite of all their sufferings, Alsace and Lorraine enjoyed one blessing which was new to them—they were at peace. There were no longer any battles between the Bishop of Metz and the Duke of Lorraine; the Castles of Despair, on the summits of the Vosges, had fallen into ruins, and gloomy legends alone preserved the memory of those savage nobles who had treated their peasants as their slaves. Alsace and Lorraine suffered; but they suffered with all France.

Then came the Revolution, and this period dates a change in the history of the conquered provinces. Hitherto they had remained German in heart: only their pockets had been French. But if they had shared with France its misery, they now shared also its emancipation and its glory. They gained a freedom which at that time neither Prussia nor Austria bestowed upon its subjects; they won for themselves laurels which the genius of Napoleon alone could place within their reach. The Alsatians and Lorrainers have still the blood of the warlike *Belgæ* in their veins. In no part of France is military service so popular. The cavalry of the empire was chiefly recruited from these provinces, and the trade of plying as substitutes for the conscription was commonly pursued by Alsatians and Lorrainers. At the time of the Revolution, the two provinces were formed into six departments: Alsace became Haut Rhin and Bas Rhin; Lorraine became Meurthe, Meuse, Vosges, and Moselle. According to the tables published by the Minister of War, the largest number of volunteers for the army is to be found always in the department of Meurthe. Strasburg produced the celebrated Kleber, and Metz Kellerman. When the allies invaded France in 1814 and 1815, Strasburg each time won the admiration of France, by suffering a long and severe siege. When Napoleon returned from Elba, he alluded in his first proclamation to the gallant resistance which had been offered to the allies by the "brave peasants of Lorraine." The last cannon-shots which were fired after the battle of Waterloo, were fired in Alsace. Nor does this love of military service and of war proceed from ignorance, or from want, as is sometimes the case. Population increases more rapidly, and education is more general, in these six departments than in any other district of equal extent.

We have hitherto made no allusion to that page of Alsace and Lorraine history which is being written in blood before our eyes. We have impartially gathered and arranged the facts of the past, that the reader may compare them with those of the present. Yet we must point out that there is one important difference between the present struggle for the Rhine provinces and those, so similar to it in most respects, which took place between the French and German successors of Charlemagne, and afterwards between the Bourbons and the Hapsburgs. In those days, when kings fought for a territory, the inhabitants were impartially plundered by both armies, and were made over to the conqueror with as much consideration for their own preference as is now shown to partridges and pheasants when a landed estate changes hands. But we have, it is to be hoped, passed over this evil age of the treaties of Westphalia, Nimeguen, and Ryswick. Whatever German patriots may say, Alsatians and Lorrainers have become as French as the Parisians; and since the invasions of 1814 and 1815 they have learnt to love that cause for which they fought and suffered, and to hate those who speak the same language, but who destroyed their homes.

Progress of Sir Samuel Baker's Expedition.

A LETTER from Sir Samuel Baker to Sir Roderick Murchison, of which portions have been communicated to the newspapers, gives a most interesting account of the progress of the great expedition—half military, half geographical—which our celebrated English explorer is leading into the heart of Africa. When he left England—in the early summer of 1869—he expressed his intention, or rather his hope, of launching his steamers on Lake Albert Nyanza by Christmas of the same year. In this he has not succeeded; the opening of the Suez Canal in November, and the subsequent delays encountered on the way to Khartum, have thrown him backward more than a twelvemonth; but his letter shows that he is at last in the middle of his work, encamped far up the White Nile, with his force of 2,000 men and flotilla of 53 vessels, all well in hand and housed for the wet season, preparing for ascending to the great lakes at the opening of the fine season in November.

The station from which he writes is on the banks of the White Nile, near the lower mouth of the Giraffe River, and distant about 360 miles, in a straight line, from Khartum; it lies, in fact, about midway between Khartum and Lake Albert Nyanza. The geographical interest of the letter relates to the singular change which has come over the main river since Sir Samuel's last journey, in 1865. He says he received notice, before leaving Khartum, that the White Nile had ceased to be a navigable river; and on reaching the mouth of the Giraffe, he found, in fact, all passage up stream blocked by a dense impenetrable mass of aquatic or marsh vegetation, extending for many miles, and formed by the gradual accumulation of floating islands of grass and reeds, detached from the vast region of swamp which extends for 200 miles along the banks of the river and its tributaries above the obstruction. Formerly the passage was kept clear by cutting through the newly-formed masses, but since 1865 this had been neglected, until the obstruction had grown too great for the efforts of the traders who frequent the river. The latter, thus barred from the main stream, had found a road to the Upper Nile, above the obstruction, by a side-channel or arm of the river—the Bahr Giraffe—which thus proved not to be a tributary stream, as Speke and Grant supposed. Sir Samuel, on arriving at the impediment to his progress, on the 17th of February, attempted to turn it by this "flank movement" up the Giraffe. After ascending it for about 180 miles, his flotilla of thirty-four vessels arrived at a point where the waters were overgrown with a similar marsh vegetation to that of the main river. Through this they struggled for ninety-two miles further, and then the vessels "became fixed in a boundless sea of high grass." No sign of open water could be distinguished from the mast-head. The aquatic grasses "resembled sugar-cane in thickness and toughness, while the tangled confusion of decaying vegetation, for a depth of five or six feet, could only be compared to a mixture of fishing-nets, ropes, mud, sailors' swabs, spines, and canes, all compressed together in a firm mass, beneath which the water was from ten to twelve feet deep, while grass about nine feet high covered the surface to all points of the horizon."

With about 1,000 men, the undaunted traveller worked for thirty-two days to cut a passage through this wonderful growth of rank vegetation, the product of the wide extent of still water and the great heat and humidity of this part of the White

Nile. The marshy growth was found to occupy the stretches of river which connected together a chain of small lakes, so that by eight miles of cutting the flotilla was able to progress thirty miles. The sight of the open water of these lakes was cheering to the men, fatigued and sickened by labour in mud and stench. At length the river became clear; dry land appeared on either bank, and forests within two miles; herds of antelopes and buffaloes were on the plain. At length it seemed their labours would be rewarded by quickly reaching the White Nile. They sailed merrily on, when suddenly the steamers, one by one, grounded—there was no depth of water; further examination ahead established the conclusion that the channel was practicable only in the flood season, and there was no alternative but to return by the way they had come, and wait patiently on the banks of the Nile for the favourable season to cut a passage up the main stream *en route* for the equatorial lakes.

At his establishment he had erected large warehouses of galvanised iron, and set his Egyptians to work to plant grain, to increase his stores of food for future operations. His English engineers and mechanics and further troops had joined him there, and the general health of his men was good, although many had fallen ill of marsh fever during the attempt to force the swamps of the Giraffe. Meantime he had made his authority as Egyptian pasha and commander-in-chief felt in the most wholesome manner, by checking the slave-hunting propensities of some of the Egyptian authorities in this remote region.

The Turkish governor of a settlement on the Lower White Nile had made a raid on certain Shillook villages, and kidnapped slaves and cattle, under pretence of collecting taxes. Baker Pasha, having been informed of this, hastened to the spot with two steamers, and came suddenly upon the culprit, with his booty of 150 slaves (women and children), seventy of whom were crammed in one small vessel. Sir Samuel insisted on the immediate liberation of the slaves, and as the poor people were within sight of the village which had been recently pillaged, he had the satisfaction of returning them all to their homes, to their great astonishment, and to the confusion of the slave-hunting governor, who was obliged to submit, although he had 350 soldiers at his back. Some time afterwards, another vessel, densely packed with slaves, was intercepted and the captives set at liberty; and Sir Samuel adds that one of the first works of the English blacksmiths was to cut through the chains that secured the unfortunate children.

The country, thus being rescued from the confusion and anarchy wrought by the slave-hunters, is described as one of great fertility, and likely to become a valuable portion of Egyptian territory. The population is estimated at 1,000,000, and the natural productions are cotton, rice, excellent timber, and a vast variety of vegetable productions, the river being a fine navigable stream direct to Khartum. With fair dealing, and security of life and property, the entire Shillook country would become a vast cotton-field. Sir Samuel intended, during the rainy season, to distribute among the chiefs the cotton-seed he had brought from Lower Egypt; and he states that these men well understand the advantages they would reap by an exchange of their native productions for manufactures. Looking to the strong measures taken by our heroic countryman, it is gratifying to be informed by the British Consul-general of Egypt that the Khedive, on being informed of all he had done, expressed to our diplomatic representative his entire approval.

The Kingdom of Dahomey.

BY WINWOOD READE.

In Western Africa society is divided into two classes—the slaves and the free. It may be stated as a general rule, that the free men enjoy liberty and equality among themselves. The patriarchal system of government is the most common: at the head of each village is a sheik or chief, who holds the position of *primus inter pares* among the other elders. Sometimes the villages are completely independent, especially in the less civilised African tribes; but more frequently there is a capital of the country, ruled over by a nominal king, whose power among the village head men resembles, in its nature and extent, that of the head men among the elders. Such a constitution, though nominally monarchical, is in reality a federal union.

But it has frequently happened in Africa that some chief-tain with a military genius has arisen, and has conquered neighbouring provinces, and has given to his new property a constitution of a different kind. Many such kingdoms have appeared, and as quickly disappeared—for the Africans appear averse to centralisation; and it requires a constant effort to maintain an empire in its integrity. The viceroys of a province yearn to be kings, the functionaries of a village to be head men. Africa is, in fact, republican. Divisions of caste are unknown; divisions of class, even such as prevail amongst us, are rare. The labourers who carry a traveller's hammock or his baggage, shake hands with the native gentleman who entertains their master; and I have seen a powerful chief dipping his hand into the same dish with his slaves—that is to say, his homeborn or domestic slaves, who enjoy the social privileges of free men.

African travellers frequently describe kingdoms which they have visited as absolute monarchies; and so they certainly appear, at first sight. But when we dissect such constitutions—as, for instance, that of Ashanti—we find around the king a council of nobles, who possess little less power than an English Cabinet, and who indirectly represent the nation. In Africa, moreover, the whole mass of the population is invariably armed. There is no standing army, and therefore a popular revolution has never failed.

But there is *one* kingdom in Western Africa which is not only a despotism, but a masterpiece of despotism; which has conquered not only the bodies, but the minds of its victims; which has rendered revolution so difficult, that the idea of resistance has perhaps never entered the minds of those who would profit by it most. Dahomey has chiefly attracted attention and investigation on account of its hecatombs and its Amazons; but the system of its government is that which renders it a complete anomaly in the Land of the Negroes, and which merits the serious attention of the philosopher and the statesman.

The early history of Dahomey is preserved in the songs of their bards, and was collected by certain slave-traders who visited that country in the last century. The Dahomans, they say, were originally called Foy. They possessed a small tract of country, about ninety miles distant from the sea, and near to Abomey, the present capital of Dahomey.

Early in the seventeenth century a chief of the Foy made war upon Abomey, and meeting with much resistance, vowed that, if successful, he would sacrifice Da, the King of Abomey, to the gods. Having taken the town, he built a large palace, ripped up the belly of his royal captive within it, and called the palace Da-homey (Da's belly). He assumed the title of King of Dahomey, and his people named themselves Dahomans; but the language is still called Foy, or, according to Burton, Ffon.

This happened in 1625, and nothing occurs in Dahoman history till the reign of Guadja Trudo, in 1708. This prince, at his accession, was nineteen years of age, and had already obtained a reputation as a general. It soon became the declared object of his life to gain a footing on the sea-coast. This is the ambition of every inland power, the reasons for which can easily be explained.

The European trade has long since become a necessity to the blacks. Our beads are their jewellery; our cotton goods are their ordinary garments; our rum is their national beverage; our tobacco is essential to their comfort; our crockeryware and brass pans are part of their household furniture. Those who desire to hoard invest their property in our coral, which they can hide in a small compass; those who are ostentatious order silks, carriages, mirrors, saddles with silver stirrups, and other gorgeous articles, to parade their riches and their taste; but with respect to a warrior-king, it is almost indispensable that he should be in direct communication with the white men. Guns and powder have superseded bows and spears; and to be dependent upon other tribes for munitions of war, would be to place himself within their power.

Along the western coast of Africa a struggle is continually going on between the coast and inland tribes. The inland tribes are usually the producers; the coast tribes are merely brokers or middle-men. It is therefore the policy of these go-betweens or stand-betweens, to prevent the people of the interior and the white men from coming into direct contact with each other. When the people of the interior bring down their gold, ivory, oil, or hides to trade, they are usually detained at some town at a little distance from the sea; and when a European desires to visit the interior, every possible obstacle is thrown in his way. The interior states are therefore commercially dependent on the maritime people, who make an immense profit on the European goods, which they pass inland, and who have it in their power to stop supplies altogether.

Whydah is now the appellation of a town—the seaport of Dahomey. In those days it was the name of a coast kingdom. The Whydahs gave the Europeans much trouble with their excessive imposts, but were considered the most polite and flourishing people in Africa. Bosman (an excellent observer) describes Whydah as so populous that one village contained as many inhabitants as a whole kingdom on the Gold Coast. More than 20,000 slaves were annually exported to the plantations; and it was reported that the Whydahs could bring into

the field 200,000 fighting men. It would therefore be a formidable undertaking to invade Whydah: to conquer it completely in the first instance, almost impossible; for near the coast there were many rivers and swamps in which the Whydahs could take refuge, and where they would be inaccessible, for the Dahomans were not acquainted with the use of canoes. Moreover, between the kingdom of Whydah and that of Dahomey lay the kingdom of Ardra, which it would be necessary to conquer first.

Trudo sent messengers to the Kings of Ardra and Whydah, asking for a "water-side," or free road to the beach, and expressing himself willing to pay liberally for the privilege. His request was refused; and shortly afterwards the brother of the King of Ardra, having been ill-treated by that monarch, offered a sum of money to Trudo to avenge him. Trudo accepted the invitation. Whydah, being jealous of Ardra, refused to render aid. There was a battle which lasted three days, and which ended in the conquest of Ardra.

In the capital at that time was a certain Mr. Bulfinch Lambe, who had been seized and kept prisoner by the King of Ardra, on account of a debt due to him from the African Company. This gentleman was nearly burnt alive in the house where he was enclosed; but a Dahoman hauled him over the wall, and he was carried to the king's quarters, to the general, who, though he was in a great hurry and much occupied, took him kindly by the hand, and gave him a dram, "which was some comfort to him." Mr. Lambe declared that when he went out, there was no stirring for bodies without heads, and had it rained blood, it could not have lain thicker on the ground. He did not gain much, however, by this change of affairs; for he was taken to Dahomey, and kept there as a curiosity by the king, who had previously purchased an old Portuguese mulatto for £500, and who never afterwards appeared in public without the attendance of these two distinguished foreigners. Lambe finally obtained his release by promising to go and fetch other white men. The king presented him with a number of slaves, and gave him as a companion a coast negro, named Tom, who had also been taken prisoner in war, who spoke good English, and who was commissioned by the king to observe whether Lambe told the truth about Dahomey. Lambe went to Barbadoes, sold the slaves there, and also sold Tom to a gentleman in Maryland. But having afterwards heard at Antigua that the King of Dahomey had declared he would give him a shipload of slaves if ever he came back, he repurchased Tom, and brought him to England in 1731. He considered it advisable not to return to Dahomey, but utilised Tom by creating him Prince *Adomo Oronoko Tomo*, ambassador from the court of Dahomey, and presented a letter to George II., which he asserted to be written at the dictation of Trudo. Tom enjoyed the royal hospitality for some time, till the imposture was exposed by Captain Snelgrave, one of the old authors on Dahomey.

The African prince trick was frequently played in former days, and is not yet quite extinct. Mr. Dalzel, who relates the above anecdote, also alludes to a King of Assinea (un-geographically called in the *European Mercury*, King of Syria, on the Gold Coast), who was baptised by the Bishop of Meaux, at Paris, with great pomp, Louis XIV. himself standing godfather. He was conveyed back to the Gold Coast in a man-of-war, when it was discovered that he was a slave. Now-a-days the African is sufficiently civilised to do the

business without an *entrepreneur*. Two years ago a young negro was taken up in London for having obtained furniture and other valuables, under the pretence that he was the son of Prince Manna, a wealthy trading chief of the Sherbro. But upholsterers and others should be careful in giving credit to African princes, even when their parentage can be satisfactorily proved. Kings in Africa are as plentiful as they were in England when there were seventeen in Kent; and these polygamous chieftains have such very large families, that princes and princesses are of small account. On the Gold Coast, indeed, and in some other parts of Africa, and also among the Red Indians, &c., sons do not inherit; inheritance is always on the female side, by way of precaution; for when the *mother* is of royal blood, some royal blood must flow in the veins of her children.

The king, having conquered Ardra, now turned his thoughts towards Whydah. Lambe had long dissuaded him from this enterprise, representing to him the numbers of the Whydahs and their skill in the use of firearms. But Whydah was governed by a fat boy, a vulgar Sardanapalus, who seldom went out of his seraglio; his ministers were divided; his people were demoralised by the ease with which they gained wealth and luxuries from Europeans.

In 1727 Trudo invaded Whydah, the frontier of which kingdom was guarded by a river difficult to ford. The Whydahs left this important position to the care of the Snake, which was the tutelary deity of the country. The vanguard of the Dahoman army—200 men—crossed the river, and marched on without orders to the capital, shouting and singing their war music all the way. The out-guards rushed into the town, crying out that the whole of the enemy's forces had crossed the river. There was a panic, and a general scramble for the sea-side. The king escaped to the swamps and lagoons, but 4,000 prisoners were taken, and all of them were sacrificed in honour of the happy event. Trudo paid, in cowries (a shell which forms the currency of the Slave Coast), twenty shillings for each live male prisoner, ten shillings for each woman or child, and bought heads at the rate of five shillings a-piece. The European factories were plundered, and forty white men taken prisoners; but they were afterwards liberated by the king, with many professions of regard. It was naturally the ambition of Trudo to form commercial connections with the principal slave-buying firms, and he shortly afterwards invited Captain Snelgrave, then on the coast, to come to the capital of Ardra, where at that time he was residing.

The King of Dahomey was now a coast king; it was in his power, for the first time in his life, to negotiate face to face with the white man, and the first business to be arranged was the rate of duties to be levied on European goods. The king, knowing nothing about trade, left this part of the debate to a chief who had some experience in such matters; but, finding that he and the white men could not agree, he said to Snelgrave that, "though as a conqueror he could establish what imposts he pleased, yet, as he was the first English captain with whom he had treated on affairs of commerce, he would indulge him like a young bride, who at first must be denied nothing." He then told Snelgrave to name what duties he considered reasonable; and the captain put them at the half of that which had been paid to the Whydahs. The duties in Dahomey are still nominally low; but compulsory presents, fines, and so on, raise them high enough; and, on account of the capricious, tyrannical

manner in which they are raised, are peculiarly irritating to Europeans.

The kings of Africa—at least those near to the coast—are always the chief traders in their own kingdoms, and their position naturally gives them a great advantage, even when they do not abuse it. But a despotism is not favourable to commerce, and the trade of Whydah declined after its conquest by Dahomey. To crown all, at the end of the last century, one king had the unfortunate idea of creating a monopoly in trade. He issued a proclamation that no trader should pay more than £16 for a man or £13 for a woman slave, the proper value of "a prime slave," according to Dalzel, being £30. He bought largely on his own account, and next ordered that all the Dahoman traders should sell him a large proportion of their own slaves at the above-mentioned prices, and ordered his wives, who paid out the cowries, to give false measure, of which the traders did not dare to complain. As a natural consequence, his wealthier subjects were ruined. The *cabocers*, or chiefs, having respectfully remonstrated in a body, were accused of a conspiracy against his life; and the Europeans, having also offered a remonstrance, received fair promises, which were not kept. At the present time, the King of Dahomey has progressed even further; he fixes himself the price which the European factor must pay him for his palm oil. There is the king's price, and the people's price. If Trudo began by treating the European like a young bride, the present monarch is treating him as if he wanted a divorce, and I certainly should not counsel any merchant to establish a factory at Whydah. I should be inclined, rather, to counsel those who have factories to abandon them, and to trade exclusively by means of ships.

The history of Dahomey can have no further interest for the reader. After the conquest of Whydah, the kingdom attained much the same dimensions which it holds at the present day. The Whydahs, lurking in the swamps and lagoons, made some gallant but ineffectual efforts to regain their country; while the aggressive wars waged by Dahomey upon Badagry, Porto Novo, &c., were attended with no permanent success.

The wars of Dahomey were at first inspired by pure ambition; but, when its kings became traders, they degenerated into slave hunts. Every year, about February, the king made a raid on some neighbouring petty tribe, and returned in two or three months with a crowd of prisoners. The European agents were then summoned up from Whydah, where their factories are established. Some of the captives were slaughtered publicly, for the amusement of the people—like the blood-sports of the amphitheatre—and for the glory of the monarch and the service of his ancestors, as will presently be explained; the rest were then sold to the European traders.

The slave trade is now extinct in West Africa; and palm oil is the export of Dahomey; but the evil habit of annual war is still kept up. In the summer of this year all the "king's friends," as the Europeans are technically called, were invited to the capital, to behold the fruits of an unusually successful raid. But, as these are now forbidden fruits to the factor, he invariably declines such invitations, sending to the king as present as his apology. But on this occasion the king declared he would take no excuse, and the agent of the celebrated Maison Régis, having once before enjoyed the royal hospitality,

immediately fled on board a vessel in the roads, and made off to Marseilles without delay.

A visit to Abomey, the chief town, with its consequent expenditure of time and money, and perhaps of health, was part of the regular routine of business in the old slaving days. Abomey was the market; buyers were obliged to go there; and in 1793 it was written, "The short interval from Whydah beach to Abomey is, perhaps, the most beaten track by Europeans of any in Africa."

But now Whydah is the market for palm oil. The duties, regular and irregular, are levied by a viceroy, called the *Yavougah*, or captain of the white men, and by other officials, nominated by the king. A visit to the king cannot be accomplished under the sum of £200, and offers only a return cargo of pie-crust promises to the agent who makes the trip.

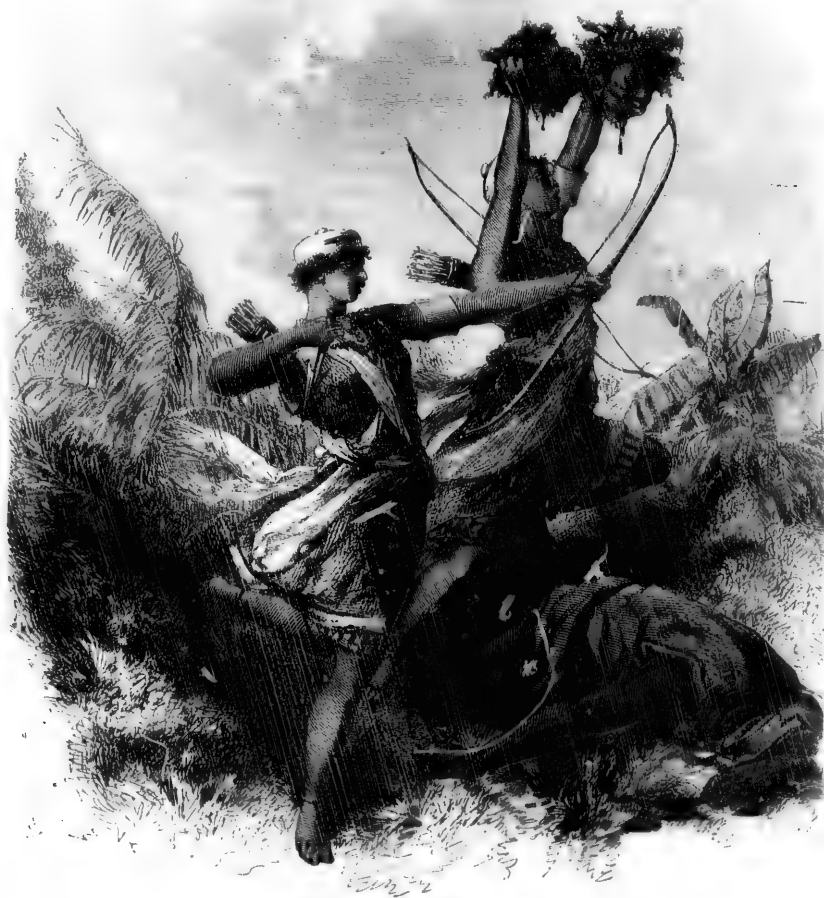
The professional traveller will be repaid by a visit to this curious court, although the rich stores of information accumulated by Forbes, Burton, and the old slavers, have left little for him to glean. It may, perhaps, be as well to observe that missions to Dahomey, for the purpose of inducing the king to abandon human sacrifices, are entirely useless. The sentiment which suggests such missions is a most respectable one; but a careful study of the works written about Dahomey would convince any reasonable person that success is out of the question. It is a wild-goose chase in morals. To abolish human sacrifices in Dahomey would be to abolish the Dahoman religion. To abolish the Dahoman religion would be to abolish the Dahoman constitution. To abolish the Dahoman constitution would be to abolish the king's life.

The traveller who wishes to visit Abomey will first go to Whydah, the handsomest native town which I have seen in Africa. It has broad streets, an excellent market, and the principal houses are enclosed by walls. In the midst of the town is a large tree, frequented by thousands of bats, which may be seen hanging from its boughs, even feeding on its fruits, in midday. But the chief curiosity of the town is the Snake House, where a number of snakes, of a large, harmless species, are kept. The Snake, as before mentioned, was the tutelary god of old Whydah; and it is the custom in Africa to adopt the gods of a conquered land. Often the lives of priests are spared, that they may acquaint the new-comers with the trees, rocks, and brooks which must be held sacred, and initiate them into the rites and ceremonies of the local deities.

The visitor sends up a message to the king, expressing his desire to visit Abomey, and if his arrival is opportune, speedily receives an invitation, for the distance between Whydah and Abomey is only sixty miles. But Mr. Tickell, the commandant of Badagry, happened to arrive at Whydah at the beginning of the war season, and he was detained in that town four months before he was allowed to begin his journey to Whydah. The authorities would not allow him to leave Whydah in the interim, fearing that he might not return. A traveller in Africa—and especially in Dahomey—must have a more than Job-like patience. It is often said that the Africans have no idea of the value of time; but I have observed that they do not like to be kept waiting any better than we do. The journey is made by hammock, and, according to the usual rate of hammock-travelling on the Gold Coast, could be done in three days; but the average rate of the Dahoman journey is six miles

a day. It is not a journey, but a progress. At every village there are festivities—drinking, dancing, singing, and firing guns. On arriving at the capital the traveller receives a salute on a large scale—for which he has afterwards to pay on a larger scale—and is escorted with many ceremonies to the house

immediate continuation of this; that, after death, kings are still kings, and slaves still slaves, and that all the men of one nation dwell, as before, in the same country. This belief prevails over a great part of Africa (and not only Africa), and explains the custom of burying cloth, weapons, &c., in the



AMAZONS OF DAHOMEY IN BATTLE.

which has been allotted for him. After a day or so he makes his presents. The king provides him with food and strong drinks during his stay, and when he departs usually gives him some children and some wrappers of native cotton cloth. The visitor is also entertained with reviews and processions, and is sometimes compelled to witness those human sacrifices, of which so much has been said.

It is the belief of the Dahomans that the next world is an

grave of a deceased chieftain. It also explains the custom of human sacrifices after the death of a great man. The slaves and wives who are buried in the grave of the deceased are supposed to rise into the new life with him, and are intended to serve him in the next world. It is some comfort to know that these wretched victims have only the physical pain of death to fear; they have no uneasiness about their future fate; and wives have been known to dispute with one another

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TREE OF EATS, WHIDAH.

for the privilege of accompanying their beloved husband to his new home.

In Dahomey, the grand customs are those which succeed the death of a king—not immediately, but as soon as his successor has provided himself with a sufficient number of victims. These are killed in order to be slaves to the late king. At the annual customs a certain number are killed, to replenish the household of the dead. Besides these, special messengers are killed, in order that they may carry private information, or news of importance, to the people of the other world. A Wesleyan missionary writes, that on such an occasion four men, a deer, a monkey, and a vulture were chosen. One man was to go to all the markets of the spirit-world, and announce what he (the king) was going to do in honour of his father; another was to go to the waters, and tell all the fish; the third was to go to the roads, and tell all ghostly travellers; the third was to go to the firmament, and tell all the stars; the deer was to go to the forest, and tell all the beasts; the monkey to climb all the trees, and tell all the animals in trees; the vulture was to fly in the air, and tell all the birds. All the above-mentioned messengers lost their heads; but the vulture was simply let loose; being a sacred bird, they supposed, perhaps, it could visit the other world without a change of feathers.

There can be no doubt that many kings of Dahomey have massacred their prisoners of war in vast numbers to display their power, to strike terror into the hearts of their enemies, and to win the wonder and compliments of their native visitors. But filial love, as may be inferred from the foregoing sketch, lies at the bottom of these murders. The old slavers used to remonstrate with former kings as warmly as the new generation of travellers has done, respecting this lavish waste of human life, and often offered to pay large prices for the victims; but the king would usually make some such reply as this:—"That it would be selfish and wicked of him to leave his father and his ancestors without any one to attend them, and they would afterwards justly reproach him for his love of money, and his want of dutiful affection." It is evident, therefore, that the religion must be changed before the customs can be abandoned.

Many of my readers would doubtless be disappointed, were I to conclude this imperfect account of Dahomey without saying something about the world-famed Amazons.

In Africa matrimony may be said to represent the funds;

that is to say, it is the best investment for a king's, or chief-tain's, superfluous wealth. The wives represent the deposit, and the children (which in Africa are always articles of value) represent the interest. We hear often enough of kings with several hundred wives, and the great kings have perhaps 3,000 or 4,000. It is evident that these have not all been purchased for the harem. Many are simply field-labourers in the king's plantations. Others trade for him. Sometimes a monarch has employed his wives as diplomats to foreign courts; and it is by no means uncommon to read of an African king surrounded by a body-guard of women. Now the Amazons are simply a development of this normal body-guard into a regiment of 1,200, or, at the most, 2,000 women. In 1728 the King of Dahomey possessed few troops; accordingly he armed a great number of women like soldiers, intending them probably only for show; but they fought so well in battle that the institution was at once commenced, and was organised to its present form by the late king, Gezo. These women are nominally—but seldom in reality—the king's wives, though, like the king's real wives, they are kept in Oriental seclusion. They drill in a place apart from the men, and when they go out a bell is rung before them, and all males are compelled to stand off the road and to turn their faces till they have passed by. They are said to be the bravest of the king's troops, and in the late assault on Abbeokuta (I have no space to describe this war) they did not belie their reputation.

The king finds no difficulty in obtaining recruits. Every girl in Dahomey is brought to him as soon as she has arrived at a certain age. Some he reserves for his harem; others for the woman regiment; the rest he distributes to those who are in want of wives. Thus the king is a high-priest, who marries every couple in the country. He also separates the sons from the fathers; and when a chief dies, his property reverts to the Crown, and some favourite is appointed as the heir. No chief is allowed to enter another chief's house. A royal spy, or reporter, is appointed to the house of every grandee. Thus, this perfect tyranny has destroyed all that can endanger its existence from within. There can be no coalitions of family in Dahomey. There can be no coalitions of nobles. And the Amazons alone could soon annihilate that luckless mob, the Dahoman people.

Notes on Western Turkestan.—IV.

BY LIEUTENANT C. R. LOW, LATE H.M. INDIAN NAVY.

BOKHARA—ITS EXTENT AND POPULATION—ITS GOVERNMENT—THE EPISODE OF STODDART AND CONOLLY—THE CITY OF BOKHARA—THE PRESENT EMIR—KETTE KURGAN—SAMARCAND—OTHER CITIES OF BOKHARA—THE RUSSIAN ADVANCE IN WESTERN TURKESTAN—CONCLUSION.

BOKHARA is the most important and was, until the Russian conquest of Khokand, the best known of the three khanates. It is certain that it possesses the greatest interest in the eyes of Englishmen, for the name must ever arouse most painful memories connected with the sad fate that overtook our countrymen, the lamented Colonel Stoddart and Captain

Conolly, to whom we shall refer again farther on, who fell victims to the cruelty of the remorseless tyrant, the Emir of Bokhara—*sherif* or "noble" Bokhara—as its fanatical inhabitants love to designate their country.

It is almost impossible to state positively the amount of its population, but it may be generally estimated at something under 2,500,000, at which figure it was reckoned by Fraser; but Burnes placed it at 1,500,000; and Balbi, in 1826, at 1,200,000. The other khanates, and even Afghanistan, have never ceased to recognise its spiritual supremacy. They praise and extol the mollahs, as well as the Islamite learning of the "noble

Bokhara;" but they have ever resisted all attempts made by the emirs to make use of their spiritual supremacy to increase their political power.

Bokhara is intersected from south-east to north-west by the Oxus. The inhabitants are mostly of the same races as those particularised in the description of the other khanates, namely, Ozbegs, Tadjiks, Kirghiz, Arabs, Mervi, Persians, Hindoos, and Jews. The Ozbegs are the dominant nationality, and supply the bulk of the army, the emir himself being descended from one of the thirty-two tribes into which they are divided. The Tadjiks, of whom Vambéry speaks as the original inhabitants of all the cities of Central Asia, are represented still in the greatest number in Bokhara, and though proud of their high antiquity, are sunk in a state of the most degraded vice and profligacy. The Kirghiz are not so numerous in this khanate as in the neighbouring states. The Arabs, who number about 60,000 souls, consider themselves the descendants of the warriors who, in the time of the third Caliph of Bagdad, took part in the conquest of Turkestan, where they subsequently settled. They have lost much of their distinctive nationality, and have forgotten their mother tongue. The Mervi are the descendants of the Persian colony—40,000 in number—transplanted from Merv to Bokhara by the Emir Said Khan, when, about the year 1810, he took the former city by aid of the Sarik Turkomans. The native Persians in Bokhara are partly slaves, partly such as have emancipated themselves and then settled in the khanate. Here, in consequence of their intelligence and capacity—for the Persian is far superior to the unpolished and brutal races around him—they frequently rise to positions of importance and trust in the state; the present chief military commanders and the superior officers of artillery also belong to the same nation. The Hindoos are a mere handful, and consist entirely of the *banian* or merchant class, who are to be found in so many Eastern states, and who, when other people are starving manage, by a due admixture of thrift and cheating, to make fortunes, and retire to pass their old age in ease at Surat or Bombay. The Jews number some 10,000, and, like their compatriots in semi-civilised communities, suffer persecution and insult as a normal condition of existence. In the city of Bokhara they pay into the emir's treasury an annual tribute of 2,000 tillahs, and this their chief remits in person, receiving in return two slight blows on the cheeks, according to the form prescribed by the Koran as a sign of submission.

The government of Bokhara is a pure despotism, the emir being chief of the army and church, holding, nominally in subjection to the Sultan of Turkey, the title of *reis*, or guardian of religion. The standing army of Bokhara is stated to number 42,000 soldiers, but they probably do not muster more than half this estimate.

In the grand epic of the Afghan expedition—commencing in 1838 with the march of Sir John Keane's army on Candahar and Ghuznee and Cabul, and ending with Sir George Pollock's victorious march through Afghanistan and the hoisting of the British flag on the topmost pinnacles of the Bala Hissar, on the 16th of September, 1842—there is a most sad and tragic episode, which ought never to be forgotten; not only because two gallant soldiers and accomplished gentlemen fell victims to their devotion to their country's service, but because they were sacrificed to an underhanded policy, eminently opposed to what we are accustomed to term "English." Burnes—than

whom our Indian annals show few brighter names—was placed in a false position when he was dispatched on an ostensibly commercial mission to Dost Mohammed Khan, while in reality he was a secret political agent; and, in like manner, Conolly and Stoddart were placed in false positions at Bokhara and Khokand. The latter officer had been deputed by Mr. McNeill, our minister at Teheran in 1838, to obtain the liberation of some Russian prisoners, and to conclude a friendly treaty with Nasrullah Khan; but having excited the hatred of a newly appointed vizier, he was thrown into a dark well, swarming with the most nauseous vermin, by the Bokharian tyrant. It is somewhat singular that the ostensible cause of the ill-treatment to which this officer was subjected was of a precisely similar character to that which gave rise to the Abyssinian embroglio. Nasrullah had written to the Queen of England, and, as an independent sovereign, considered himself entitled to an autograph letter from Her Majesty; incensed at not receiving this, and considering himself treated with contumely, he resolved to wreak his vengeance on the only individual of the offending nation in his power. His conduct, and that of Theodore, was dictated by precisely similar considerations, and shows how unfitted the British Foreign Office, with its European traditions of red-tapeism, is to deal with these Eastern potentates, who ought to be placed in direct relations with the Government of India. By his order Stoddart was kept in a loathsome prison, frequently severely beaten—which, writes an informant who was in Cabul at the time, never extorted a single groan from him—and starved into a state of pitiable weakness. Meanwhile, he was repeatedly ordered to become a Mohammedan, which he steadfastly refused to do. To conquer his obstinacy, the emir threw him into the *chah-i-seah*, or "black pit," a place of torment for the vilest criminals. In it, amongst other vermin, were large ticks, which bury themselves in the flesh of the victim, producing noisome sores. Before life was extinct, Stoddart was drawn up from this horrible dungeon, and, on reviving somewhat, was exposed in one of the great gates of the city—all who entered being instructed to spit in his face and buffet him. Still he refused to abjure Christianity. The next day he was again severely beaten, his grave dug before his face, and it was announced to him that, unless he pronounced the Mohammedan confession of faith, in that very grave he would forthwith be buried alive. Hitherto this noble gentleman's resolution had not failed him; but in this fearful moment of temptation, when mere human nature could sustain no more—to use his own expression—"the grating of the spades against the sides of the grave jarred on his shattered nerves beyond endurance." Certain Mohammedans, whose sympathy had been enlisted by his noble constancy, besought him almost with tears to spare them the disgrace of his murder, and to pronounce the confession as a mere matter of form; and thus, almost unconsciously, he with his mouth owned the Arabian impostor as the true Prophet of God.

In the summer of 1841, Captain Conolly, who had been dispatched on a mission to Khiva and Khokand, in 1840, by Sir W. Macnaghten, received an invitation from the emir to proceed to Bokhara; and he was so anxious to induce Colonel Stoddart to abjure his apostasy, that he unhappily fell into the trap set for him by the perfidious ruler of Bokhara, and, after some delay, proceeded by a circuitous route, arriving at the scene of his imprisonment and death in the month of

November. He could not have appeared at a more unfortunate conjunction. The *émiscé* at Cabul occurred on the 2nd of November, when Burnes and other British officers were murdered, and soon after, the Cabul force was besieged in its entrenchments. This news reached the emir in the following December, at a time when he was greatly incensed by receiving a letter written by Lord Palmerston, the Foreign Secretary, referring him to the Government of India. This was not the way to propitiate a furious and bloodthirsty tyrant. Nasrullah sent for the British officers, questioned them, and, a few days afterwards, directed them to be imprisoned in the house of the *toptshi-bashae*, or chief of artillery. Kaye, in his "Memoir

the miserable room in which they were confined, and ague and fever racked them grievously. In this wretched prison, though strictly guarded, they were not so closely watched that Conolly could not contrive to spend many an hour chronicling, in small characters, upon Russian paper, all the incidents of captive life, and drawing up, for the information of his government, elaborate memoranda on the politics of Central Asia. In spite of all difficulties of transmission, many of these notes and memoranda found their way from Bokhara to Cabul, and, surviving all the chances of destruction to which the convulsed state of Afghanistan necessarily exposed them, were conveyed in safety to the British camp. In no way could the sufferings



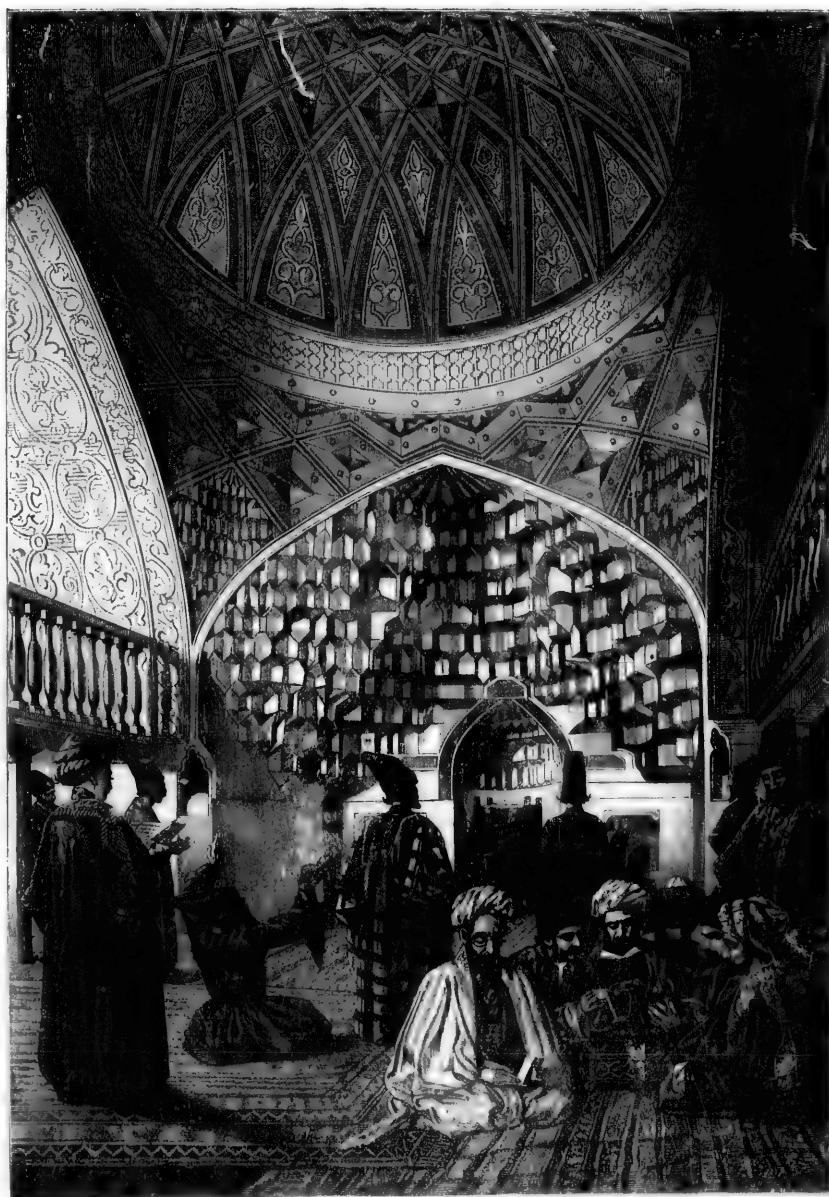
KIRGHIZ INTERIOR.

of Captain Arthur Conolly," has described in detail the condition to which these two British officers were reduced, and the unflinching firmness with which they bore their sufferings, while, with a noble constancy, they refused to abjure the faith of their fathers, but cheered and comforted each other by prayer to fight manfully to the end. It may be gathered from Conolly's correspondence and journal, that they were thrown into prison about the 17th of December, and, at the end of the month, Allahdad Khan, the Cabul envoy, was brought in to share their captivity. In this prison their condition became every day more deplorable. They were not allowed a change of raiment, and the clothes rotted on their backs; noxious vermin preyed upon their bodies, and they tore the irritated flesh with their nails. They were not denied either a sufficiency of food or firing, but water leaked through the roof of

which the Bokhara captives endured be set forth so truthfully as in extracts from such of Conolly's letters and journals as have fortunately been preserved.

All through the months of January and February, little change took place in the condition of the captives. The symptoms of a favourable change in the state of the emir's feelings proved delusive: day passed after day, and the misery of these unhappy gentlemen increased.

During their confinement the utmost efforts had been made by the Russian envoy, Colonel Butenev, to effect their release, but it was all in vain. Lord Palmerston had addressed himself to the Government of the Czar, and the Sublime Porte, soliciting their intervention; and the Russian Chancellor, Count Nesselrode, who had been likewise pressed to use his influence by the Marquis of Clanricarde, instructed Colonel



INTERIOR OF A MOSQUE IN TURKESTAN.

Butenef to demand Stoddart's release. The Russian mission arrived at Bokhara on the 17th of August, 1841, and was well received by the emir. Stoddart was released from confinement on the 18th of September, and lived with Colonel Butenef; but upon the emir's return from his victories in Khokand, he threw him and Conolly into a dungeon again, though he promised the envoy that they should return to Russia with him. Time passed, and he fulfilled none of his pledges.

Conolly still hoped the emir might relent, and, ever the most unselfish of men, expresses, in an entry in his diary, his joy that Allahdad Khan and the rest of his people had been released. For nearly three weary months they lingered on in their prison, wearing the loathsome apparel that hung about their attenuated and diseased frames. Beyond this, all is doubt and conjecture. "On the 28th of May," says Kaye, "Stoddart dispatched an official letter to the Indian Government, which was forwarded with Conolly's journal; and at this point we lose altogether the track of the footprints which the Bokhara captives have left on the great desert of Time. That they perished miserably is certain. 'No change has taken place in our treatment,' wrote Stoddart (it is the last sentence penned in the Bokhara prison which seems to have reached its destination), 'though hopes, so long proved to be deceitful, are held out to us on the return of the chief.' But the emir, glutted with conquest, returned from the Khokand expedition, and ordered them out to death. They died by the hands of the public executioner, but the precise period of their death is not with certainty to be ascertained."

Bokhara possesses cities such as the capital and Samarcand, which have acquired a certain renown in Oriental history, though architecturally they are mean beyond even a third-rate Persian city. Vambéry, who succeeded in penetrating Bokhara, and to whose boldness the English reading public is indebted for a very able work on the khanate, speaks in the following terms of its bazaars, which he declares, however, to be inferior to those of Persia:—"These establishments in Bokhara are, indeed, far from splendid and magnificent, like those of Teheran, Tabreez, and Ispahan; but still, by the strange and diversified intermixture of races, dresses, and customs, they present a very striking spectacle to the eye of a stranger. In this moving multitude, most bear the type of Iran, and have their heads surmounted by a turban, white or blue—the former colour being distinctive of the gentleman or the mollah, the latter the appropriate ornament of the merchant, handicraftsman, and servant. After the Persian, it is the Tartar physiognomy that predominates. We meet it in all its degrees, from the Ozbegs, amongst whom we find a great intermixture of blood, to the Kirghiz, who have preserved all the wildness of their origin. No need to look the latter in the face—his heavy, firm tread suffices alone to distinguish him from the Turani and the Irani."

Bokhara is considered the chief mart of Central Asia, and is famous for its silken manufactures, which vary in texture from the coarsest cloths to the fine handkerchief of the consistency of the spider's web. The natives also excel in the department of leather-cutting, and still more in that of tent-making. The boots for the male portion of the community are made with high heels, terminating in points about the size of a nail's head, while those used for the fair sex are often ornamented with the finest silk, though they are made thicker,

thus reversing the order of things that obtains in the luxurious cities of the west.

The river Zerafshan, literally, the "distributor of gold," which flows past the city in a north-easterly direction, has its channel lower than the streets, and even in summer affords but a scanty supply. The water flows through a canal, deep enough, but not maintained in the state of purity that is enjoined by the Koran, which enforces the principle that "cleanliness is derived from religion." The purifying element is permitted to enter the city at the gate, Dervaze Mezar, once in intervals of from eight to fourteen days, according as the height of the river may permit. The appearance of the water is hailed with joy by the inhabitants, who rush down in an indiscriminate mob to perform their ablutions. The horses and other cattle are then permitted to enjoy its grateful coolness, and then the dogs roll in its now filthy tide. When man and beast have satisfied themselves, all entrance is forbidden and the water is left to settle.

It has been already mentioned that the state of Bokhara is the very hotbed of fanaticism. The outward observance of religion is not only enforced by law, but is carried to extremes unknown in any other purely Mohammedan city, even in Mecca itself, while at the same time the emirs and their courtiers have been noted as the most profligate in Asia. Each city has a guardian of religion, who, carrying a formidable instrument of flagellation, with which in hand he traverses the streets and public places, examines passers-by in the tenets of Islamism, and sends the ignorant, even if they be old men of threescore years, for periods varying from eight to fourteen days, to the boys' school to be instructed, or drives them into the mosque at the hour of prayer. There is also enforced a system of surveillance, which extends its branches like a monster tree of oppression throughout the land, and blights all confidence and domestic happiness. So omnipresent are the emir's spies, that it is said that even with no third person present, husband and wife do not dare pronounce the name of the sovereign without adding the words, "God grant to him one hundred and twenty years!" The reigning emir, Mozuffar-ed-din Khan, is happily a better disposed man than his late father, Nasrullah, and although he enforces the laws respecting religion and morals with great severity, he cannot be charged with crime himself. He is about fifty years of age, and is described as of middle stature, and somewhat corpulent; he has a pleasing countenance, fine black eyes, and a thin beard. In his youth he acted one year as governor in Karshi, and eighteen in Kermineh, and was always distinguished for his gentleness and affability, as well as for a sense of justice which has mostly characterised his public acts. He himself lives in an unostentatious style, and is the most determined enemy of luxury among his chiefs or people. He limits himself to the four wives enjoined by his religion, and all his domestic arrangements are upon a strictly economical footing; the ladies make not only their own clothes, but often even those of the emir himself.

About 150 miles to the eastward of Bokhara is Kette Kurgan (great fortress), famous for the manufacture of shoes, and which formed the seat of a provincial government, until the Russians established there an outpost to overawe the capital. This fortress is defended by a strong wall and deep fosse, but easily fell a prey to the Russian arms. Samarcand—the enchanting Samarcand, as its inhabitants call it—the ancient capital of Central Asia, is, from its site and the luxuriant vegetation in which it stands, the most beautiful in Turkestan.

It is the city of the renowned Timour, whom the present emir erroneously claims as his ancestor; the Tartar warrior was, it is well known, lame, and hence his enemies called him Timur Lenk, or Tamerlane—the lame Timour. Samarcand, like most Eastern cities, when viewed from a distance, presents an imposing appearance, as its domes and minarets are lit up by the sun—an appearance the brilliance of which totally vanishes on a closer inspection. Vambéry, who in his disguise of a *hadji* had unequalled opportunities of visiting its sights and holy places, gives a detailed description of these points of interest. Although it equals Teheran in circumference, its houses do not lie so close together; still, the prominent buildings and ruins offer a far more magnificent prospect.

The mosque of Timour is situated on the south side of the city, and in size and painted brick decorations it has much resemblance to the Mesjidi Shah, in Ispahan, which was built by order of Abbas II. The dome, however, is different, it being in the form of a melon, which is never the case in Persia. The inscriptions from the Koran, in gold lettering, are described as very fine. The ascent to the citadel or Ark, as it is called, is steep; it is divided into two parts, of which the outer is composed of private dwellings, whereas the inner is only used for the reception of the emir. The palace is scarcely a century old, and has nothing remarkable in it. Among the apartments of the emir, is a room composed of fragments of looking-glass, passing for a wonder of the world; but the great object of interest in the citadel is the place designated Talari Timour, or "reception-hall of Timour." This is a long, narrow court, having round it a covered foot-pavement or cloister. The side that fronts you contains the celebrated Köktash (green-stone), upon which Timour caused his throne to be placed; to it flocked vassals from all parts of the world to do homage, and were ranged there according to their rank, whilst in the central space, that resembled an arena, three heralds sat ready mounted to convey on the instant the words of the conqueror of the world to the farthest end of the hall. As the green-stone is four feet and a half high, some prisoner of illustrious birth was always forced to serve as a footstool. It is singular that, according to the tradition, this colossal stone (ten feet long, four broad, and four and a half high) was transported from Broussa. Fixed in the wall to the right of this stone is a prominent oval piece of iron, like half a cocoa-nut; upon it there is an inscription in Arabic, engraved in Kufish letters. It is said to have been brought from the treasury of the Sultan Bayazid Yildirin, and to have served one of the caliphs as an amulet. High above the stone, on the wall, are two firmans, written in golden Divani letters, one from Sultan Mahmoud, the other from Sultan Abdul Medjid. They were sent to Emir Said, and Emir Nasrullah, from Constantinople, and contained both the official permission for the Friday prayer, and the investiture in the functions of a *reis* (guardian of religion), which the emirs formerly made it a point of etiquette to receive, though now-a-days they content themselves on their accession with doing homage at the Köktash, which is no longer used but for this purpose and as a place of pilgrimage for pious *hadjis*.

Timour's sepulchre lies to the south-west, and consists of a neat chapel, crowned with a splendid dome, and encircled by a wall; in the latter there is a high-arched gate, and on both sides are two small domes, miniature representations of the large one first mentioned. The space between the wall and

the chapel is filled with trees, intended to represent a garden. The entrance into the chapel is on the west, and its front, according to the law, is towards the south. On entering is a sort of vestibule, which leads directly into the chapel itself. This is octagonal, and ten short paces in diameter. In the middle, under the dome, that is to say, in the place of honour, there are two tombs placed lengthwise, with the head in the direction of Mecca. One is covered with a very fine stone of a dark green colour, two and a half spans broad and ten long, and about the thickness of six fingers. It is laid flat, in two pieces, over the grave of Timour: the other has a black stone, of about the same length, but somewhat broader. This is the tomb of Mir Seid Berke, the teacher and spiritual chief of Timour, at whose side the mighty Tartar emir gratefully desired to be buried. Round about lie other tombstones, great and small—those of his wives and grandsons, and great grandsons—though their bodies were brought thither at a subsequent period from different parts of the city. The inscriptions on the tombs are in Persian and Arabic; no enumeration of titles is there, and even that of the emir is very simple. As for the interior of the chapel, arabesques in alabaster, whose gildings are in rich contrast with azure, bear evidence of a truly artistic taste, and are described as producing a surprisingly beautiful effect. At the head of the graves are two tables with two leaves, upon which, in the East, are laid sacred volumes, where the mollahs day and night read in turn the Koran. They, as well as the *mutewali* (stewards), are taken from the Nogai Tartars, because Timour expressed in his will the desire that the watch over him should be entrusted to this race, which had always been particularly well disposed towards him. Below the chapel is a room closely resembling it, which contains the actual grave of the warrior. Here is a valuable relic, consisting of a Koran, written upon the skin of a gazelle, and said to be the caligraphy of Osman, Mohammed's secretary, and the second caliph, and which Timour is reported to have brought with him out of the treasury of the Sultan Bajazet, from Broussa. On the front of the monument to Timour is an inscription, written in white letters on a blue ground, "This is the work of poor Abdalla, the son of Mahmoud, of Ispahan." About 100 paces from it is another dome of simple architecture, but considerable antiquity, the resting-place of one of Timour's favourite wives.

The modern city of Samarcand, whose walls are at a distance of a league from the ruins of the former city, has six gates and a few bazaars, that still survive as relics of ancient times; in these are sold manufactures in leather that have a high repute, and wooden saddles, the enamel-work of which is admirably executed. The resident population of Samarcand numbers about 15,000 or 20,000, of whom two-thirds are Ozbegs, and one-third Tadjiks.

A few words as to the present position of Russia in Western Turkestan are necessary before closing this necessarily meagre account of a country that is exciting much interest at the present time. The whole history of Russian aggression, from a Russian point of view, is unfolded in Michell's translation of "The Russians in Central Asia," and forms an instructive and interesting commentary on their method of dealing with the semi-civilised nations with whom they are thrown into contact in that thirst for empire which has ever been characteristic of her czars. Extensions of Russian territory, similar to that effected in Central Asia, have always been carried on in the same order, under the same conditions and have

invariably led to the same results. The pioneers of each movement in advance were the Cossacks, who were followed by fixed settlers and agriculturists, with their families and farming stock. It was in this way that on the banks of the Don and Ural in former years, and on the Amu Daria and Syr Daria in our day, the green uniform of the Russian soldier first appeared, to be followed by the sturdy settlers forming the germ of the future colony. The settlements once formed, a necessity arose for connecting them together; and, with this object, roads were constructed, stations erected, steamers introduced (as on the Oxus and Jaxartes), and even telegraphic lines established, as at present, from the Chinese frontier to St. Petersburg. From Orenburg to the Syr Daria there now exists a road, along which the post travels, and by which goods can be conveyed in carts.

The first Russian ship of war, named the *Nicolai*, appeared in the Aral in 1847, and in 1853 the *Perovski* (so named after the Governor-General of Orenburg) was launched on the Syr Daria, which had been surveyed in the previous year, under the famous Bootakov, of the Imperial Navy. This steamer took part in the operations at the capture of Fort Ak-Mechet, which was stormed and taken, after a desperate conflict. The fort was re-named Perovski, under which designation it is now known. On the march to Ak-Mechet, two forts were erected on the Jaxartes, according to plans drawn up by the Governor-General—one, on the head waters of the Kazala, to which the garrison of Fort Aralsk was removed, was ordered to be named Fort No. 1; the other, at the Karmakchi settlement, called Fort No. 2. Subsequently a third, called Fort No. 3, was also erected, but was abandoned in 1855. Some desperate fighting took place in 1853 and 1854, and at one time Fort Perovski was besieged by 13,000 Khokandians, but they were routed and dispersed with considerable loss.

Matters remained pretty much *in statu quo* during the Crimean war, when all the energies of the giant of the North were engaged in that terrible struggle; but no sooner was peace concluded with the Allied Powers than a policy of aggression was once more set on foot. Governor-General Perovski died early in 1857, and was succeeded by Katenin, who drew up, in 1859, a "Memoir on the Policy of Russia in the Orenburg Region," in which, among other things, he advocated the occupation of the small Khokandian fortress of

Djulek, in order to secure the safety of Fort Perovski. This was not effected by him, owing to his death, but was carried into execution by the present Governor-General of the Orenburg (Lieut.-General Bezac), who was also ordered to demolish the Khokandian fortification of Yany-Kurgan, near Djulek. The Russian forts now existing on the Syr Daria are Fort No. 2 and Forts Perovski and Djulek. Communication between these is kept up by Khirgiz postillions, who are sent with government despatches from fort to fort, and so to the Orenburg Line. The road, which is traversed by caravans of goods and provisions, extends from Fort No. 1 to Fort Perovski, along the right bank of the Jaxartes, through an inhospitable and partly barren steppe. Steamers can only proceed up the river at high water, and oftentimes it overflows its banks, when communication by land becomes impossible. Since 1859 the Russians have pushed their conquests more to the southward and eastward, as far as the city of Namangan, on the Nareen river. Overrunning the whole of Khokand, and capturing its chief towns, Chemkent, Tashkend, and others, they entered "sherif Bokhara," and, in 1868, captured Samarcand, and ultimately established themselves at the fortress of Kette Kurgan, within 150 miles of the capital. The proud emirs, descendants of Genghis Khan (as he of Bokhara pretends to be, and as the Khan of Khokand really is), have at length learnt their inferiority, and, in spite of religious fanaticism and *djihad*s, or holy wars, have succumbed to European civilisation and rifled firearms, while the son of Nasrullah Khan has sent his heir to St. Petersburg, a humble suppliant at the throne of the Czar of all the Russias. But the conquest is a barren triumph, and the Muscovite Ministers of Finance complain of the continuous drain on the resources of the country, so that it is said to be in contemplation to restore Samarcand and withdraw from the territory of Bokhara. Should the anti-annexation party gain the upper hand in the councils of the Czar, the restoration of Khokand to Khudayar Khan may be the result; though the withdrawal or contraction of their advanced line from the Oxus will prove, throughout Central Asia, as damaging to their *prestige* as it is favourable to that of England, which has been in the ascendant ever since the famous Umballa meeting between Lord Mayo, the present Viceroy of British India, and the Ameer of Afghanistan.

Rome and United Italy.

IN A.D. 755 an alliance was formed between Pepin the Younger and the Pope of Rome, which, with certain intervals, has lasted down to our own times. It was renovated and confirmed by all the great sovereigns of France—by Charlemagne, and Henry IV., and Louis XIV., and Napoleon I., and Napoleon III. It was ruptured, possibly for ever, in the month of September of the present year, 1870.

The historians of the future will doubtless point out Sedan as one of the most decisive battles of the decisive age in which we live. They will record how two ancient despotisms fell as

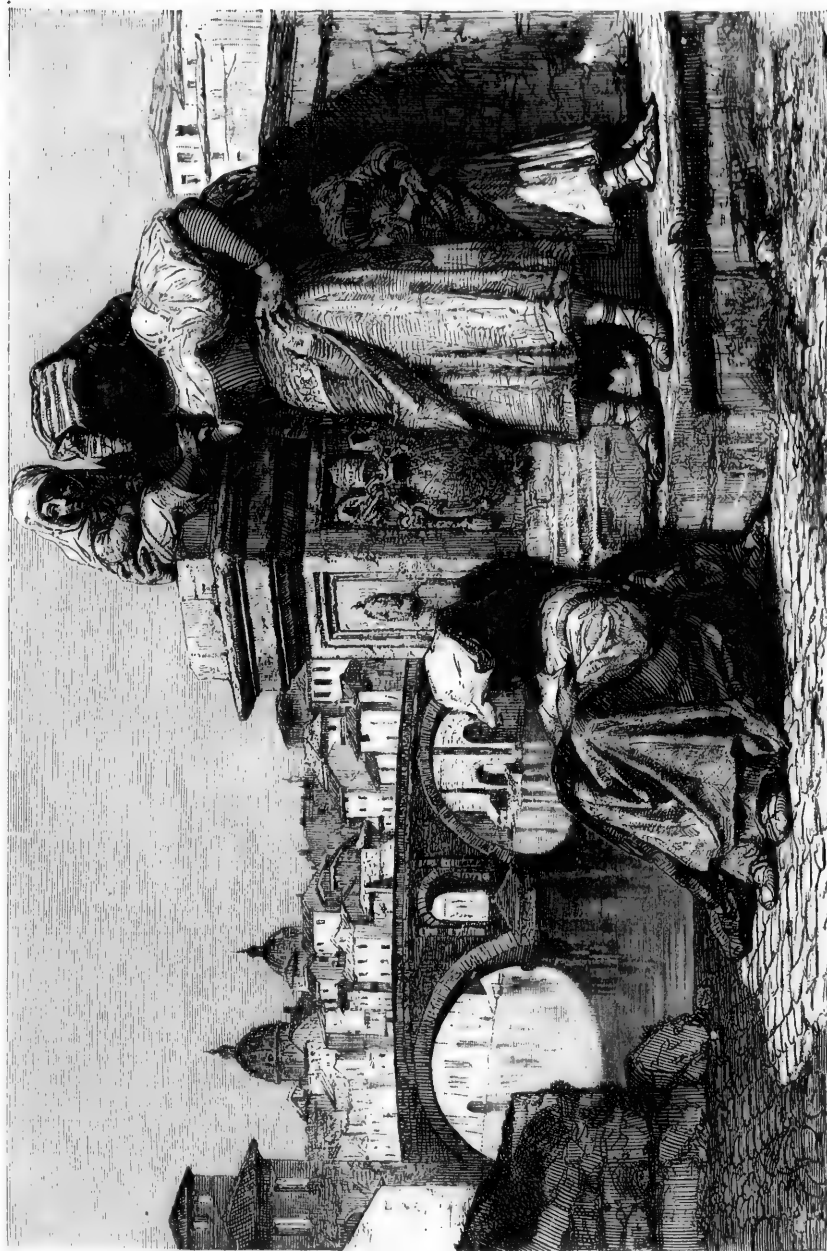
they rose—almost at the same hour—in each other's arms; and how, since that memorable day, no individual in Europe (west of the Russian Empire) was again permitted to control the destinies of millions of men.

Amid the din and confusion of a gigantic war, the late event in Rome has passed without attracting that attention which its actual magnitude deserves. Within the theological world, indeed, this revolution so long sighed for, so long dreaded, has caused agitation enough; but the religious aspect of the Roman question cannot be discussed here. We have to do, not with

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WOMEN OF THE CAMPANA AT ROME.

the chief minister of an ancient and widely-spread religion, but with the ruler of the Papal States.

As we look upon an old castle covered with ivy and moss, and survey its lofty battlements and its prodigious walls, we are filled with a sentiment of mingled tenderness and awe. We forget all those scenes of blood and tyranny and lust which were perpetrated within it while it was alive. We pass among its ruins as among tombs in a churchyard; we venerate it as a monument; we consider it as a desecration to disturb a single stone. And thus, now that all the bitterness of the old religious wars is past, thus cultivated Europe is accustomed to look upon Papal Rome. To Protestants it has been a museum; to Catholics it has been also a shrine: to both classes it was a Holy City—a kind of Jerusalem. With us Englishmen the Pope himself was regarded as a kind of "sight," and there are hundreds of genteel people in this city, whose first feeling, when they heard the news the other day, was to deplore that they had not been to Rome while the Pope and his mediæval court yet flourished. Few persons reflected that though it is very pleasant to take a dip into the Middle Ages with a rope round one's waist, and one's ambassador ready to haul one back out of danger if needs be, at a moment's notice, it is not so agreeable to breathe that "cathedral atmosphere" all one's life; to be educated, ruled, and possibly also punished by a coterie of priests. There were few of the thousand pilgrims of religion and art visiting Rome every year who cared much about the condition of the Romans themselves; but *they* took a view of the Papacy which was somewhat different from that of their pious or merely polite visitors. To the foreigners the Pope was an object of abstract veneration, esteem, or curiosity; to the natives he was an object of concrete hatred or affection. The former could see him only in his spiritual form, the latter could see him only in his temporal form. To the foreign Catholics he appeared as a great high-priest with his eyes fixed on heaven; to the inhabitants of the Papal States he was not a priest, but a prince. He was for them the personification of all that was connected with their daily lives. He was the law, the government, the police, the show-master on feast-days, the lottery, and the taxes. It is possible that Pius IX. himself personally has never excited a personal animosity in a single human breast; but as a king he must be held accountable, and was held accountable, by his subjects for the many vices and even cruelties of his administration. But before we enter into a more intimate description of the Roman people and their ruler, it will be advisable to relate in a few words the history of the Papal States.

The early Christian emperors established the supremacy of the Bishops of Rome. Theodosius the Great ordained that all nations who were subject to his grace should receive the faith which had been delivered by St. Peter to the Romans. Valentinian III. forbade the bishops, both in Gaul and in the other provinces, to depart from ancient usages without the approbation of the venerable man, the Pope of the Holy City. Throughout the wars of the barbarians the diocese of Rome was preserved intact, and it escaped, though narrowly, an Arab occupation. In the eighth century the Pope of Rome appears as a kind of rival to the emperor at Constantinople; they took opposite sides in a controversy respecting the use of images, and the emperor often practised against the Pope's life. The savage Lombards, thirsting for fresh territory, took advantage of these dissensions; they seized some of the

provinces belonging to the Eastern Empire and marched against Rome.

Pepin, an usurper, possessed the substance of royal power in France. He desired a higher sanction, which the Pope bestowed; and Pepin in return undertook the defence of the Pope, of the Holy Church, and the Republic of God, against the Lombards. He compelled them to surrender the territory which they had won from the empire. Instead of restoring it to the empire, he bestowed it on the Pope, saying that he had not gone to war for any man, but for the honour of St. Peter alone, and to obtain forgiveness for his sins. He placed the keys of the conquered cities on the altar of St. Peter's, and thus founded the temporal dominion of the Popes.

Charlemagne delivered the Pope entirely from the Lombards, went himself to Rome, kissed the steps of St. Peter's, ratified the gift of Pepin, and was finally crowned, by the Pope, Emperor of the West.

Centuries passed; the Frankish Empire crumbled to pieces, the German Empire took its place, and the same kind of alliance was established between the emperor and the Pope. Yet the latter remained merely archbishop on a grand scale till the days of Gregory VII., who aspired to make himself independent of the emperor. He passed a decree at one of his councils that in future no ecclesiastical office should be granted by a temporal sovereign. The disorders of the empire favoured this project; yet it was not accomplished without a long and bloody struggle. The battle between the spiritual and temporal principles, which had formerly gone hand in hand, divided Christendom. "How often," says Ranke, "have the Popes been forced to retreat from their own capital and to see the apostolic seat ascended by anti-opes!"

Then followed that marvellous age in which the Papacy became the soul of Europe—the Pope the shepherd of the Christian world; kings were his vassals; the priests in every country were his slaves; his legates were compared to the pro-consuls of ancient Rome; every mind was prostrated humbly before his name; thousands rushed at his bidding to the Holy Land; a King of England received his kingdom from the Pope as a fief; a King of Arragon transferred his to the Apostle Peter; Naples was given by the Pope to a foreign house. The prophetic words of the Prior Gerolius were almost confirmed:—"It will come to pass that the golden pillars of the monarchy will be utterly shattered, and every great empire will be divided into tetrarchies; not till then will the Church be free and unfettered under the protecting care of the great crowned priest."

But the period of the Crusades and of religious enthusiasm passed away; national languages, struggling against the Latin, rose into life. The French, the Germans, and the English, began to resist the encroachments of the Pope. Long before the Reformation, this movement of resistance had fully succeeded even in Italy itself; in the fifteenth century the secular spirit was everywhere triumphant, and the European kings had regained their independence. Already in that same century the great question of our own days had been actively discussed. "Formerly," said an orator, in the Council of Basle, "I was of opinion that it would be well to separate the temporal entirely from the spiritual power; but I have learned that virtue without force is ludicrous—that the Pope of Rome, without the hereditary possessions of the Church, is only the servant of kings and princes."

At this time the Popes, having lost so many of their foreign privileges and so much of their spiritual power, began to study their worldly concerns, and threw themselves actively into the politics of Italy. On all sides a struggle for territory was being carried on. Sixtus IV. and Alexander VI. conquered principalities for their sons and nephews; but it was Julius II. who had the nobler, though not less worldly, design of enlarging the States of the Church. This soldier-pope took the command of his troops himself; he won back the coast of the Papal States which had been seized by the Venetians; he conquered new lands, and became a potentate in Europe. "Formerly," says Macchiavel, "no baron was so insignificant as not to despise the papal power; now a King of France stands in awe of it."

The historical period which follows is not for us to describe; it belongs to the spiritual rather than to the temporal dominion of the Pope. We must pass over the Protestant Reformation, the Catholic revival, the Jesuit and Jansenist controversy, the epoch of Voltaire, till we arrive at the French Revolution, and find an army of Red Republicans in Rome. "Pius VI.," writes Ranke, "prayed his enemies to let him, an old man of eighty, die there where he had lived. They replied that he could die anywhere. They stripped and plundered his sitting-room before his eyes; they deprived him even of the smallest things needful to his comfort; they pulled the ring from his finger, and at length carried him off to France, where he died in 1799."

But Napoleon determined to revive the policy of Charlemagne. On the battle-field of Marengo, he dispatched a bishop to enter into negotiations with Pius VII. concerning the re-establishment of the Catholic Church. The new Pope consented to make vast concessions, to cross the Alps, and crown the new emperor *à la Charlemagne*. He hoped to gain much from Napoleon, who styled himself the eldest son of the Church; but, crushed by that indomitable mind, he became a subject of France, and was not even permitted to reside in Rome.

When Napoleon fell, the old state of things in Italy was restored. There was a reaction; the Roman Catholic religion was revived, and the papal power gained new strength. The Jesuits, who had been banished from Rome before the French Revolution, soon were invited to return, and the Inquisition was re-established. But this only lasted a certain time—the hand of the clock had been put back, but it returned to the same place, and then moved onwards as before.

A united Italy, with Rome for its capital, had been a favourite dream of great mediæval minds; Arnold da Brescia had even attempted to realise it, and had suffered the fate of those who put prophetic ideas into action before their time. The French Revolution had excited the national aspirations of the Italians; and in the latter part of the eighteenth century the poets continually dwelt upon the theme of nationality. From poetry the idea passed into politics; it took form; it was used by the foreign powers who dealt in Italian affairs. The Archduke John of Austria, in 1809, Lord William Bentinck, in 1814, and General Nugent, in 1815, promised independence to the Italians. Even Murat, in his march to Upper Italy, in 1815, declared that the freedom of Italy was the object of his expedition; but at the Congress of Vienna all these fine words were not remembered, and Italy was subjected to a foreign rule. There was, in fact, no Italy; there were only some Italian provinces under foreign princes. Lombardy with

Venetia belonged to the Emperor of Austria; Naples and Parma to Spanish and French Bourbons; Modena and Tuscany (which were always gently ruled) to Austrian archdukes; Piedmont and Sardinia to Savoyards united by marriage with Austria. All these petty princes (and the Pope also) were merely vassals of the Austrian court, which directed not only their foreign relations, but their internal laws. Among them all there was a wonderful family likeness; they resembled one another and their common parent. In all these provinces, exports and imports were checked by enormous duties; a rigid passport system everywhere prevailed; frequently persons were not permitted to leave their native towns even for a few days; education was entirely in the hands of the clergy; there were no political journals; there was a rigid censorship over books; private lecturing and teaching were not allowed without a licence from the police.

In Rome the government set itself to work to blot out all traces of the vigorous and enlightened administration of the French. A code was published based upon bygone institutions, and totally opposed to the requirements of the age. The Spanish military revolution of 1820, which was rewarded with a constitution, infected the Italian peninsula. There were insurrections in Naples and Piedmont, and the Austrians were called in. In the Papal States there was no rising; but it was known that the *Carbonari*—a secret society originally organised to emancipate Italy while under French rule—possessed many members in the States of the Church as in all the other provinces of Italy. Five hundred and eight persons were accused of high treason; of these 121, belonging to the upper classes of society, were exiled to Tuscany; but the government, fearing that they might conspire if left at large, summoned them back. On their return they were seized, imprisoned, and all condemned. Seven were beheaded, forty-five sent to the galleys, and the rest imprisoned in state fortresses.

The Papal government also adopted an ingenious though not highly moral or eminently Christian method of opposing the Carbonari and the disaffected generally. It organised a society of its own—the *Sanfedisti*—who were bound together by the most solemn oath for the defence of the holy Roman apostolic faith and the temporal authority of the Pope. No family tie, no impulse of compassion, neither "the tears of women nor the cries of children" were to stand in the way of its fulfilment. So long as they were faithful to the cause, they enjoyed almost complete immunity for any amount of crime, and were liberally paid. The spy, the informer, and the assassin plied thriving trades. In 1831 the revolutions of France and Belgium set Italy in flames. An insurrection broke out in the Papal States and many other provinces. The revolutionists of 1820 had demanded a constitution: those of 1831 were more advanced; they demanded a republic. The Austrians again marched over Italy, and the insurrections were suppressed. It was at this period that Mazzini made his appearance on the scene, abandoned the Carbonari, and established the party of "Young Italy."

The people of the Romagna, crushed by the Austrian arms, appealed to France. A conference was held at Rome between the representatives of the great powers—France, England, Russia, Austria, and Prussia. They very quickly discovered the defects of the Roman administration, and addressed a joint memorandum to the Pope, suggesting the secularisation of many of the chief offices under government,

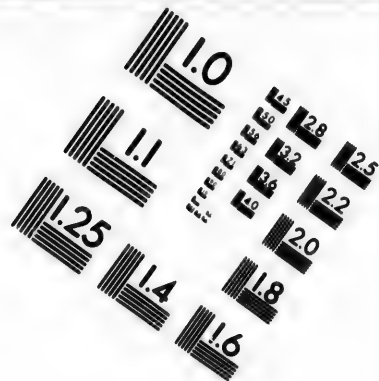
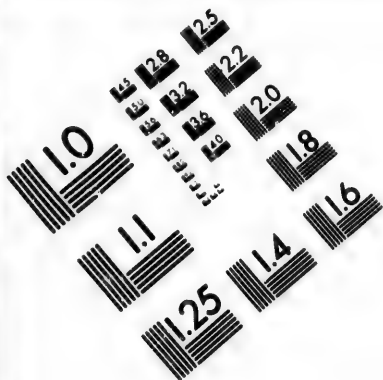
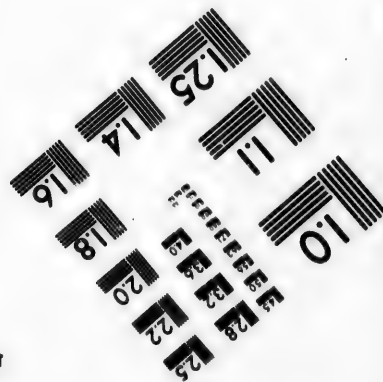
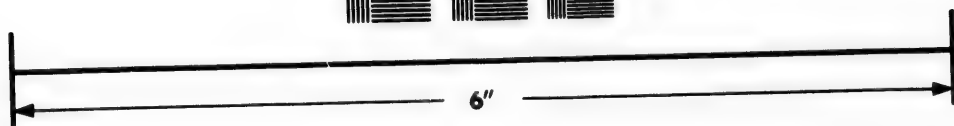
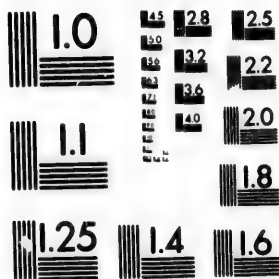


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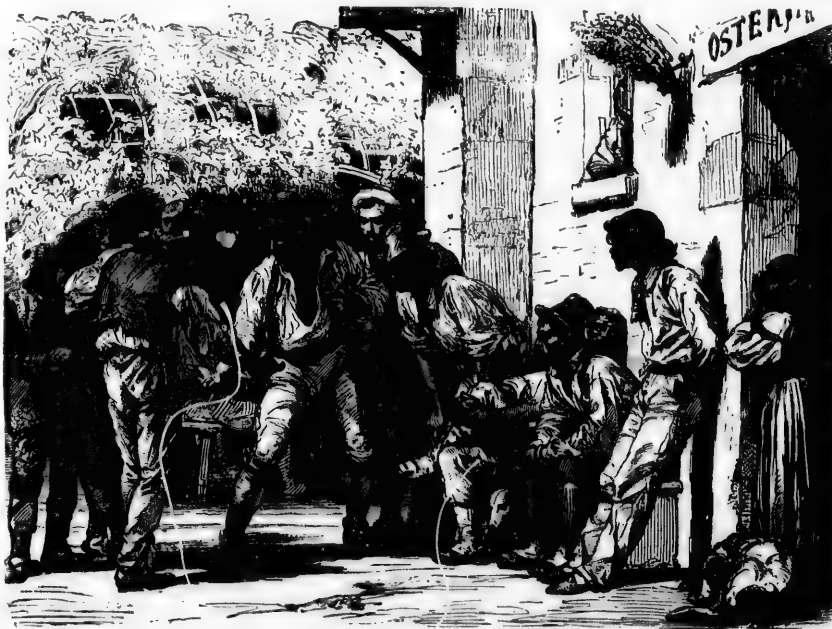
and in the courts of law; the revision of the code; and other reforms. These suggestions were not carried out. The taxes paid by the people were paid by the Pope to Swiss mercenaries to protect him from the people. Every year or two an insurrection broke out; the highways swarmed with robbers; the prisons with political offenders; bribery and fraud were everywhere rampant; religious exercises were enforced by law.

Two foreign revolutions had at two different epochs inflamed the hopes of the Italians; the third time it was not a revolution, but a Pope. It appears strange to us of the younger generation that this Pius IX.—who is associated in our minds with so many long and impotent allocutions,

exile or captivity, and the country awoke from the lethargy of despair." Carlo Alberto also began to grant reforms; soon afterwards the first war of liberation began, and Story relates that he heard 10,000 men sing, as they marched through the streets of Genoa carrying torches in their hands, and following the king, on whom rose-leaves were showered from the windows:—

"O Giovani ardenti d'Italico amore
Serbate il valore pel dì di pugnar!
Evviva Italia! evviva Pio Nono!
Evviva Italia! evviva il Re!"

During two years Pius IX. persevered in his reforms. He



ROMANS PLAYING AT HOCÀ.

benedictions, excommunications, and bulls, with the papal aggression, the encyclical letter, and the Ecumenical Council; who has been shrieking to us so often and so loudly, *Non muove! non muove!* (the world does not move, or if it does move, it ought not to, and it will surely come to harm), that this same Pius IX. was a little more than twenty years ago the hope of the Italian patriots, that he was honoured with a complimentary letter from Mazzini himself, and that he did actually set light to that fire which has now consumed himself.

In July, 1846, he ascended the throne, and inaugurated his reign with an amnesty to all political offenders. As Mrs. Gretton writes, in her charming language, which we have frequently adopted, since we find it impossible to improve, "Thousands of families received back their loved ones from

adopted the suggestions of the memorandum of 1831; he dismissed his Swiss Guard; he made the clergy pay taxes; he emancipated the laity—at least to a certain extent; he granted a constitution on the 8th of March, 1848; then he stopped short, and fled back into the dark.

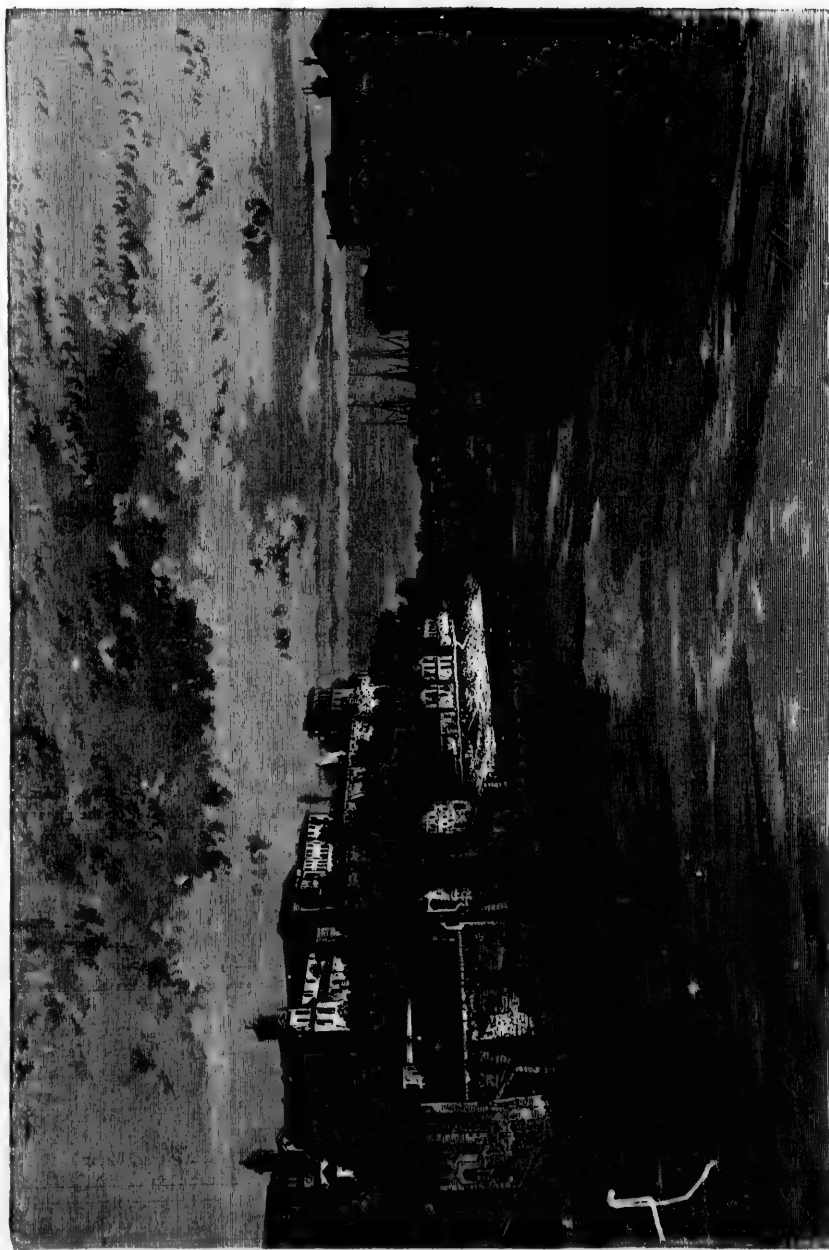
The proclamation of the republic at Paris was a misfortune for the Italians; it came a little too soon. They began to sneer at gradual reform, and to abuse their new liberties in every way. But nothing can justify the sudden "change of mind" on the part of the Pope—a change which might have been conscientious, but which is, in any case, contemptible. At this time Italy and Austria were fighting on the plains of Lombardy. This war had been preached in his own dominions, with his full knowledge and consent, as a new crusade; he had even blessed the volunteers when

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MOUNT AVENTINO.

they marched from Rome. A month after that event he disavowed the same war, and stigmatised it as "unjust" and "hurtful." There was, as may be imagined, a fearful revulsion of feeling throughout the peninsula, and doubtless many an Italian heart could respond even now to the lines which a great poet (Robert Browning) wrote in allusion to this fall of the Pope—more melancholy far than his temporal fall two months ago—

"We shall march prospering—not through his presence;
Songs may inspirit us—not from his lyre;
Deeds will be done while he boasts his quiescence,
Still bidding crouch when the rest bade aspire!
Blot out his name, then, record one lost soul more—
One more task declined—one more footpath untrod—
One more triumph for devils and sorrow to angels—
One wrong more to man—one more insult to God."

The summer of 1848 was passed in disputes between the Pope and his lay ministers, who desired to carry out the constitution which he had bestowed. The constitutionalists became weaker and weaker; the Mazzinists gained power, and among those wild republicans were a number of Austrian agents, who sought to excite the population to such excesses as would justify Austrian intervention, and deprive the revolutionists of foreign sympathy. "We can all remember," writes Massimo d'Azeglio to the inhabitants of the Legations, "in 1848-49 certain journalists and street orators, who were only too successful in dragging the most ignorant and inflammable of the population into extravagant lengths; and whom afterwards, on the return of the Austrian army, we saw impudently walking about arm-in-arm with the officers, and sneering in the face of those they had led into error." At Milan a certain Urbino, a (supposed) violent partisan of Mazzini, was in reality an Austrian spy, and it is quite evident from the above facts, that all Mazzini's proceedings at this time must have afforded much satisfaction to the Austrian government, since he was doing that for them *gratis* which others required to be paid for.

The prime minister at this time was Count Rossi, a wise and moderate minister, who had lived for a long time in France, and who was an intimate friend of the celebrated Guizot, who is a Protestant. It was this man alone who protected the Pope from a revolution, and he was murdered at noonday on the steps of the Capitol. The Pope, disguised as a livery servant, fled from Rome, and took refuge at Gaeta in the kingdom of Naples. Thence he continued to protest against the acts of the provisional government of Rome; and, as one of his predecessors, exiled by Arnold da Brescia, had placed the city under an interdict, so he threatened to excommunicate all those who took part in the elections, which caused much anger and excitement among the population. A republic was proclaimed; he issued a formal protest; a triumvirate was formed, consisting of Mazzini, Armellini, and Saffi. The Pope invoked the armed aid of the Catholic powers; France engaged to reinstate him in Rome; Austria was to deal with the Legations. The republic had not existed a long time, but it had already contracted an indelible stain from the *Infernal Association* at Ancona, where a reign of terror prevailed undisturbed by Mazzini. The Austrians soon did their part, while six thousand French, under General Oudinot, marched on Rome. Not expecting resistance, they were preparing to enter the city, when they were vigorously attacked by the Romans and driven back with loss.

The French were now in a difficult position; they had come not so much to protect the Pope, as to prevent Rome from being occupied by the Austrians. It was certain that if they did not occupy Rome, the Austrians would do so. It was therefore Oudinot's business to get in first. There was an interval of negotiation; but even republicans cannot always agree, and Oudinot laid siege to Rome. The firing began on the 13th of June, and on the night of the 21st, breaches were made in Bastions 6 and 7 and the curtain which connected them. The French carried the position, and as it was too dark to proceed further, they entrenched themselves by means of a line of gabions.

The next morning the triumvirs assured the Roman populace that an officer had sold the post; and that, in any case, the whole proceeding was contrary to the rules of war. The order of the day is a curiosity in military literature: "No one imagined that France would, like a thief in the night, steal into our city; but it did so, and succeeded to a certain point." A proclamation was also issued, which reminds one of the late effusions of Victor Hugo: "Romans! In the darkness of the night, by means of treason, the enemy has set foot on the breach! Arise, Rome! Arise, ye people, in your might! Destroy him! Fill the breach with his carcase! Blast the enemy—the accursed of God, who dare touch the sacred walls of Rome."

The deputies had some time before sworn in the most solemn manner that they would die for the republic; however, the republic died first. The French continued the siege in a very scientific and sacrilegious manner, and, having carried all the fortifications by assault, received a message from the triumvirs, who, in somewhat milder language, announced that they "ceased the defence." The Pope was restored, and it should be remembered that the Emperor Napoleon, in afterwards protecting Rome, merely followed the policy which had been originated under the republic.

Ten years passed without any great event. But the writings of Gioberti, Balbo, and D'Azeglio were silently working towards the end, and the successor of the unhappy Carlo Alberto, ruined on the field of Novara, was a sovereign in whom the Italians could place their hopes. Victor Emmanuel, before he became celebrated in Europe, was beloved in Italy; during long years he contended firmly against the intolerance and encroachments of Rome; he threw open his states to all political refugees, constitutionalists or republicans; he maintained the liberty of the press; he allowed himself to be guided by Cavour, the greatest statesman that Italy has produced in modern times.

We shall not enter into a description of the war of 1859 except so far as it concerns the Papal States. It is well known that the Emperor of the French (who in his youth had belonged to the Carbonari, and who, though not entirely disinterested in his views, had enough Italian blood in his veins to sympathise with the cause of Italian nationality) allied himself with the King of Italy; that the Austrians were defeated; that a peace was made by the emperor before the work was half done; that Garibaldi, by an act of sublime brigandage, annexed Naples to the Italian crown, and Victor Emmanuel (soon afterwards King of Italy) wrote to the Pope and offered to administer his temporalities as Viceroy. The Pope replied that he was bound by oath to preserve intact the hereditary possessions of the Church. Victor Emmanuel then invaded the Papal States,

but the French army of occupation was reinforced, and the king, in order to avoid a war with France, was compelled to withdraw. But although the emperor would not suffer Rome to be occupied by any troops but his own, he would not march those troops against the Papal provinces which had now revolted. When Pius IX., filled with liberal ideas, had mounted the throne, he had written to the Emperor of Austria, advising him to give up his Italian provinces, and now he received a similar letter from the Emperor of the French, who called his attention to the inexorable logic of facts, and advised him to give up the Romagna; he refused to do so, and the Romagna annexed itself to the new kingdom of Italy against his will.

Such, then, was the position of affairs in 1860. The kingdom of Italy was almost completed; Austria still possessed Venetia, and the Pope still possessed Rome. The statesmen of Italy saw that they must wait till the emperor should change his policy, or till some accident should free them from his opposition. This accident has just occurred, and that has happened in 1870 which, had it not been for the emperor, would have happened in 1859. We have not described in detail the efforts of Garibaldi to seize Rome, because these have not been attended with any perceptible result. It was from no feeling of indifference, no tameness of purpose, that Victor Emmanuel held aloof from Rome; it was because he could see (which Garibaldi was not wise enough to see) that success was impossible until the one grand obstacle had been removed.

The kingdom of Italy is now complete. Rome has again become the capital of the peninsula: an extensive province and its inhabitants have passed from a despotic to a constitutional rule. The prison doors are opened for those that are within, and will soon be closed upon many that are without, who have hitherto earned their living on the Pope's highway; and it is to be hoped that commerce and industry will revive.

In the sixteenth century the Papal States were celebrated for their wealth and their fertility. "We travelled," say the Venetian ambassadors in 1522, "from Macerata to Tolentino, through the most beautiful country. Hills and valleys were covered with corn—for thirty miles nothing else was to be seen; we could hardly find a foot of uncultivated land. It appeared to us impossible to gather in such a quantity of grain, much more to find consumers for it." Romagna yearly produced 40,000 stara of corn more than was necessary for its own consumption. In a bull of the year 1566 Pius V. boasts, as a proof of the Divine favour, that whereas Rome in former times could not exist without foreign corn, she had now not only abundance for her own consumption, but had often been able to supply her neighbours and strangers by land and by sea. In the year 1589, as Ranke informs us, the export of corn from the States of the Church was valued at 500,000 scudi a year. The several districts were likewise famed for their peculiar productions. Perugia for its hemp; Faenza for its flax; Viterbo for both; Cesena for its wine, which was exported; Rimini for oil; Bologna for woad; San Lorenzo for manna; the produce of the vineyards of Montefiascono was celebrated all over the world; the Campagna at that time produced a breed of horses little inferior to those of Naples; towards Nettuno and Terracina there was excellent hunting, especially of the wild boar; there were lakes abounding in fish; there were salt and alum works, and quarries of marble

—in short, everything which could contribute to the enjoyment of life was there produced in profusion. Ancona did a thriving trade: its port was filled with caravels from the Levant. The wares which were sold in that town were silks, wool, leather, lead from Flanders, and cloth. In those days the Papal States also produced men. Not only were they industrious manufacturers and enterprising merchants; they were celebrated for their courage and their skill in war. Sometimes they are described by the writers of those times according to the various characteristics which they displayed. The Perugians were reckoned sturdy in service; the inhabitants of Romagna brave, but improvident; the inhabitants of the Marches addicted to plunder; the Faentini excelled in steadiness under attack, and in the pursuit of a retreating enemy; the men of Forlì in difficult manœuvres; those of Fermo in the management of the lance. "The whole population," writes a Venetian, "is skilled in warfare, and of a fierce nature; as soon as they leave their homes, these men are fit for every deed of war, whether in a siege or a field of battle. They bear with ease the toils and hardships of a campaign."

This description would scarcely apply to the Papal States of the present day; the famous breed of horses is extinct, and so are those breeds of men. Moreover, the provinces which annexed themselves to Italy in 1860 were, as might be supposed, the most enlightened and the most flourishing. There is now little left of the Papal States to describe, but Rome itself. Yet who can describe Rome?

We can certainly inform the reader (at the risk of telling him what he already knows) that Rome is situated on a tract of rocky hills, in the midst of an extensive plain—a position doubtless chosen for defence. That this plain is called the Campagna, and is an undulating tract of land ninety miles long by twenty-seven broad, lying between a range of mountains and the Mediterranean Sea. That the city is twenty feet above the level of the sea, and thirteen geographical miles in a straight line from the nearest point of the coast. That the Tiber divides this city into two very unequal portions, and goes out much dirtier than it went in. That the main street is called the Corso; that it partly follows the line of the old Via Lavinia, partly that of the Via Lata, and that it is there that people in Carnival pelt one another with plaster of Paris sugar-plums, and otherwise enjoy themselves, as may be read in "Monte Christo" and various works of travel. That the walls are twelve miles round; that there are twenty gates, of which seven are walled up; that there are five bridges across the Tiber, of which we offer one to illustrate this description, which, perhaps, requires some artificial aid.

But we certainly shall not attempt to describe the treasures of ancient and mediæval Rome. It would be impossible in a few pages to give even the barest outline of the worlds of ruins which this city contains—ruins of the ancient kingly times; ruins of the republic; ruins of the empire; ruins of the early Christian times; ruins of the mediæval splendour, when Buonarroti carved and Raphael painted, and Leo X. restored the learning of ancient days. Baths, aqueducts, forums, and palaces; temples, theatres, amphitheatres, and arches; the Colosseum, the Pantheon, pyramids and obelisks; catacombs and tombs; fountains, villas, basilicas; churches and museums; the Vatican and St. Peter's—all these must be seen; they cannot be imagined. The most skilful artist with pencil or pen can but awake a memory; he cannot transport

an idea. We shall assume the humbler task of sketching the inhabitants of Rome, who may, however, be also regarded as antiquities, since in many respects they resemble the people of the Middle Ages more closely than the people of the nineteenth century.

The Romans may be divided into three classes: the nobles, the middle class, and the plebeians. The middle class, being a growth of modern days, is, or was, but feebly represented in Rome (we are now writing, thank Heaven! in the past tense). The members of the bar had no career; the education of medical students was superintended by the priests, the subjects for dissection were modestly draped in vine-leaves, and midwifery students were permitted to attend only the accouchements of a doll—which arrangements, with others like them, preserved possibly the innate modesty, but also the innate ignorance, of the student. There was a class of farmers, but few manufacturers or merchants, as might be supposed. Three hundred and twenty-seven vessels belonged to the Papal ports, employing nine hundred and twenty-seven men. There was little industrial activity in the Papal States, though travellers went too far when they declared that the sale of relics and indulgences, and the manufacture of images and beads, formed the sole commerce and industry of the country. Yet Mrs. Gretton is doubtless justified in asserting that if all the foreigners, and the shops which they kept alive, were removed from Rome, grass would soon grow in the streets, as was the case a few years ago in the suffering towns of the Legations.

We may therefore dismiss the middle class in a few

words; nor will the nobles detain us long. This stratum of the Roman nobility may be subdivided into three layers: primitive, secondary, and tertiary. The first belongs to the ancient feudal, or even (if some are to be believed) to the classical times. Thus the Muti claim to be descended from Mutius Scævola; the Santa Croce from Valerius Publicola; the Massimo from Fabius Maximus, bearing the motto, *Cunctando restituit*.

The second class was formed by the Popes of the Middle Ages, who always conferred titles of nobility on members of their family. The Borghese family belongs to this class.

The last class are those who have in late years purchased great estates, and who obtained the permission of the Pope to assume the titles which accompanied the estates. Among these are the Grazioli, founded by a baker; the Torlonia, by a banker; with some smaller marquises and counts. But altogether there are only sixty families registered in the book of nobles at the Capitol; and a college of heralds was instituted by Pius IX., to examine titles, and to preserve the purity of the caste.

The great nobles have sometimes large incomes, but are usually poor. It is a fashion inherited from the Middle Ages that each should contribute a palace and a gallery of paintings, a villa and a garden, for the benefit of the public; this is their favourite, their indispensable extravagance; and it is certainly a refined form of ostentation; but it is nothing more. It is seldom that they know anything or care anything about art; Edmond About relates a story of a noble who, desiring to possess a decorated ceiling, asked a celebrated painter how much he wanted by the day.

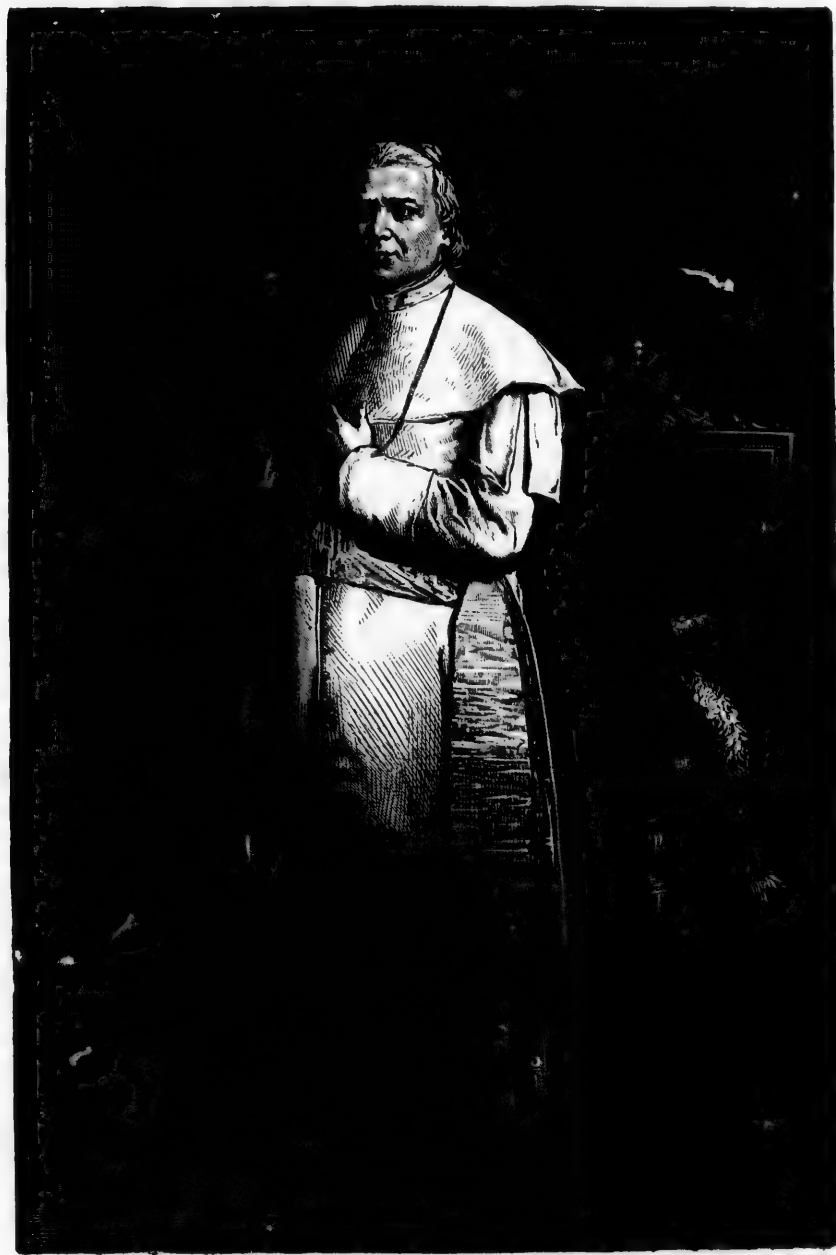


FAMILY OF BEGGARS.

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PIUS IX. (From a Photograph).

The *jeunesse dorée* have little education, for the only profession in which a man could rise was the Church. A young Roman noble leads a life which certainly our young men at Oxford would disdain; he dresses well, rides a little on horseback, is elegant in his manners, irreproachable in his morals; is humble and obedient to his parents, as his younger brothers are to him, and when his time comes, marries the girl who is chosen for him by his family.

It may easily be supposed that when the young men have so little liberty, the girls do not enjoy much more. A Roman lady thus related her experiences of a convent life to Mrs. Gretton, and thence it will be seen that if the noble son is sure of obtaining a wife who is at all events young, the noble daughter is not so sure of getting a young husband.

"I was sixteen," she says. "I had never left the convent for nine years. I was always dressed in cotton prints of the simplest make and description, and thick leather shoes with great soles that clattered as I walked down the mouldy old corridors, or ran about with the other pupils in the formal alleys of the garden, of which the four frowning walls had so long constituted our horizon. I had never seen the reflection of my own face except by stealth in a little bit of looking-glass about the size of a visiting card, which I had coaxed my old nurse to bring me in one of her visits, and which we smuggled through the grating concealed between two slices of cake.

"I knew this was to go on till a *partito* was arranged for me, for my parents did not like it to be said they had an unmarried daughter at home upon their hands. I had seen my eldest sister discontented and fretting till she was nearly twenty, before the welcome *sposo* could be found, and I had no inclination to be incarcerated so long, though hope and certain furtive glances at my mirror kept encouraging me to look for a speedier deliverance.

"At last, one Easter Sunday—how well I remember it!—I was summoned to the parlour, and there, on the outer side of the grating, stood a group of my relations—my father and mother, my sister and her husband, and one or two of my aunts. I was so flurried at the sight of so many people, and so taken up with looking at the gay new Easter dresses of my visitors—my sister, I recollect, had an immense sort of high-crowned hat with prodigious feathers, as was the fashion then, which excited my intense admiration and envy—that I had not time to bestow much notice upon a little dried-up old man who had come in with them, and who kept taking huge pinches of snuff and talking in a low tone with my father. My mother on her side was engaged in whispering to the Mother Superior, and from her gestures seemed in a very good humour, while the rest of the party drew off my attention by cramming me with sweetmeats they had brought for my Easter present.

"The next day but one I was again sent for, and with downcast eyes but a bounding heart presented myself at the grating. There I found my mother, as before, in deep conversation with the Superior, who, on my bending to kiss her hand according to custom, saluted me on both cheeks with an unusual demonstration of tenderness.

"Well, Gentilina," said my mother, 'I suppose you begin to wish to come out in the world a little?'

"I knew my mother so slightly, seldom seeing her more than once a month, that I stood in great awe of her; so I dropped a deep courtesy and faltered, 'Si, signora;' but I

warrant you I understood it all, and already saw myself in a hat and feathers even more voluminous than my sister's.

"Ha—ha, Gentilina!" she said, laughing, 'you guess something at last! Yes, my child, I will keep you no longer in suspense. Your father and I, ever since your sister's marriage, have never ceased endeavouring to find a suitable match for you. The task was difficult. You are young, very young, Gentilina, and we could not entrust our child to inexperienced hands. It was necessary that your husband should be of an age to counterbalance your extreme youth. On no other condition could we consent to remove you from this so much earlier than your sister. But at last a *sposo* whom your parents, your family, the Madre Superiore herself think most suitable, has been selected for you, and—'

"But I waited to hear no more. The glorious vista of theatres, jewels, carriages, diversions which we all knew lay beyond those dreary convent walls, suddenly disclosing itself before me, was too much for my remaining composure; and, clapping my hands wildly, I exclaimed, 'Mamma mia—mamma mia, is it possible; am I going to be married? oh, what joy—what happiness!' and then, checking my transports, I said, earnestly, 'Tell me, mamma; shall I have as many fine dresses as Camilla?'

"I declare to you, signora, that the name of my destined husband was but a secondary consideration, and when they told me he was rich and noble—the same individual who had come to the grating on the previous Sunday to satisfy his curiosity respecting me—I acquiesced without repugnance, ugly, shrivelled, aged as he was, in the selection of my parents. Knowing nothing of the world, having scarcely seen a man except our confessor, the convent gardener, and my father, I went to the altar eight days afterwards without a tear."

Among the plebs or people of Rome, the women are kept in a similar servile condition. Instead of being imprisoned they are made to toil. The Roman peasant does not trust his wife with a penny; he goes to market himself, while she performs the more masculine part of the daily work.

The Roman peasants are at present grossly superstitious. They believe in unlucky days, the evil eye, the 6,500 miracles of St. Francis de Sales; in fact, it would fill a volume merely to enumerate all the things they believe, and which we no longer believe. But Englishmen are not intrinsically less credulous than Romans; it is simply a question of education, and it is quite possible that the next generation of Roman peasants will believe as little as we do, or even less.

In many respects the Romans resemble grown-up children; their amusements are of a very boyish character. One popular sport is that of *mora*, which is merely guessing how many fingers are held up. But the favourite game in summer is that of *gatta cieca* (blind cat), which is much the same as our blind-man's buff. It is often played at night in the Piazza del Popolo, and crowds will flock there on a moonlight night to look on. A president and an umpire are elected, and a prize, consisting of money obtained from the spectators, is offered to him who will succeed in walking blindfold from the Obelisk into the Corso. Any one who likes may join, and each, after being blindfolded, is whirled round three times, which entirely confuses his ideas of the geography of the Piazza. The self-confidence which the players will sometimes exhibit when they are wrong, and their timidity of purpose when right, is very amusing. One will get close to the Corso;

then, hearing the jeers of the populace, and the long odds being (ironically) laid against him, will turn round and wander hopelessly to and fro; another, confident from the first moment that he is right, will walk rapidly along till he butts his nose against the lion, or tumbles head over heels into one of the fountains.

Although the Papal government has always kept the strictest watch over the morals of its subjects, especially taking care that the works of Voltaire, the Scriptures, and other dangerous books should not be disseminated among them; taking them up when they blaspheme, and putting them into prison if they would not attend mass; yet it promoted an institution, which we in the North do not consider a very moral one, and even derived much of its revenue therefrom. Certainly, the words "Papal Lottery" read rather odd, but there were many odd things in Rome; and perhaps the state of the hospitals and the prisons was not all that could be desired.

When Pius IX. returned from exile, he gave himself up exclusively to spiritual affairs, and his prime minister, the notorious Antonelli, became ruler of Rome. The following anecdote will show how deep the Pope had sunk into this hermit apathy. A well-known philanthropic lady had devoted much of her time to the Roman hospitals, especially to those for the insane. She had afterwards an audience with the Holy Father, who received her in his amiable way, and—between the intervals of taking snuff and dusting his fingers on the breast of his white robes—said, "I hope you have examined the hospitals for the insane in Rome?" with a tone of voice which showed that he supposed them to be a pattern for such institutions in other parts of the world. When she told him all that she had seen, the Pope thanked her, expressed his surprise and sorrow, declared that a commission should at once be appointed to look into the matter and effect a thorough reform; but nothing was done.

Take a graver case:—"Close by the mighty dome of St. Peter's," writes the author of "*Roba di Roma*," "is a sombre, stern-looking building, with iron-grated windows, called the Palazzo del Santo Uffizio—the Palace of the Inquisition. Almost the first act of the Pope, on his return from Gaeta, was to re-establish this ancient tribunal which the republic had abolished. What was done within these walls no one can tell; the prisoner had neither advocate nor witness; but there were prisoners, some of whom disappeared after passing beneath this fatal portal; others came out, being sentenced to the galleys for life."

This prison is intended only for religious offenders—for those, perhaps, who are detected reading books which may be found in every club library; but the political sinners have prisons of their own, and out of these, ugly facts have escaped from time to time. It is well known that the food of the prisoners was frequently of the most filthy description; that they were kept immured in dungeons in which they could scarcely turn; that only prisoners of the highest distinction were allowed to take any exercise at all, and that this exercise was afforded them on a *cavaletto*, a little horse much ridden by prisoners in the Middle Ages, and revived by that zealous antiquarian, the Most Eminent Cardinal Antonelli.

In the year '54 (not 1354 but 1854), a young man, named Francesco Casanova, was travelling in the dominions of the

Pope; he was arrested by gendarmes on the grounds that he had no passport. He explained to them how it was that he had not one; but he was carried to Rome and placed in the New Prison, where he was treated in the following old-fashioned manner:—"Not satisfied with the report which I gave of myself, I was tortured for three months as follows:—My hands and arms were bound together, and then, by ropes tied round the upper part of the arms, they were drawn back till my breast protruded and my bones sounded crick! crick! There was another species of torment practised upon me, which was this:—At night, while sleeping, the door was secretly opened and buckets of water were thrown over my body. How I survived it, I cannot tell; the keepers were astonished, and said they had never had such an instance." He was afterwards sent to Naples, and after being five years in prison, was liberated by Garibaldi.

The defenders of the Papal government have often declared that it was the mildest government in existence; doubtless they believed it—doubtless the Pope believed it too. And in one sense they were right; there was certainly not a country in Europe where the government was so indulgent to assassins. In 1853 there were 609 convictions of robbery; and 1,344 of assassination or assault. But murder is looked upon, not only by the government, but among the lower classes, as a very venial sin; just as we used to look upon the duel. The murders were almost always personal affairs. In 248 cases of murder which About examined, he found two only which were committed for theft. Not only are the assassins dealt with gently by the tribunal, but many facilities are afforded them to escape. The old system of the *santuario* is still preserved. If a man pursued by the police can reach a convent, an embassy, or a church; if he can seize the robe of a monk, or even reach the banks of the Tiber, he is safe.

The Roman peasant's idea of litigation is the knife—the knife avenges all wrongs, and settles all disputes. However, matters have lately been improving in this respect. After the festivities fewer wounded are annually brought into the hospitals. Between Sunday and Monday it was common within the last quarter of a century to see six, seven, or eight, wounded men brought in; but now this is rare.

Story relates that he heard an old Roman matron, not long ago, leaning out of her window and calling to some young men who were idling below—

"Eh, *giovinnotti*! how many wounded did you carry last night to the Consolazione?"

"Not one, eccellenza."

"Eh!" said the old lady with a sigh, as she drew back her head. "The Romans are losing their manhood and growing to be old women; they are no longer the Romans of my time."

"No," wrote the great sculptor, who has passed his life in Rome, "no, alas! they are not. The bull fights, the jousting, the *sassaiole* are over. The stabbing is diminishing; the firing of guns out of the windows on *Sabbato Santo* grows more and more feeble yearly; the shambles are no longer in every street; the women are beginning to wear the detestable French bonnets, and to lose their beautiful costumes; sedan-chairs are almost never seen; everybody goes in a carriage, and only the sick are borne along in litters; and by-and-by, if things go on thus, we shall lose—Heaven help us!—even the prisons, and the bandits, and at last—who knows?—the very Pope himself!"

Death of Hayward, the Central Asian Traveller.

WE gave an account, at page 95 of the present volume of the ILLUSTRATED TRAVELS, of the remarkable journey made by Mr. G. W. Hayward across the Kuen Luen Mountains to the cities of Yarkand and Kashgar in *ci-devant* Chinese Tartary. After the return of this daring and accomplished traveller from this first advance into the remote lands of Central Asia, he prepared, at Srinagur, the capital of Cashmere, for a further and still more arduous journey across the mountains towards the Pamir Steppe, intending to emerge from the *terra incognita* near the Russian advanced posts in Khokand. His object was to examine the nature and extent of the mountain barrier, which, curving from the Himalaya at this point, extends northward towards the Thian Shan range, thus dividing Eastern from Western Turkestan. He would cross it at the "knot" or point of union of the great mountain ranges constituting the framework of Central Asia—the Hindoo Koosh on the west, the Himalaya on the east, and the Bolor on the north, and ascertain the character of the unknown inhabitants of the region, and the practicability of the ranges for trade routes between the great marts of Central and Southern Asia.

The work was one which required the greatest fortitude, skill, and knowledge, to carry out effectively, and it was judged from what he had already performed, that Hayward was the man to succeed in it. It is lamentable, therefore, to learn that in the middle of his task he has been treacherously murdered, by the chief of one of the wild tribes in the mountain valleys north-west of Cashmere. The news, which was first telegraphed as a rumour from India, has now been confirmed; at least, further accounts have been received, which, although not communicated by eye-witnesses of the deed, are so circumstantial, that they are believed by the Indian authorities. These accounts were transmitted about the middle of August last, by officials in the service of the Maharajah of Cashmere to their sovereign, and forwarded by him to the British Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab. They state that Meer Wali Khan, chief of a turbulent hill tribe inhabiting the valley of Yassin, after allowing the traveller to pass his territory on the road to Wakhan, had sent men to waylay and murder him. The object of the treacherous deed was believed by the Maharajah's people to have been plunder. But it seems more likely to have arisen from a fanatical suspicion and dread of an English explorer and observer, who entered the country of these frontier tribes after a protracted stay at the capital of Cashmere, and was the object of especial care on the part of the Maharajah up to his own border; these tribes being in a chronic state of hostility with their more civilised neighbour.

In the remote and inhospitable region where our courageous explorer thus met his death, it is not likely that his papers will ever be recovered. But it fortunately happens that he transmitted from Cashmere before he started, the results of a journey he made over part of the same country earlier in the season, when the unmelted snows of the mountain passes prevented him from reaching the Upper Valley of the Oxus, whither he was bound. The chief document that reached England was an admirably executed map of a large tract of rugged country between the Upper Indus and the Oxus. The map embraces an area about 180 miles long from east to west, and sixty miles broad from north to south, between the parallels of

35° and 37° north latitude. It reveals to us a region of mountain, ravine, and glacier, which has not its equal on the earth's surface; in fact, it is the extreme western end of the Himalaya Proper, a little to the west of the Mustagh region, explored by Captain Godwin-Austin, of the Indian Survey. On its eastern side are glaciers upwards of sixty miles in length, and its main ridges are bristled with snowy peaks rising to an elevation varying from 19,000 to 25,570 feet. Between the bare, verdureless ranges and their lateral spurs lie numerous fertile valleys, inhabited by barbarous and fanatical Mohammedan tribes; the principal of these are Nagar, Gilghit, and Yassin; and the chief towns of the valleys lie at an elevation of from 5,000 to about 7,000 feet above the sea-level. All the streams—and a stream flows down every valley, generally fed by a glacier at its head—are tributaries of the Indus; the northern watershed, the discovery of which is one of the great successes of Hayward's expedition, forming a tolerably straight line, running from east to west, and from the north of which all the streams flow into the Oxus; this watershed being the limit to the north of Hayward's explorations. The region included in the map is only a portion of the mountain-belt in this part of the Himalaya; southward it extends for nearly four hundred miles—northward is the unknown land, a continuation of lofty ridges, plateaux, and Alpine valleys, at the threshold of which our adventurous English pioneer was struck down by a murderer's hand, in the prime of his youth and the commencement of his fame.

Latest Rumours of Livingstone.

At the meeting of the Geographical Society held on the 15th of November, Sir Roderick Murchison communicated an item of news regarding Dr. Livingstone, which scarcely attracted the attention that it deserves. It was to the effect that Dr. Kirk, writing from Zanzibar on the 27th of August last, had informed him of certain rumours regarding the great traveller's whereabouts, which native traders had brought from the interior. One of the rumours was that the Doctor "had gone to Karagwe." If there was any foundation for this report, it would show that the unconquerable traveller had made great progress since the last definite intelligence was received from him. He was then (May 30th, 1869), as all the world knows, at Ujiji, on the banks of Lake Tanganyika. Karagwe, the town of Captain Speke's old friend, Rumanika, lies far away to the north-east, towards the western shore of Victoria Nyanza. That Livingstone should have gone to Karagwe is extremely probable, for this place is situated, according to Sir Samuel Baker's views, not far from the eastern shore of Albert Nyanza, and in proceeding thither, he would be carrying out what appears to be the main object of his present expedition, namely, the connection of the southern waters of the African interior with Albert Nyanza and the Nile. Some of Dr. Kirk's informants stated that Livingstone was supposed to be still at Ujiji, but at the date of his letter no traveller had arrived direct from that place. The news communicated by this recent letter from Zanzibar—although conveying, as will be seen by these details, nothing very definite regarding the movements of our great explorer—must be considered satisfactory as regards the main point of his safety, for none of the numerous traders questioned by Dr. Kirk had heard any unfavourable report regarding Livingstone in the interior.

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